

# PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.—MAY 1854.—NO. XVII.

## NEBRASKA.

A GLIMPSE AT IT—A PEEP INTO ITS UNWRITTEN HISTORY—TOGETHER WITH A FEW FACTS FOR THE FUTURE HISTORIAN.

THE programme of the Age is Progress, and again a new star, perhaps several, is about to be added to our national ensign. Nebraska is no longer a myth: she claims her rights, and "manifest destiny" is about to allow them.

As yet the abode of traders and trappers, red men and buffalo—ere many days the restless tide of emigration will cross her borders, will overrun her prairies and plains, will float up her broad rivers and sparkling streams, and rest beneath the shade of her forests of ancient oak, lofty cotton-wood, and graceful willow. Not a spot that will be sacred to the researches and prying curiosity of the genius of the universal Yankee nation.

Already the squatter, afar off in his log-cabin "clearing" in Illinois and Missouri, is grinding his axe, fixing up his wagon, and making ready the "old woman" and "young ones" for a move. Away down in Maine they are thinking how the lumber out there can be turned to account, and rather guessing they'll take a look that way some of these days. The broken-down politician is getting ready his petitions and recommendations for office there, and is certain of a "judgeship" or something else—in fact whispers his friends that the very thing he wants has been promised him.

Let us leave the sage politicians at Washington squabbling as to what shall be its precise bounds, how many states or territories they shall make of it, whether they shall be free or slave, and discussing learnedly the Missouri compromise and other matters; and turn we to examine a little into this new member.

Get out your map, reader, school-boy

fashion, and let us see where this country lies and what it is.

Begin away down at the south-west corner of the state of Missouri, on the 37th parallel of north latitude, near the boundary line of Arkansas, trace thence on west to New Mexico, then up north with the boundary of New Mexico; continue on north along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and you have first Utah, and then Washington Territory, as the western boundary, until finally you reach the 49th parallel of latitude, when you turn east and follow along the southern boundary of Minnesota down the muddy waters of the "mad Missouri" to the point of beginning. This is what has been known under the general designation of "Nebraska," and is now about being offered for settlement under territorial organization, and to be divided into two or more territories—hereafter in due course of time to come into our union of States. And a nice little slice of territory it is, being somewhat larger than all the original thirteen States that achieved our Independence put together.

Here, with almost every variety of soil, climate, and production, our expansive genius will find "ample room and verge enough." Why, the Boston ice-merchant will be able to hew huge chunks of solid ice from the topmost peaks of the Rocky Mountains, for shipment to India, China, or elsewhere!

Having thus "located" the region which has been comprehended under this general designation, let us briefly glance now at its proposed subdivisions. It is proposed that all north of 40° parallel of north latitude shall be known and organized as

"Nebraska." All south of 40° as "Kansas." To settle up the region which will be known as Nebraska, except certain portions of it, will, we take it, be a work of time and circumstances. In a northern latitude, cold in climate, and with much sterile soil, whilst at the same time the range and habitation of some of the wildest and most savage of the nomadic tribes of Indians, but few at present look to it for immediate settlement. But, towards the rich and fertile region south of 40° squatters and speculators are alike looking with greedy eyes.

Listen to Fremont, describing (in 1842) a part of this region—that on the "little Blue" river.

"Our route lay in the valley, which, bordered by hills with graceful slopes, looked uncommonly green and beautiful. The stream was fringed with cotton-wood and willow, with frequent groves of oak, tenanted by flocks of wild turkeys. Elk were seen on the hills, and now and then an antelope bounded across our path, or a deer broke from the groves."

Captain Emory, of the Topographical Corps, describing another portion—that between Fort Leavenworth and the Pawnee Fork—says:

"The country is high rolling prairie, traversed by many streams. Trees are seen only along the margin of the streams, and the general appearance of the country is that of vast rolling fields inclosed with colossal hedges. The growth along these streams as they approach the eastern part of the section under consideration consists of burr oak, black walnut, chesnut oak, black oak, long leaved willow, sycamore, buckeye, hackberry, and sumach; towards the west, as you approach the 99th meridian of longitude, the growth along the streams becomes almost exclusively cotton-wood. At meridian, 99 Greenwich, the country becomes almost entirely barren."

A tract of country extending 300 miles north and south along the state of Missouri, and about 40 miles wide, is set apart for the Indians under treaties heretofore entered into between them and the government. About twelve or fourteen thousand Indians occupy this whole section, but will soon be moved elsewhere by other treaties. The land thus occupied by them comprises some of the richest and most desirable portions of what is the proposed Kansas Territory.

When, during the session of 1853, leave was asked in the House of Representatives

to introduce a bill to organize "Nebraska," how few of us, comparatively, cared, or knew very definitely, what or where the proposed Territory was! True, we all had a vague sort of a notion that it lay somewhere away out west towards the Rocky Mountains, but it was then a matter that did not concern us very nearly. And now "Nebraska" has been echoed from the halls of Congress to the people, and from the people back to the halls of Congress. And more speeches have been made about it than could have been imagined six months ago. Nebraska has become of a sudden a great name in our history, like that of a field made famous by a great battle.

Well do we remember—it was in the spring of 1851—how the monotonous life of the inhabitants of the various Missouri River towns was broken in upon by the advent among them of a mysterious looking individual, who travelled with a carpet-sack slung across his shoulders, and who paid his way wherever he went by "phrenological" lectures and examinations. At each place where he was wont to stop he made known the object of his visit out West, stating it to be to get up a company of explorers and settlers for Nebraska. He claimed to belong to the "vote-yourself-a-farm" party, and held that the Indians had no right to keep such fine lands as Nebraska was represented to contain. Wherever he went he lectured in private on the rights of property, and in public on the science of phrenology. Whilst just as certainly wherever he appeared the boys always treated him to a little of that peculiar game known out West as "rotten-egging." Such was the state of public opinion in regard to the Nebraska movement just three years ago. At the end of some months' unsuccessful efforts he finally started from Fort Leavenworth to accomplish his mission, attended by two or three followers half-equipped. A few days journeying took him as far as the Iowa Mission, at the Nemahaw agency; here he was seized with a fever, and died among the good folks of the Mission. He was buried in Nebraska, and with him his scheme.

The mysterious individual\* we have thus introduced to the reader was at one time of considerable notoriety; a native of New York, and one of the whilome Canadian "Patriots," tried some years ago for engaging in the project of annexing John Bull's little strip of the Canadas to Brother Jonathan's broad domain. So

\* General Thomas Jefferson Southerland.

far as we are informed, he it was who was the first public advocate for, and overt actor in, the movement to organize and settle Nebraska. But the politicians have "stolen his thunder," whilst he in Nebraska sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

There is a vague suspicion that the chairman of the committee on territories had it in contemplation in 1844 to introduce a bill for its organization. A claim has been put in for a distinguished senator, who is said to have had it in view again in 1850. But there was no "overt act"—as the lawyers say—and there it rested where it began, in the minds of those who had conceived it. No one was safely delivered of the grand idea.

Just one year after this effort, as we have narrated it, some of the Indian agents and government attachés at the various trading posts, along with the traders, commenced agitating the subject of organization, held a meeting or so, and shortly organized primary meetings for the selection of a delegate to go on to Washington. The thing was now seriously started. Half a score or more entered the lists as candidates, and finally, after the usual amount of electioneering and "treating," a trader living happily among them was chosen to the honor of paying his own expenses on to Washington as Nebraska Delegate. This was in 1852. When the American Representatives met at Washington in "Congress assembled" the Nebraska Delegate was there among them to attend to the interests of his constituents.

On the 2d of February, 1853, unanimous leave of the House of Representatives was asked and granted to introduce a bill "to organize the Territory of Nebraska." On the 10th of February this bill passed by a large majority, but was not brought to the vote in the Senate. The Territory embraced in this bill extended only from 36° 30' parallel north latitude to the 43d parallel, and from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains; bearing only a small proportion to that which is now proposed for organization.

In 1853, a new Delegate was chosen—in fact two or more claimed the right to the post of honor—and, on the 4th of January, 1853, Douglass of Illinois introduced in the Senate his Nebraska bill; followed upon the 23d of the same month with certain other amendments, bounding and subdividing the Territory substantially, as we have herein endeavored to set forth.

To sum up: Thus we have, in the spring of 1851, just three years ago, an

ex-Canadian "Patriot" first publicly agitating the subject and getting "rotten-egged" for his pains. One year thereafter, the traders, agents, and missionaries, all told not over a hundred, electing a Delegate. Six months more, the first bill for organization passing the House of Representatives. In another six months, a new bill, substantially, passing the Senate, and perhaps ere this reaches the eye of the reader becoming the law of the land, or perhaps lying over to another Congress. Truly we live in a fast age!

Six months ago, on his return to Washington from Nebraska, where he had been looking into matters, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs declared that there were not three white men in the whole Territory, residents, other than Government attachés. It would be a matter of some curiosity could we lay before the reader a copy of the "poll books" used at the recent election for Delegate. There would be found on them some very euphonious and poetic names of half-breeds, and braves—in fact, perfect "jaw-breakers."

We would not startle our reader at all, but we are compelled to inform him, in vindication of the truth of history, that there is already a newspaper published semi-occasionally, bearing at its head in flourishing capitals "Nebraska City, Nebraska Ty." We are afraid, however, that he will be still more startled when we inform him that the city has its existence as yet only in imagination, and its only citizen a solitary army supernumerary in charge of the remnants of what once was old Fort Kearney. *Sub rosa*, we would whisper, that the thing isn't an impossibility at all. It is only "gotten up" and printed on the opposite side of the Missouri River, at a printing office in the State of Iowa, and there dated and purporting to be published in Nebraska. Possibly, at some future day it may become the official gazette, and receive some of the crumbs of patronage.

The peculiar physical formation and developments of the vast region we have been considering, have long excited the wonder, and engaged the study of men of science. Its celebrated *mauvais terres*—a sort of geographical sphinx among the scientific world—its vast plateaus of table land—the singular saline efflorescences of its low lands, and the crustaceous formations and shells along the margins of its streams; have all been regarded with much interest by the eye of science.

Its broad Platte River, or Nebraska,

sweeping eastwardly through its centre, and the romantic Kaw or Kansas skirting its southern border, each with innumerable tributary streams, fringed with valleys luxuriant with vegetation, and set off with huge conical sand hills thrown up at some remote period from the bed of the streams by the action of the wind, and rising like tall towers to the view; its vast plains stretching out east and west between these rivers, covered with tall prairie grass, rolling like the sea; its climate cold in certain latitudes almost as the polar regions, in others mild and genial, and in summer fanned by breezes fresh from the ice-ribbed mountains! All impel us to pronounce Nebraska an intensely interesting region, and its settlement a vast acquisition to the trade and commerce of the great Mississippi Valley.

Acquired by us originally by purchase

from a foreign Government, being one of the appendages to the celebrated "Louisiana purchase," our Government for the last half century has been unceasing in its efforts to acquire information concerning it. From the time when Lewis and Clarke were sent out on their memorable expedition, paddling their canoe up the mad Missouri, treating and trading with Indians on either side, we come down to the expeditions of Long, and of Bonneville, and still later to those of Fremont. Since the expeditions of the last, our information has been considerably added to, and the Government now has out, we believe, no less than four topographical parties, on as many different routes, collecting information, which, it is to be hoped, will be ready to be laid before the country previous to the adjournment of the present Congress.

## THE ENCANTADAS, OR ENCHANTED ISLES.

BY SALVATOR R. TARNMOOR.

(Concluded from page 355.)

### SKETCH TENTH.

#### HOOD'S ISLE AND THE HERMIT OBERLUS.

"That darkesome glen they enter, where they find  
That cursed man low sitting on the ground,  
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;  
His grisly locks long grouen and unbound,  
Disordered hong about his shoulders round,  
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne  
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;  
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,  
Were shronke into the jawes, as he did never dine.  
His garments nought but many ragged clouts,  
With thornes together pind and patched reads,  
The which his naked sides he wrapt about."

SOUTHEAST of Crossman's Isle lies Hood's Isle, or McCain's Beclouded Isle; and upon its south side is a vitreous cove with a wide strand of dark pounded black lava, called Black Beach, or Oberlus's Landing. It might fitly have been styled Charon's.

It received its name from a wild white creature who spent many years here; in the person of a European bringing into this savage region qualities more diabolical than are to be found among any of the surrounding cannibals.

About half a century ago, Oberlus deserted at the above-named island, then, as now, a solitude. He built himself a den of lava and clinkers, about a mile from the Landing, subsequently called after him, in a vale, or expanded gulch, containing here and there among the rocks about two acres of soil capable of rude cultivation; the only place on the isle not too blasted for that purpose. Here he succeeded in raising a sort of degenerate potatoes and pumpkins, which from time to time he exchanged with needy whalemens passing, for spirits or dollars.

His appearance, from all accounts, was that of the victim of some malignant sorceress; he seemed to have drunk of Circe's cup; beast-like; rags insufficient to hide his nakedness; his befreckled skin blistered by continual exposure to the sun; nose flat; countenance contorted, heavy, earthy; hair and beard unshorn, profuse, and of a fiery red. He struck strangers much as if he were a volcanic creature thrown up by the same convulsion which exploded into sight the isle. All bepatched and coiled asleep in his lonely lava den among the mountains, he looked, they say, as a heaped drift of withered leaves,

torn from autumn trees, and so left in some hidden nook by the whirling halt for an instant of a fierce night-wind, which then ruthlessly sweeps on, somewhere else to repeat the capricious act. It is also reported to have been the strangest sight, this same Oberlus, of a sultry, cloudy morning, hidden under his shocking old black tarpaulin hat, hoeing potatoes among the lava. So warped and crooked was his strange nature, that the very handle of his hoe seemed gradually to have shrunk and twisted in his grasp, being a wretched bent stick, elbowed more like a savage's war-sickle than a civilized hoe-handle. It was his mysterious custom upon a first encounter with a stranger ever to present his back; possibly, because that was his better side, since it revealed the least. If the encounter chanced in his garden, as it sometimes did—the new-landed strangers going from the sea-side straight through the gorge, to hunt up the queer green-grocer reported doing business here—Oberlus for a time hooded on, unmindful of all greeting, jovial or bland; as the curious stranger would turn to face him, the recluse, hoe in hand, as diligently would avert himself; bowed over, and sullenly revolving round his Murphy hill. Thus far for hoeing. When planting, his whole aspect and all his gestures were so malevolently and uselessly sinister and secret, that he seemed rather in act of dropping poison into wells than potatoes into soil. But among his lesser and more harmless marvels was an idea he ever had, that his visitors came equally as well led by longings to behold the mighty hermit Oberlus in his royal state of solitude, as simply to obtain potatoes, or find whatever company might be upon a barren isle. It seems incredible that such a being should possess such vanity; a misanthrope be conceited; but he really had his notion; and upon the strength of it, often gave himself amusing airs to captains. But after all, this is somewhat of a piece with the well-known eccentricity of some convicts, proud of that very hatefulness which makes them notorious. At other times, another unaccountable whim would seize him, and he would long dodge advancing strangers round the clinkered corners of his hut; sometimes like a stealthy bear, he would sink through the withered thickets up the mountains, and refuse to see the human face.

Except his occasional visitors from the sea, for a long period, the only companions of Oberlus were the crawling tortoises; and he seemed more than degraded to their level, having no desires for a time

beyond theirs, unless it were for the stupor brought on by drunkenness. But sufficiently debased as he appeared, there yet lurked in him, only awaiting occasion for discovery, a still further proneness. Indeed the sole superiority of Oberlus over the tortoises was his possession of a larger capacity of degradation; and along with that, something like an intelligent will to it. Moreover, what is about to be revealed, perhaps will show, that selfish ambition, or the love of rule for its own sake, far from being the peculiar infirmity of noble minds, is shared by beings which have no mind at all. No creatures are so selfishly tyrannical as some brutes; as any one who has observed the tenants of the pasture must occasionally have observed.

"This island's mine by Sycorax my mother;" said Oberlus to himself, glaring round upon his haggard solitude. By some means, barter or theft—for in those days ships at intervals still kept touching at his Landing—he obtained an old musket, with a few charges of powder and ball. Possessed of arms, he was stimulated to enterprise, as a tiger that first feels the coming of its claws. The long habit of sole dominion over every object round him, his almost unbroken solitude, his never encountering humanity except on terms of misanthropic independence, or mercantile craftiness, and even such encounters being comparatively but rare; all this must have gradually nourished in him a vast idea of his own importance, together with a pure animal sort of scorn for all the rest of the universe.

The unfortunate Creole, who enjoyed his brief term of royalty at Charles's Isle was perhaps in some degree influenced by not unworthy motives; such as prompt other adventurous spirits to lead colonists into distant regions and assume political pre-eminence over them. His summary execution of many of his Peruvians is quite pardonable, considering the desperate characters he had to deal with; while his offering canine battle to the banded rebels seems under the circumstances altogether just. But for this King Oberlus and what shortly follows, no shade of palliation can be given. He acted out of mere delight in tyranny and cruelty, by virtue of a quality in him inherited from Sycorax his mother. Armed now with that shocking blunderbuss, strong in the thought of being master of that horrid isle, he panted for a chance to prove his potency upon the first specimen of humanity which should fall unbefriended into his hands.

Nor was he long without it. One day he spied a boat upon the beach, with one

man, a negro, standing by it. Some distance off was a ship, and Oberlus immediately knew how matters stood. The vessel had put in for wood, and the boat's crew had gone into the thickets for it. From a convenient spot he kept watch of the boat, till presently a straggling company appeared loaded with billets. Throwing these on the beach, they again went into the thickets, while the negro proceeded to load the boat.

Oberlus now makes all haste and accosts the negro, who aghast at seeing any living being inhabiting such a solitude, and especially so horrific a one, immediately falls into a panic, not at all lessened by the ursine suavity of Oberlus, who begs the favor of assisting him in his labors. The negro stands with several billets on his shoulder, in act of shouldering others; and Oberlus, with a short cord concealed in his bosom, kindly proceeds to lift those other billets to their place. In so doing he persists in keeping behind the negro, who rightly suspicious of this, in vain dodges about to gain the front of Oberlus; but Oberlus dodges also; till at last, weary of this bootless attempt at treachery, or fearful of being surprised by the remainder of the party, Oberlus runs off a little space to a bush, and fetching his blunderbuss, savagely demands the negro to desist work and follow him. He refuses. Whereupon, presenting his piece, Oberlus snaps at him. Luckily the blunderbuss misses fire; but by this time, frightened out of his wits, the negro, upon a second intrepid summons drops his billets, surrenders at discretion, and follows on. By a narrow defile familiar to him, Oberlus speedily removes out of sight of the water.

On their way up the mountains, he exultingly informs the negro, that henceforth he is to work for him, and be his slave, and that his treatment would entirely depend on his future conduct. But Oberlus, deceived by the first impulsive cowardice of the black, in an evil moment slackens his vigilance. Passing through a narrow way, and perceiving his leader quite off his guard, the negro, a powerful fellow, suddenly grasps him in his arms, throws him down, wrests his musketoon from him, ties his hands with the monster's own cord, shoulders him, and returns with him down to the boat. When the rest of the party arrive, Oberlus is carried on board the ship. This proved an Englishman, and a smuggler; a sort of craft not apt to be over-charitable. Oberlus is severely whipped, then handcuffed, taken ashore, and compelled to make known his

habitation and produce his property. His potatoes, pumpkins, and tortoises, with a pile of dollars he had hoarded from his mercantile operations were secured on the spot. But while the too vindictive smugglers were busy destroying his hut and garden, Oberlus makes his escape into the mountains, and conceals himself there in impenetrable recesses, only known to himself, till the ship sails, when he ventures back, and by means of an old file which he sticks into a tree, contrives to free himself from his handcuffs.

Brooding among the ruins of his hut, and the desolate clinkers and extinct volcanoes of this outcast isle, the insulted misanthrope now meditates a signal revenge upon humanity, but conceals his purposes. Vessels still touch the Landing at times; and by and by Oberlus is enabled to supply them with some vegetables.

Warned by his former failure in kidnapping strangers, he now pursues a quite different plan. When seamen come ashore, he makes up to them like a free-and-easy comrade, invites them to his hut, and with whatever affability his red-haired grimness may assume, entertains them to drink his liquor and be merry. But his guests need little pressing; and so, soon as rendered insensible, are tied hand and foot, and pitched among the clinkers, are there concealed till the ship departs, when finding themselves entirely dependent upon Oberlus, alarmed at his changed demeanor, his savage threats, and above all, that shocking blunderbuss, they willingly enlist under him, becoming his humble slaves, and Oberlus the most incredible of tyrants. So much so, that two or three perish beneath his initiating process. He sets the remainder—four of them—to breaking the caked soil; transporting upon their backs loads of loamy earth, scooped up in moist clefts among the mountains; keeps them on the roughest fare; presents his piece at the slightest hint of insurrection; and in all respects converts them into reptiles at his feet; plebeian garter-snakes to this Lord Anacanda.

At last, Oberlus contrives to stock his arsenal with four rusty cutlasses, and an added supply of powder and ball intended for his blunderbuss. Remitting in good part the labor of his slaves, he now approves himself a man, or rather devil, of great abilities in the way of cajoling or coercing others into acquiescence with his own ulterior designs, however at first abhorrent to them. But indeed, prepared for almost any eventual evil by their

previous lawless life, as a sort of ranging Cow-Boys of the sea, which had dissolved within them the whole moral man, so that they were ready to concrete in the first offered mould of baseness now; rotted down from manhood by their hopeless misery on the isle; wanted to cringe in all things to their lord, himself the worst of slaves; these wretches were now become wholly corrupted to his hands. He used them as creatures of an inferior race; in short, he gaffles his four animals, and makes murderers of them; out of cowards fitly manufacturing bravos.

Now, sword or dagger, human arms are but artificial claws and fangs, tied on like false spurs to the fighting cock. So, we repeat, Oberlus, czar of the isle, gaffles his four subjects; that is, with intent of glory, puts four rusty cutlasses into their hands. Like any other autocrat, he had a noble army now.

It might be thought a servile war would hereupon ensue. Arms in the hands of trodden slaves? how indiscreet of Emperors, Oberlus! Nay, they had but cutlasses—sad old scythes enough—he a blunderbuss, which by its blind scatterings of all sorts of boulders, clinkers and other scoria would annihilate all four mutineers, like four pigeons at one shot. Besides, at first he did not sleep in his accustomed hut; every lurid sunset, for a time, he might have been seen wending his way among the riven mountains, there to secret himself till dawn in some sulphurous pitfall, undiscoverable to his gang; but finding this at last too troublesome, he now each evening tied his slaves hand and foot, hid the cutlasses, and thrusting them into his barracks, shut to the door, and lying down before it, beneath a rude shed lately added, slept out the night, blunderbuss in hand.

It is supposed that not content with daily parading over a cindery solitude at the head of his fine army, Oberlus now meditated the most active mischief; his probable object being to surprise some passing ship touching at his dominions, massacre the crew, and run away with her to parts unknown. While these plans were simmering in his head, two ships touch in company at the isle, on the opposite side to his; when his designs undergo a sudden change.

The ships are in want of vegetables, which Oberlus promises in great abundance, provided they send their boats round to his landing, so that the crews may bring the vegetables from his garden; informing the two captains, at the same time, that his rascals—slaves and soldiers

—had become so abominably lazy and good-for-nothing of late, that he could not make them work by ordinary inducements, and did not have the heart to be severe with them.

The arrangement was agreed to, and the boats were sent and hauled upon the beach. The crews went to the lava hut; but to their surprise nobody was there. After waiting till their patience was exhausted, they returned to the shore, when lo, some stranger—not the Good Samaritan either—seems to have very recently passed that way. Three of the boats were broken in a thousand pieces, and the fourth was missing. By hard toil over the mountains and through the clinkers, some of the strangers succeeded in returning to that side of the isle where the ships lay, when fresh boats are sent to the relief of the rest of the hapless party.

However amazed at the treachery of Oberlus, the two captains afraid of new and still more mysterious atrocities,—and indeed, half imputing such strange events to the enchantments associated with these isles,—perceive no security but in instant flight; leaving Oberlus and his army in quiet possession of the stolen boat.

On the eve of sailing they put a letter in a keg, giving the Pacific Ocean intelligence of the affair, and moored the keg in the bay. Some time subsequent, the keg was opened by another captain chancing to anchor there, but not until after he had dispatched a boat round to Oberlus's Landing. As may be readily surmised, he felt no little inquietude till the boat's return; when another letter was handed him, giving Oberlus's version of the affair. This precious document had been found pinned half-mildewed to the clinker wall of the sulphurous and deserted hut. It ran as follows; showing that Oberlus was at least an accomplished writer, and no mere boor; and what is more, was capable of the most trifling eloquence.

"Sir: I am the most unfortunate ill-treated gentleman that lives. I am a patriot, exiled from country by the cruel hand of tyranny.

"Banished to these Enchanted Isles, I have again and again besought captains of ships to sell me a boat, but always have been refused, though I offered the handsomest prices in Mexican dollars. At length an opportunity presented of possessing myself of one, and I did not let it slip.

"I have been long endeavoring by hard labor and much solitary suffering to accumulate something to make myself comfortable in a virtuous though unhappy

old age; but at various times have been robbed and beaten by men professing to be Christians.

"To-day I sail from the Enchanted group in the good boat *Charity* bound to the Feejee Isles.

"FATHERLESS OBERLUS.

"*P. S.*—Behind the clinkers, nigh the oven, you will find the old fowl. Do not kill it; be patient; I leave it setting; if it shall have any chicks, I hereby bequeathe them to you, whoever you may be. But don't count your chicks before they are hatched."

The fowl proved a starveling rooster, reduced to a sitting posture by sheer debility.

Oberlus declares that he was bound to the Feejee Isles; but this was only to throw pursuers on a false scent. For after a long time he arrived, alone in his open boat, at Guayaquil. As his miscreants were never again beheld on Hood's Isle, it is supposed, either that they perished for want of water on the passage to Guayaquil, or, what is quite as probable, were thrown overboard by Oberlus, when he found the water growing scarce.

From Guayaquil Oberlus proceeded to Payta; and there, with that nameless witchery peculiar to some of the ugliest animals, wound himself into the affections of a tawny damsel; prevailing upon her to accompany him back to his Enchanted Isle; which doubtless he painted as a Paradise of flowers, not a Tartarus of clinkers.

But unfortunately for the colonization of Hood's Isle with a choice variety of animated nature, the extraordinary and devilish aspect of Oberlus made him to be regarded in Payta as a highly suspicious character. So that being found concealed one night, with matches in his pocket, under the hull of a small vessel just ready to be launched, he was seized and thrown into jail.

The jails in most South American towns are generally of the least wholesome sort. Built of huge cakes of sun-burnt brick, and containing but one room, without windows or yard, and but one door heavily grated with wooden bars, they present both within and without the grimmest aspect. As public edifices they conspicuously stand upon the hot and dusty Plaza, offering to view, through the gratings, their villanous and hopeless inmates, burrowing in all sorts of tragic squalor. And here, for a long time Oberlus was seen; the central figure of a mongrel and assassin band; a creature

whom it is religion to detest, since it is philanthropy to hate a misanthrope.

*Note.*—They who may be disposed to question the possibility of the character above depicted, are referred to the 2d vol. of Porter's Voyage into the Pacific, where they will recognize many sentences, for expedition's sake derived verbatim from thence, and incorporated here; the main difference—save a few passing reflections—between the two accounts being, that the present writer has added to Porter's facts accessory ones picked up in the Pacific from reliable sources; and where facts conflict, has naturally preferred his own authorities to Porter's. As, for instance, *his* authorities place Oberlus on Hood's Isle: Porter's, on Charles's Isle. The letter found in the hut is also somewhat different, for while at the Encantadas he was informed that not only did it evince a certain clerkliness, but was full of the strangest satiric effrontery which does not adequately appear in Porter's version. I accordingly altered it to suit the general character of its author.

#### SKETCH ELEVENTH.

EUNAWAYS, CASTAWAYS, SOLITARIES, GRAVE-STONES, ETC.

"And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,  
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,  
Did hang upon the ragged knotty knees,  
On which had many wretches hanged been."

SOME relics of the hut of Oberlus partially remain to this day at the head of the clinkered valley. Nor does the stranger wandering among other of the Enchanted Isles fail to stumble upon still other solitary abodes, long abandoned to the tortoise and the lizard. Probably few parts of earth have in modern times sheltered so many solitaries. The reason is, that these isles are situated in a distant sea, and the vessels which occasionally visit them are mostly all whalers, or ships bound on dreary and protracted voyages, exempting them in a good degree from both the oversight and the memory of human law. Such is the character of some commanders and some seamen, that under these untoward circumstances, it is quite impossible but that scenes of unpleasantness and discord should occur between them. A sullen hatred of the tyrannic ship will seize the sailor, and he gladly exchanges it for isles, which though blighted as by a continual sirocco and burning breeze, still offer him in their labyrinthine interior, a retreat beyond the possibility of capture. To flee the ship in any Peruvian or Chilian port, even the smallest and most rustical, is not unattended with great risk of apprehension, not to speak of jaguars. A reward of five pesos sends fifty dastardly Spaniards into



the woods, who with long knives scour them day and night in eager hopes of securing their prey. Neither is it, in general, much easier to escape pursuit at the isles of Polynesia. Those of them which have felt a civilizing influence present the same difficulty to the runaway with the Peruvian ports. The advanced natives being quite as mercenary and keen of knife and scent, as the retrograde Spaniards; while, owing to the bad odor in which all Europeans lie in the minds of aboriginal savages who have chanced to hear aught of them, to desert the ship among primitive Polynesians, is, in most cases, a hope not unforlorn. Hence the Enchanted Isles become the voluntary tarrying places of all sorts of refugees; some of whom too sadly experience the fact that flight from tyranny does not of itself insure a safe asylum, far less a happy home.

Moreover, it has not seldom happened that hermits have been made upon the isles by the accidents incident to tortoise-hunting. The interior of most of them is tangled and difficult of passage beyond description; the air is sultry and stifling; an intolerable thirst is provoked, for which no running stream offers its kind relief. In a few hours, under an equatorial sun, reduced by these causes to entire exhaustion, woe betide the straggler at the Enchanted Isles! Their extent is such as to forbid an adequate search unless weeks are devoted to it. The impatient ship waits a day or two; when the missing man remaining undiscovered, up goes a stake on the beach, with a letter of regret, and a keg of crackers and another of water tied to it, and away sails the craft.

Nor have there been wanting instances where the inhumanity of some captains has led them to wreak a secure revenge upon seamen who have given their caprice or pride some singular offence. Thrust ashore upon the scorching marl, such mariners are abandoned to perish outright, unless by solitary labors they succeed in discovering some precious dribblets of moisture oozing from a rock or stagnant in a mountain pool.

I was well acquainted with a man, who, lost upon the Isle of Narborough, was brought to such extremes by thirst, that at last he only saved his life by taking that of another being. A large hair-seal came upon the beach. He rushed upon it, stabbed it in the neck, and then throwing himself upon the panting body quaffed at the living wound; the palpitations of the creature's dying heart injecting life into the drinker.

Another seaman thrust ashore in a boat upon an isle at which no ship ever touched, owing to its peculiar sterility and the shoals about it, and from which all other parts of the group were hidden; this man feeling that it was sure death to remain there, and that nothing worse than death menaced him in quitting it, killed two seals, and inflating their skins, made a float, upon which he transported himself to Charles's Island, and joined the republic there.

But men not endowed with courage equal to such desperate attempts, find their only resource in forthwith seeking for some watery place, however precarious or scanty; building a hut; catching tortoises and birds; and in all respects preparing for hermit life, till tide or time, or a passing ship arrives to float them off.

At the foot of precipices on many of the isles, small rude basins in the rocks are found, partly filled with rotted rubbish or vegetable decay, or overgrown with thickets, and sometimes a little moist; which, upon examination, reveal plain tokens of artificial instruments employed in hollowing them out, by some poor castaway or still more miserable runaway. These basins are made in places where it was supposed some scanty drops of dew might exude into them from the upper crevices.

The relics of hermitages and stone basins, are not the only signs of vanishing humanity to be found upon the isles. And curious to say, that spot which of all others in settled communities is most animated, at the Enchanted Isles presents the most dreary of aspects. And though it may seem very strange to talk of post-offices in this barren region, yet post-offices are occasionally to be found there. They consist of a stake and bottle. The letters being not only sealed, but corked. They are generally deposited by captains of Nantucketers for the benefit of passing fishermen; and contain statements as to what luck they had in whaling or tortoise-hunting. Frequently, however, long months and months, whole years glide by and no applicant appears. The stake rots and falls, presenting no very exhilarating object.

If now it be added that grave-stones, or rather grave-boards, are also discovered upon some of the isles, the picture will be complete.

Upon the beach of James's Isle for many years, was to be seen a rude finger-post pointing inland. And perhaps taking it for some signal of possible hospitality in this otherwise desolate spot—some good

hermit living there with his maple dish—the stranger would follow on in the path thus indicated, till at last he would come out in a noiseless nook, and find his only welcome, a dead man; his sole greeting the inscription over a grave. Here, in 1813, fell in a daybreak duel, a Lieutenant of the U. S. frigate *Essex*, aged twenty-one: attaining his majority in death.

It is but fit that like those old monastic institutions of Europe, whose inmates go not out of their own walls to be inurned, but are entombed there where they die; the Encantadas too should bury their own dead, even as the great general monastery of earth does hers.

It is known that burial in the ocean is a pure necessity of sea-faring life, and that it is only done when land is far astern, and not clearly visible from the bow.

Hence to vessels cruising in the vicinity of the Enchanted Isles, they afford a convenient Potter's Field. The interment over, some good-natured fore-castle poet and artist seizes his paint-brush, and inscribes a doggerel epitaph. When after a long lapse of time, other good-natured seamen chance to come upon the spot, they usually make a table of the mound, and quaff a friendly can to the poor soul's repose.

As a specimen of these epitaphs, take the following, found in a bleak gorge of Chatham Isle:—

"Oh Brother Jack, as you pass by,  
As you are now, so once was I.  
Just so game and just so gay,  
But now, alack, they've stopped my pay.  
No more I peep out of my blinkers,  
Here I be—tucked in with blinkers!"

#### AN HOUR WITH LAMENNAIS.

ONE day, in Paris, a friend proposed that we should make a call upon the famous Abbé de Lamennais, whose recent death restores the incident to my memory. As I had been a reader of his books, and to some extent an admirer of them, and knew the extraordinary vicissitudes through which the distinguished author, the earnest soldier of liberty, had passed, I readily consented to the proposal.

While we were walking across the Tuileries garden and up Rue de Rivoli, towards the *Palais Royale*, where Lamennais lodged, I had time to gather out of the conversation of my friend and my own readings, a few particulars of his life. And what a strange, struggling, sorrowful, earnest life it was! At first the infidel, dazzled by the flashing witticism of Voltaire,—next the priest, almost bigoted in the defence of his order—then the Christian reformer thundering his anathemas against the abuses of his mother church,—next the republican and socialist, striving to guide the wild spirits of a revolution,—and, finally, the retired sage, saddened but not subdued by disappointment, and still uttering out of the shadows of the night that was fast approaching, such words of wisdom as had come to him in his long and weary seventy years of battle! There was surely enough in such a man to excite my curiosity to see him!

Lamennais was born at St. Malo, about the year 1782, of parents who were not wealthy, but who had accumulated sufficient property in trade, to put it in their power to give him a good education. His taste for reading was so precocious that his father, abandoning his original intention of making a merchant of him, designed him for the church. But, unfortunately for this project, the reading which was then in the ascendant, was that which originated with Voltaire and the other brilliant skeptics of the eighteenth century. Clear, witty, audacious, seductive, and with just enough of science in it to give consistency to its frothy but piquant sentiment, it was the very thing to captivate the admiration of the ardent but shallow young student of Bretagne. He was, therefore, quite carried away at first by its plausibilities, but being of a profoundly religious nature, at the same time, he soon began to feel the wants of the new literature. With all its smooth logic, and glowing sentiment, it did not, somehow or other, touch his heart. A deep void was there, which it did not fill up,—a yearning for something purer, nobler, higher, which it could not satisfy.

The truth was, that the word INFINITE was ringing through the chambers of Lamennais's heart,—as it does so often ring through the hearts of all men who

honestly think,—and he felt that he was not a mere creature of time and sense; that life was an awful and eternal reality; that above and beyond the interests and policies of to-day, there was a world of spiritual truths, more active and lasting than nature; and that, therefore, no philosophy which looked no higher than nature, and a merely natural God, could solve the problems which he had raised about existence. He discarded the bantering, mocking, specious philosophy of the new school,—but, alas! had nowhere to fly. He was tormented with perplexities and doubts. He studied, he inquired, he thought, he consulted, he tried to hope, but a disastrous darkness seemed to settle more and more over the intellectual world, and he was about to relinquish thought in despair.

In this condition of mind, he was accosted by the idea of the Christian Church, which, in the deeply-moved and almost feverish state of his sensibilities, was received by him as a glory from the skies. It was an ideal of life so beautiful, so grand, so full of peace and good will, that it kindled in his mind all the ardor of devotion. A vast brotherhood, devoted irreclaimably to the love of God, and the love of man, sanctioned by the holiest remembrances and names of Christian antiquity, possessing through its councils a perpetual inspiration, mighty in its organization, and spreading itself over the whole world, in order to fuse the separated members of humanity into a great living unity, holding the same faith, worshipping in the same temple, anticipating the same heaven of harmony and happiness, was a conception so magnificent and touching that he longed to consecrate himself to its service. He plunged, therefore, at once, neck and heels, as the children say, into the Church of Rome.

Accepting a professorship of mathematics in the college of St. Malo, he partook of his first communion there, and began to prepare himself for the priesthood. In the interval, he published his first work, a translation of the old ascetic book of Louis Le Blois, called the *Spiritual Guide*, and the next year (1808) an original work, entitled *Réflexions sur l'état de l'Eglise*; or reflections upon the state of the Church. The latter shows to what height he had carried his ecclesiastical theories, for he condemns the vassalage to which he conceived the Church to have been reduced under the reign of Napoleon, and boldly asserted the doctrine of its rightful supremacy over the State. As the vicegerent of God upon earth, the

Church, he maintained, was an authority superior to any political body, which should never be made a mere political machine, and never subject itself to any civil laws, but on the contrary, give laws to the world. The vehemence, however, with which he assailed the despotism of the Emperor in behalf of the despotism of the clergy, caused his book to be suppressed by the government.

In the year 1811 he assumed the tonsure, but retained his place at the seminary, which was under the control of his brother, in conjunction with whom he wrote a book, on *La tradition de l'Eglise sur l'institution des évêques*, or the doctrine of the Church on the institution of bishops; displaying great learning and acuteness, and receiving the most unlimited applause from the ultramontane section of Catholics. It shows to what extent Lamennais had adopted the ancient theories, that he was earnestly in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons, and manifested his zeal so openly in their behalf, that when Napoleon returned, during the Hundred Days, he was compelled to fly to England, to escape the persecutions of the imperialists. There he lived in the greatest indigence and obscurity, for several months, earning a miserable pittance as an usher in a school kept for emigrants by the Abbé Rennes in London. It is related of him, that in the course of this exile he applied to the distinguished Lady Jerningham, a sister of Lord Stafford, for the place of tutor in her family, then vacant. He was small and thin in person; his face pale and emaciated, his look downcast and troubled, his gait awkward and shuffling, and his dress such as the dresses of those who have not a cent to get bread with, are apt to be. In other words, it was out at the elbows and seedy. The dignified lady gazed at him with surprise, not unmingled with contempt, and finally ejaculating that "he looked too much like a fool to become a successful teacher," sent him away. Poor Lamennais,—subsequently a power and glory in Paris, to be dismissed in this fashion by a fashionable lady!

On the second expulsion of Bonaparte he returned to his native land, and the year after (1816) was formally ordained a priest. He signalized the event by the publication of his *Essay on Religious Indifference* (*Essai sur l'Indifférence en matières de Religion*), which excited the most lively sensation on all sides, and gave him fame and position at once as a writer. Seven or eight editions were immediately called for, and innumerable reviews and

replies attempted. The impetuous boldness of the style, the precision and force of the reasoning, the rare beauty of the language, but above all, the warmth and enthusiasm, as well as the elevation of the sentiment, startled the sensual dreamers of France, while they won and captivated all who were aspiring to a purer existence. Never had the prevailing immorality been assailed in more vigorous terms, never had skepticism been more acutely probed and anatomized,—and never had the consistency and the glory of Christianity been presented in strains more winning and beautiful. It was a book in which a large, generous, and poetic mind poured out its lamentations over the discords and disorders of society, expressed its thorough disgust at the petty aims and low ambitions of the world, and proclaimed with the jubilant elastic joy of a soul emancipated from trammels and littleness, the exalted solace which it had found in the bosom of God. Awake, it said to France, so long immersed in the grossest incredulity,—while the fires of faith had almost burned out upon the altar,—“awake to hope, to charity, to the life of God in the soul, to a new career for our humanity on earth! Behold the Church, venerable with years, yet fresh as an infant,—the depository of all truth, the source of all life,—which the storms of the Past have not effected, and which in the Future is destined to an imperishable sway,—that Church opens her arms to receive you, and will bear you on to an immortal glory.”

The eloquence and sincerity of this appeal, won for the author the title of the modern Champion of the Church,—the new Bossuet, or as Pope Leo XII. himself expressed it, “the latest of the Fathers.” A cardinal’s hat even was offered to him, but he refused it, because he had his own purposes to prosecute, which could best be prosecuted out of office. He hoped under the government of the Restoration to bring about the enfranchisement of the Church, but it was evident that he knew little of the spirit of a tyrannical government. The chiefs of the monarchy were just as eager to use it as a tool as Napoleon had been, and when he again thundered a protest in his *Considerations on the relations of religion and the civil order (La Religion Considérée dans ses rapports avec l'ordre civil et politique)*, he was just as savagely fined and persecuted. His bold and burning sentences fell like so many flakes of snow upon the rocky breasts of Louis and his ministers. It was not for the like of them,—not at all—to relinquish any portion of

their power to any Church,—though immediately descended from Heaven. As a convenience, they were glad to keep on terms with the Church; as an auxiliary in forcing the submission of the people, it was really quite a divine and useful institution,—but when it undertook to set up for itself, and to dictate to the conscience of kings, it was carrying the matter altogether too far. Religion and morals were excellent things in themselves, but must remain subordinate to the transcendent virtues of state craft and policy.

Lamennais, it will be seen, did not take much by his motion with his friends the Bourbons. Indeed, nobody except their few male and female favorites ever did,—and so, when they were driven out a second time, in 1830, and he was once more allowed to speak, he turned to the Church itself with an appeal that it should forthwith declare its independence. In order to carry on the persuasion with more effect, he established a journal, called *L'Avenir*, or the Future, which he edited with characteristic zeal and energy, having the occasional assistance of Count Montalembert, the Abbé Gerdet, and the Abbé Lacordaire, since become so famous in Paris for his oratory. Their leading object was to arouse the Catholic Church to a feeling of the moral functions of which it was capable, and to impel it forward to a career of active beneficence and love; or, to use their own words, they hoped “to batter to the earth the empire of Force, and to supply its place by a reign of justice and charity, which should realize among the members of the great human family, individuals and people, that unity, in which each man, being a part of the life of all men, participates in the common good, under circumstances more favorable to the development of this common good.”—in short, to give free course to the Gospel of Christ, which is the great bond and cement of a glorious human fraternity. They spoke boldly to all classes, and especially to the Papacy and its friends, neither concealing, slurring, nor mitigating the truth. “Your power,” they exclaimed, “is fast passing away, and with it the holy faith! Would you save both? Unite them to the destinies of humanity. Nothing in this world, remember, is stationary. If your religion does not advance with mankind, if it does not keep time with the pulsations of the human heart, it must fall back and decay. You have reigned over kings, and now stretch forth your hands to the people; they will sustain you with their strong arms, and what is better, with their love!

Abandon your worldly wrecks, the remains of your ancient grandeur,—the sombre memories of the past,—the hope of reviving splendors that are utterly ruined,—spurn them all with your feet as unworthy of you,—and advance to your true dignity and power!"

Seconding his words by his deeds, Lamennais founded a society for the "Defence of Religious Liberty," which speedily numbered a multitude of adherents in all parts of France. Its principal objects were, to redress the grievances of ecclesiastics improperly restrained of their freedom; to establish primary, secondary, and superior schools among the people, independent of the state; to maintain the right of all men to assemble peacefully together, for educational, social, or religious purposes, and to promote a friendly intercourse among all the people, and particularly among the people of the different nations. The better to carry forward this last part of his scheme, he instituted a subscription for the starving Irish, which soon reached a large amount,—he preached in aid of the Polish refugees,—and he proclaimed the necessity of intervening in behalf of the Italian states who were the victims to Austrian despotism. Thus it will be seen that he was getting over unconsciously upon the most democratic grounds; yet he still clung to his Church, and was fond enough to believe that the Church, instituted as it had been for the good of all men, would yet come round to his side. Ah! he misconceived the Church, and we can fancy how some of the more knowing priests, as they watched the impotent efforts of his young enthusiasm, from their cosy retreats, laughed with an inextinguishable guffaw! Many miracles have been wrought in this world, but such a miracle as Lamennais hoped for,—the conversion of an old, wealthy, and comfortable ecclesiastical organization into a disciple of progress and humanity,—was out of the case. The attempt proves him to have been very sincere, but very green. Nor is he at all relieved of the imputation of verdancy, by the fact that he made a visit to Rome, to see Pope Gregory in person, and to explain to him the views he professed. For, unfortunately, the governments of Austria, Russia, and Prussia had visited Rome before him, and had quietly told Gregory to clap an extinguisher upon his head. Any man who could proclaim the doctrine "that where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," must be an innovating revolutionary rascal, and, priest or no priest, was wholly unfit for respectable society. Gregory,

therefore, would not see Lamennais,—would not read his memorial,—would not give him the slightest countenance,—in short, sent him away with a big flea in his ear. Poor fellow! we should rather say, with a stone at his heart. His dream was broken, the glory that had gathered about the brow of mother Church was faded,—the hopes of a regenerate future scattered like spray by the wind. Dejected and baffled, he was overtaken on his way back to Paris at Munich, by the Encyclical Letter of 1832, which gave him pretty clearly to understand what the red-caps of Rome thought of his notions,—which spoke of them as mere "ravings,"—which denounced liberty of conscience as "an absurd maxim,"—the liberty of the press, as "a fatal liberty, not to be thought of without horror," and which also declared every resistance to a legitimate prince to be "a crime." What a thunderbolt for the priestly reformer!

But the Church was not done with him yet! It was not enough for it to have denounced his offence, to have overturned all his plans, and to have exposed his failure to the mocking world. It must make Lamennais himself acknowledge that he had been an idiot and a goose, adding to the terrible mortification of defeat, the debasing humiliation of a penitential confession. How otherwise could it crush his soul? He suppressed his paper, he broke up his agency, he conformed externally to all requirements—was not that sufficient to appease the good Lady? No! He must also subscribe to every sentiment and letter of the encyclical condemnation! In vain he expostulated, in vain he entreated, in vain he begged for time, there was no wavering or relenting in the Infallible. At last, amid many qualms of conscience and overwhelming tortures of mind, Lamennais,— "to give his troubled spirit peace," as he said,—signed his adherence to the Church. He was not yet able to sever the ties which bound him to the foster-mother of his spirit.

Peace! great God, what peace can there be in a compromise of truth, independence and sincere conviction! Instead of extinguishing the inward fires of the soul, by the concession, he had only kindled them anew; they raged and blazed with tenfold fury; they consumed his heart. Retiring to the solitudes of Brittany, to Chenaye, where twenty years before, full of zeal for the Church, he had written his first work on the Institution of Bishops, he communed with his thoughts, and meditated the course he ought to pursue.

It was impossible, he saw, to tear from his mind those great convictions of freedom, duty, right, which had become a part of his life,—it was impossible for the Church or any other institution, powerful as it might be, to crush his aspirations and the aspirations of mankind for a better future; it was the most dreadful of blasphemies to suppose that humanity must be for ever given over to the degradations and wrongs of the existing state of things, and he could not, would not relinquish his hopes of a truly Christian emancipation and progress. He had appealed to the monarchs to take the leadership of the movement, and they had answered him with exiles and fines; he had appealed to the Church itself, to act worthily of its vocation and baptism, and the Church had crammed his words, wrapped in an odious recantation, down his throat, for an answer; to whom then could he make a last appeal, but to the PEOPLE? They were above all monarchies and churches,—the universal mind of man their senate-house,—the universal heart of man, their consistory and synod. Away, then, with tiaras and red cloaks, and gowns and cowls, and all the trumpery symbols of hardened and deceitful power!

The clergy, not hearing from Lamennais for some months, had fancied that he was silenced; but suddenly, in the midst of the calm, there shot forth a little book called the "Words of a Believer," (*Paroles d'un Croquant*), which fell like lightning from a clear sky. It was a gage of war thrown down into the ecclesiastical arena, against all comers,—a shout of defiance screamed against the Pope and his Cardinals,—a declaration of independence which made the old hierarchies tremble in their seats. Free minds every where caught it up with rapture, and from that time forward Lamennais became the acknowledged leader of the liberal religious movement in France. The singular purity and clearness of the thought, his moving and pathetic eloquence, his strong poetical and religious sentiment, have given a wide popularity to the many books that he has since published, each one, as it appeared, enforcing in more vigorous terms, the great principles of democracy, which are the principles of humanity, the principles of Christianity, and showing that his manly spirit once emancipated from its early fetters, has advanced with a certain and steady progress, in the path of a true Christian freedom. Ever true to his original conviction of the brotherhood of man, he has

never once swerved from any conclusion to which that frontal truth may lead. No threats, no prosecutions, no prison-houses could shake him from his purposes.

During the revolution of 1848, Lamennais took a leading part, acting generally with the democratic socialists, but too independent always to be the slave of any party. He was a member of both the constituent and the legislative Assemblies, speaking, however, only twice in those bodies; once against the dictatorship of Cavaignac, and secondly to request that he should be included in the prosecution against *Le Peuple Constituant*, a newspaper of which he was one of the editors. When the insurrection of June was forcibly suppressed, by those who pretended to be the friends of the people, he retired from public life with extreme mortification and disgust. He passed the latter part of his days in the revision of his works, and in the preparation of a translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia* for the press.

At the time of the visit to which I referred in the outset of this biographical sketch, which has extended beyond my wish, he occupied rooms on the highest story of one of the houses of the *Palais Royale*. Like his friend Béranger, therefore, he could sing,

"I mount to my garret on the sixth floor."

As we ascended the staircase, we met a lady descending, who was dressed in black, with a careworn, but most expressive and intellectual face, and who slightly bowed to us, as all French ladies would under the same circumstances, as we passed. Who she was, you shall see in the sequel.

"Is the Abbé at home?" we inquired of an ancient female, when out of breath, we had reached the last of the six flights. "He is," she replied, "but scarcely able to see any one." We sent in our names, however, and were admitted.

The room was a large and airy one, overlooking the garden of the *Palais Royale*, neatly, but not handsomely furnished, with a few engravings upon the walls, and an extensive bookcase in one corner. In a huge easy chair, at one side of the fire-place, buried in cushions almost, sat the venerable Abbé. His body seemed frail and light, and his face was pale and haggard, as if he had been long unwell. The head was disproportionately large, with the brain protruding into the forehead, and pressing the chin down upon the breast. As he was placed against the light, we did not at first distinguish his features, but when he moved

half round, I remarked that they were exceedingly expressive,—full of benevolence and intellect, but very sad. It is possible that disease might have given this dejected and melancholy appearance to his noble face, but my impression was, that it was his habitual look. Men of genius who think much, and whose lives are a struggle for the good of men, nearly always acquire this plaintive and serious expression. The woes of mankind write themselves in their countenances.

Lamennais's voice was low and failing, but sympathetic to an unusual degree. His feelings seemed to tremble along the words, as they fell from his lips, like the waves of heat through the air. Old as he seemed to be from his gray hair, wrinkled face, and feeble body, his manner was as fresh and enthusiastic as that of a boy. He had lost none of his interest in the current events of the day, and spoke of contemporary individuals as well as things, with all the earnestness of one who had yet many years to live in the midst of the controversy. Any one who remembers the late Dr. Channing, as he looked and talked towards the close of his life, will have a pretty faithful image of Lamennais before him, with the exception that Lamennais was a far more impulsive and lively person than Dr. Channing.

He began his talk with us by expressing his general admiration of the United States, qualifying the sentiment, however, with the remark, that the American people were still in a youthful or infantile condition, and that they ought not to mistake the characteristics of a transitional period, for those of their maturity. Their sensitiveness to the criticism of foreigners was their weakest point, and was, as they would see, by reflecting on it, a contemptible want of self-respect. What could all the criticism of all the world do against a nation so grand in itself, and with such glorious promises. Ought the lion to care for the buzz of a gadfly, or the eagle heed the chidings of a wren? Besides, that criticism was most of it good, was intended for the good of the Americans, had already done them some good, and they ought, like true men, to be glad to be told of their faults. My friend rather coincided with this view, though I thought myself that the opinion of our sensitiveness was rather exaggerated in Europe, but said nothing, as I wished to get at other topics.

"What of the Revolution?" I asked, "and how is it affected by the *Coup d'Etat* of Louis Napoleon?" It was then some two months after the blow of De-

cember. "The Revolution," he replied, "can never be suppressed. The late reactions have been feeding it with fuel. How soon it may break out, no one knows—such things are not to be calculated—but when it does come, it will make sure work. It will not stop half-way, as in 1848; it will be sweeping and final. I have lived through three revolutions in France,—was a boy during the first, but remember it well; was a close observer in 1830, and an active worker in '48,—and my impression is, that the programme of the old revolution was the only wise one. The aristocracy must be put out of the way. Nothing is to be expected of them; they are thieves and murderers, and like other criminals, should be executed. I once thought otherwise; I thought that the ruling classes could be won over to justice and a gradual improvement of society, but I am now persuaded that they cannot. They are radically, entirely, at heart opposed to the people, will never yield, and must be set aside. Democracy and aristocracy cannot subsist together; one must conquer, and the other must die. When the revolution comes, then, there will be no temporizing, no compromises. The republic will be supreme or nothing."

"But do you not think," said one of us, "that this frank expression of extreme opinions,—this open proclamation of death to the aristocrats, is what frightens many timid men away from republicanism, which they confound with rabid socialism, and so go over to the other side?"

"It may," answered the Abbé, "but republicanism is socialism; it is the government of the whole people by themselves and for themselves,—and whatever differences there may be in the modes of practically getting at the result, the principle is the same. No doubt there is a great deal of nonsense uttered in socialist books,—there is in all books,—but they who oppose the republic because they dread socialism are no friends to the republic. It is a mere excuse for their cowardice."

"But," I interrupted, "there is this distinction between republicans and socialists—the former would leave the people to accomplish their well-being, by voluntary efforts and combinations; the latter hope to do the same thing, through the government. The former, therefore, train the whole of society to self-dependence and control; while the latter still leave them children. Socialism, in this aspect, is only an inverted absolutism,—is power directed towards the good of the masses,

instead of the good of the monarch,—while republicanism is the denial of all power, save that which springs spontaneously out of the self-development of the people.”

Lamennais partly admitted the justice of this view, but defended himself on the ground, that in Europe society had been so long in the leading-strings of government, that it was an easier step to socialistic than to mere republican democracy, —a fallacy which runs through the theories of nearly all the Continental reformers, and which will vitiate every attempt that they shall make at a social reconstruction. Kossuth, however, is better informed, and fully perceives the necessity of local self-government to every construction of a state.

Lamennais, then, spoke of men,—was vehement, of course, against the bloody usurpation of Louis Napoleon, but had still a secret hope that he would by and by throw himself on the side of the people. He would at any rate gradually kill off all the leaders of legitimacy, and leave himself only to be disposed of, by the democrats. An enemy more to be dreaded than Napoleon was Cavaignac,—a hard, cruel, impassive soldier, who had ordered men, women, and children to be butchered in Algiers, and who defeated the revolution by turning the army against the movement in June. He was a traitor to the republic, and would betray to the end every noble and generous cause with which he was intrusted. As for Proudhon, he was an impracticable, a good fellow, sagacious, able, and not to be conquered, but an eccentricity,—incapable of acting and thinking with others,—and full of individual conceits. Emile de Girardin was somewhat slipshod in his principles, but a man of prodigious acuteness and power. Victor Hugo was sound to the core, and Ledru Rollin was a reliable man; but Lamartine, you see what he is! Lamennais's sketches of character were graphic and amusing, and given at great length, but I only recall now the net result of what he said. He seemed to be personally embittered against Cavaignac, and scarcely did him justice.

“Is it possible to see George Sand?” I asked, when he replied, “She does not now live in Paris; but she has just been here, preparatory to going to Louis Napoleon to intercede for an old friend. You must have met her upon the stairs!” Ah! how mortified I was to find that I

had been so near to that most extraordinary woman of the age, without knowing it, and had missed the opportunity of a personal interview. Lamennais spoke of her with discrimination, but with great kindness.

We continued the conversation for some time, and when we rose to retire, the old man pressed our hands warmly, and said, “Adieu, gentlemen; we shall never meet again.” His words were prophetic, for he died on the 28th of February last. It is said, that in his will he disinherited all those relatives who had taken part in suppressing the insurrection of June, and that he ordered that his body should be taken directly from his house to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, without stopping at any church. He steadily refused any religious conferences up to the hour of his death, and was only accompanied to his last resting-place by Béranger, Garnier Pages, Barbet, and a few other of his old friends, surrounded by a guard of policemen and well-armed soldiers. “So perished,” says one of the English letter-writers, “this unreclaimed infidel.” Infidel! Oh! Bobus, where learned you that? He, whose whole life was a martyrdom for the truths of the Gospel, whose inmost heart was saturated with their spirit, will have another judgment in that world whither he has gone! He may not have thought, on all things, as you do, or as your clergyman does; but he was a sincere, true man, penetrated to the last fibre with the principles of Christ's religion, and, thank Heaven, will not be damned on your testimony.

Lamennais's writings, besides those we have already mentioned, were numerous;\* that they were effective we know, because they always secured him the hostility of the governments, and sometimes a year in prison; but his fame will chiefly rest on the *Paroles d'un Croquant*, the *Livre du Peuple*, and the *Esquisse d'une Philosophie*. The former have a charm in the style, which will cause them to be read after the controversies to which they relate have subsided. Nor will their sentiments be soon forgotten, for they are allied with the noblest aspirations of the popular heart. Their glowing eloquence, with that deep undertone of sadness, will make them memorable for a long time. They sink into the emotional nature of every reader, like the wild plaintive strains of the windharp, and melt and subdue his

\* His principal works are, besides those we have already mentioned, “Critical Discussions on Religion and Philosophy,” “Modern Slavery,” “Amschaspands and Darvands,” “The Past and Future of the People,” “Voluntary Servitude,” “A Voice from the Prison,” and “A New Translation of the Gospels, with Notes and Reflections.”



mind, though they may not carry him away, like more impulsive and trumpet blasts.

The latter book to which we have referred, the "Sketch of a Philosophy," is Lamennais's most ambitious attempt, but not in all respects his happiest. It is a comprehensive view of the universe, abounding in subtle distinctions, and rigor-

ous thoughts, but yet, like all the other universal systems that one reads, constrained, mechanical, and unsatisfactory. It evinces, however, profound learning on the part of the author,—a rare power of generalization, and the tenderest sensibility to whatever is poetical and grand in the aspects of life.

#### FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

(Concluded from page 386.)

CAMBRIDGE has long had its port, but the greater part of its maritime trade was, thirty years ago, intrusted to a single Argo, the sloop Harvard, which belonged to the college, and made annual voyages to that vague Orient, known as Down East, bringing back the wood that, in those days, gave to winter-life at Harvard a crackle and a cheerfulness, for the loss of which the greater warmth of anthracite hardly compensates. New England life, to be genuine, must have in it some sentiment of the sea,—it was this instinct that printed the device of the pine tree on the old money and the old flag, and these periodic ventures of the sloop Harvard made the old Viking fibre vibrate in the hearts of all the village boys. What a vista of mystery and adventure did her sailing open to us! With what pride did we hail her return! She was our scholiast upon Robinson Crusoe and the Mutiny of the Bounty. Her captain still lords it over our memories, the greatest sailor that ever sailed the seas, and we should not look at Sir John Franklin himself with such admiring interest as that with which we enhaled some larger boy who had made a voyage in her, and had come back without braces to his trowsers (*gallowases* we called them) and squirting ostentatiously the juice of that weed which still gave him little private returns of something very like seasickness. All our shingle vessels were shaped and rigged by her, who was our glass of naval fashion and our mould of aquatic form. We had a secret and wild delight in believing that she carried a gun, and imagined her sending grape and canister among the treacherous savages of Oldtown. Inspired by her were those first essays at navigation on the Winthrop

duck-pond, of the plucky boy who was afterward to serve two famous years before the mast.

The greater part of what is now Cambridgeport was then (in the native dialect) a *huckleberry pastur*. Woods were not wanting on its outskirts, of pine, and oak, and maple, and the rarer tupelo with downward limbs. Its veins did not draw their blood from the quiet old heart of the village, but it had a distinct being of its own, and was rather a great caravanary than a suburb. The chief feature of the place was its inns, of which there were five, with vast barns and courtyards, which the railroad was to make as silent and deserted as the palaces of Nimroud. Great white-topped wagons, each drawn by double files of six or eight horses, with its dusty bucket swinging from the hinder axle, and its grim bull-dog trotting silent underneath, or in midsummer panting on the lofty perch beside the driver (how elevated thither baffled conjecture), brought all the wares and products of the country to their mart and sea-port in Boston. Those filled the inn yards, or were ranged side by side under broad-roofed sheds, and far into the night the mirth of their lusty drivers clamored from the red-curtained bar-room, while the single lantern, swaying to and fro in the black cavern of the stables, made a Rembrandt of the group of hostlers and horses below. There were, beside the taverns, some huge square stores where groceries were sold, some houses, by whom or why inhabited was to us boys a problem, and, on the edge of the marsh, a currier's shop, where, at high tide, on a floating platform, men were always beating skins in a way to remind one of Don Quixote's fulling-mills. Nor did these make all the port. As there is

always a Coming Man who never comes, so there is a man who always comes (it may be only a quarter of an hour) too early. This man, as far as the port is concerned, was Rufus Davenport. Looking at the marshy flats of Cambridge, and considering their nearness to Boston, he resolved that there should grow up a suburban Venice. Accordingly, the marshes were bought, canals were dug, ample for the commerce of both Indies, and four or five rows of brick houses were built to meet the first wants of the wading settlers who were expected to rush in—WHENCE? This singular question had never occurred to the enthusiastic projector. There are laws which govern human migrations quite beyond the control of the speculator, as many a man with desirable building-lots has discovered to his cost. Why mortal men will pay more for a chess-board square in that swamp than for an acre on the breezy upland close by, who shall say? And again, why, having shown such a passion for *your* swamp, they are so coy of *mine*, who shall say? Not certainly any one who, like Davenport, had got up too early for his generation. If we could only carry that slow, imperturbable old clock of Opportunity, that never strikes a second too soon or too late, in our fobs, and push the hands forward as we can those of our watches! With a foreseeing economy of space which now seems ludicrous, the roofs of this forlorn hope of houses were made flat that the swarming population might have where to dry their clothes. But A. U. C. 30 showed the same view as A. U. C. 1—only that the brick blocks looked as if they had been struck by a *malaria*. The dull weed upholstered the decaying wharves, and the only freight that heaped them was the kelp and eelgrass left by higher floods. Instead of a Venice, behold a Torzelo! The unfortunate projector took to the last refuge of the unhappy—bookmaking, and bored the reluctant public with what he called a Rightaim Testament, prefaced by a recommendation from General Jackson, who perhaps, from its title, took it for some treatise on ball-practice.

But even Cambridgeport, my dear Storg, did not want associations poetic and venerable. The stranger who took the "Hourly" at Old Cambridge, if he were a physiognomist and student of character, might, perhaps, have had his curiosity excited by a person who mounted the coach at the port. So refined was his whole appearance, so fastidiously neat his apparel—but with a neatness that seemed

less the result of care and plan than a something as proper to the man as whiteness to the lily,—that you would have at once classed him with those individuals, rarer than great captains and almost as rare as great poets, whom nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of Gentleman. Were you ever emperor of that Barataria which under your peaceful sceptre would present, of course, a model of government, this remarkable person should be Duke of Bienséance and Master of Ceremonies. There are some men whom destiny has endowed with the faculty of external neatness, whose clothes are repellant of dust and mud, whose unwithering white neck-cloths persevere to the day's end, unappeasably seeing the sun go down upon their starch, and whose linen makes you fancy their heirs in the maternal line to the instincts of all the washerwomen from Eve downward. There are others whose inward natures possess this fatal cleanness, incapable of moral dirt-spot. You are not long in discovering that the stranger combines in himself both these properties. A *nimbus* of hair, fine as an infant's, and early white, showing refinement of organization and the predominance of the spiritual over the physical, undulated and floated around a face that seemed like pale flame, and over which the fitting shades of expression chased each other, fugitive and gleaming as waves upon a field of rye. It was a countenance that, without any beauty of feature, was very beautiful. I have said that it looked like pale flame, and can find no other words for the impression it gave. Here was a man all soul, whose body seemed only a lamp of finest clay, whose service was to feed with magic oils, rare and fragrant, that wavering fire which hovered over it. You, who are an adept in such matters, would have detected in the eyes that artist-look which seems to see pictures ever in the air, and which, if it fall on you, makes you feel as if all the world were a gallery, and yourself the rather indifferent Portrait of a Gentleman hung therein. As the stranger brushes his hung in alighting, you detect a single incongruity—a smell of dead tobacco-smoke. You ask his name, and the answer is, Mr. Allston.

"Mr. Allston!" and you resolve to note down at once in your diary every look, every gesture, every word of the great painter? Not in the least. You have the true Anglo-Norman indifference, and most likely never think of him again till you hear that one of his pictures has sold for a great price, and then contrive to let

your grandchildren know twice a week that you met him once in a coach, and that he said "Excuse me, sir," in a very Titianesque manner when he stumbled over your toes in getting out. Hitherto Boswell is quite as unique as Shakespeare. The country-gentleman, journeying up to London, inquires of Mistress Davenant at the Oxford inn the name of his pleasant companion of the night before. "Master Shakespeare, an't please your worship," and the Justice, not without a sense of unbending, says, "Truly, a merry and conceited gentleman!" It is lucky for the peace of great men that the world seldom finds out contemporaneously who its great men are, or, perhaps, that each man esteems himself the fortunate he who shall draw the lot of memory from the helmet of the future. Had the eyes of some Stratford burgess been achromatic telescopes capable of a perspective of two hundred years! But, even then, would not his record have been fuller of *says-Is* than of *says-hes*? Nevertheless it is curious to consider from what infinitely varied points of view we might form our estimate of a great man's character, when we remember that he had his points of contact with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestickmaker, as well as with the ingenious A, the sublime B, and the Right Honorable C. If it be true that no man ever clean forgets every thing, and that the act of drowning (as is asserted) forthwith brightens up all those o'er-rusted impressions, would it not be a curious experiment, if, after a remarkable person's death, the public, eager for minutest particulars, should gather together all who had ever been brought into relations with him, and, submerging them to the hair's-breadth hitherward of the drowning-point, subject them to strict cross-examination by the Humane Society, as soon as they became conscious between the resuscitating blankets? All of us probably have brushed against destiny in the street, have shaken hands with it, fallen asleep with it in railway carriages, and knocked heads with it in some or other of its yet unrecognized incarnations.

Will it seem like presenting a tract to a *colporteur*, my dear Storg, if I say a word or two about an artist to you over there in Italy? Be patient, and leave your button in my grasp yet a little longer. A person whose opinion is worth having once said to me, that however one's opinions might be modified by going to Europe, one always came back with a higher esteem for Allston. Certainly he is thus far the greatest English painter

of historical subjects. And only consider how strong must have been the artistic bias in him to have made him a painter at all under the circumstances. There were no traditions of art, so necessary for guidance and inspiration. Blackburn, Smibert, Copley, Trumbull, Stuart,—it was, after all, but a Brentford sceptre which their heirs could aspire to, and theirs were not names to conjure with, like those through which Fame, as through a silver trumpet, had blown for three centuries. Copley and Stuart were both remarkable men, but the one painted like an inspired silk-mercator, and the other seems to have mixed his colors with the claret of which he and his generation were so fond. And what could a successful artist hope for at that time beyond the mere wages of his work? His pictures would hang in cramped back-parlors, between deadly cross-fires of lights, sure of the garret or the auction-room ere long, in a country where the nomade population carry no household gods with them but their five wits and their ten fingers. As a race, we care nothing about Art, but the Puritan and the Quaker are the only Anglo-Saxons who have had pluck enough to confess it. If it were surprising that Allston should have become a painter at all, how almost miraculous that he should have been a great and original one. We call him original deliberately, because, though his school is essentially Italian, it is of less consequence where a man buys his tools, than what use he makes of them. Enough English artists went to Italy and came back painting history in a very Anglo-Saxon manner, and creating a school as melodramatic as the French, without its perfection in technicalities. But Allston carried thither a nature open on the Southern side, and brought it back so steeped in rich Italian sunshine that the east winds (whether physical or intellectual) of Boston and the dusts of Cambridgeport assailed it in vain. To that bare wooden studio one might go to breathe the Venetian air, and, better yet, the very spirit wherein the elder brothers of Art labored, etherialized by metaphysical speculation, and sublimed by religious fervor. The beautiful old man! Here was genius with no volcanic explosions (the mechanic result of vulgar gunpowder often), but lovely as a Lapland night; here was fame not sought after nor worn in any cheap French fashion as a ribbon at the buttonhole, but so gentle, so retiring, that it seemed no more than an assured and emboldened modesty; here was ambition, undebased by rivalry and

incapable of the downward look; and all these massed and harmonized together into a purity and depth of character, into a *tone*, which made the daily life of the man the greatest master-piece of the artist.

But let us go to the Old Town. Thirty years since the Muster and the Cornwallis allowed some vent to those natural instincts which Puritanism scotched, but not killed. The Cornwallis had entered upon the estates of the old Guy Fawkes procession, confiscated by the Revolution. It was a masquerade, in which that grave and suppressed humor, of which the Yankees are fuller than other people, burst through all restraints, and disported itself in all the wildest vagaries of fun. It is a curious commentary on the artificiality of our lives, that men must be disguised and masked before they will venture into the obscurer corners of their individuality, and display the true features of their nature. One remarked it in the Carnival, and one especially noted it here among a race naturally self-restrained; for Silas, and Ezra, and Jonas were not only disguised as Redcoats, Continentals, and Indians, but not infrequently disguised in drink also. It is a question whether the Lyceum, where the public is obliged to comprehend all vagrom men, supplies the place of the old popular amusements. A hundred and fifty years ago, Cotton Mather bewails the carnal attractions of the tavern and the training field, and tells of an old Indian, who imperfectly understood the English tongue but desperately mastered enough of it (when under sentence of death) to express a desire for instant hemp rather than listen to any more ghostly consolations. Puritanism—I am perfectly aware how great a debt we owe it—tried over again the old experiment of driving out nature with a pitchfork, and had the usual success. It was like a ship inwardly on fire, whose hatches must be kept hermetically battened down, for the admittance of an ounce of heaven's own natural air would explode it utterly. Morals can never be safely embodied in the constable. Polished, cultivated, fascinating Mephistophiles! it is for the ungovernable breakings-away of the soul from unnatural compressions that thou waitest with a patient smile. Then it is that thou offerest thy gentlemanly arm to unguarded youth for a pleasant stroll through the City of Destruction, and, as a special favor, introducest him to the bewitching Miss Circe, and to that model of the hospitable old English gentleman, Mr. Comus!

But the Muster and the Cornwallis

were not peculiar to Cambridge. Commencement Day was. Saint Pedagogus was a worthy whose feast could be celebrated by men who quarrelled with minced pies, and blasphemed custard through the nose. The holiday preserved all the features of an English fair. Stations were marked out beforehand by the town constables, and distinguished by numbered stakes. These were assigned to the different vendors of small wares, and exhibitors of rarities, whose canvas booths, beginning at the market-place, sometimes half encircled the common with their jovial embrace. Now, all the Jehoiada-boxes in town were forced to give up all their rattling deposits of specie, if not through the legitimate orifice, then to the brute force of the hammer. For hither were come all the wonders of the world, making the Arabian Nights seem possible, and which we beheld for half price, not without mingled emotions—pleasure at the economy, and shame at not paying the more manly fee. Here the mummy unveiled her withered charms, a more marvellous Ninon, still attractive in her three thousandth year. Here were the Siamese Twins—ah, if all such enforced and unnatural unions were made a show of! Here were the flying horses (their supernatural effect injured—like that of some poems—by the visibility of the man who turned the crank), on which, as we tilted at the ring, we felt our shoulders tingle with the *acolade*, and heard the clink of golden spurs at our heels. Are the realities of life ever worth half so much as its cheats? and are there any feasts half so filling at the price as those Barcecid ones spread for us by Imagination? Hither came the Canadian giant, surreptitiously seen, without price, as he alighted, in broad day (giants were always foolish), at the tavern. Hither came the great horse Columbus, with shoes two inches thick, and more wisely introduced by night. In the trough of the town-pump might be seen the mermaid, its poor monkey's head carefully sustained above water for fear of drowning. There were dwarfs, also, who danced and sang, and many a proprietor regretted the translucent properties of canvas, which allowed the frugal public to share in the melody without entering the booth. Is it a slander of J. H., who reports that he once saw a deacon, eminent for psalmody, lingering near one of these vocal tents, and, with an assumed air of abstraction, furtively drinking in, with unhabitual ears, a song, not secular merely, but with a dash of libertinism! The New England pro-

verb says, "All deacons are good, but—there's a difference in deacons." On these days Snow became super-terracean, and had a stand in the square, and Lewis temperately contended with the stronger fascinations of egg-pop. But space would fail me to make a catalogue of every thing. No doubt, Wisdom also, as usual, had her quiet booth at the corner of some street, without entrance fee, and, even at that rate, got never a customer the whole day long. For the bankrupt afternoon there were peep-shows, at a cent each.

But all these shows and their showers are as clean gone now as those of Cæsar and Timour and Napoleon, for which the world paid dearer. They are utterly gone out, not leaving so much as a snuff behind—as little thought of now as that John Robins, who was once so considerable a phenomenon as to be esteemed the last great Antichrist and son of perdition, by the entire sect of Muggletonians. Were Commencement what it used to be, I should be tempted to take a booth myself, and try an experiment recommended by a satirist of some merit, whose works were long ago dead and (I fear) deeded to boot:

"Menenius, thou who fain would'st know how calmly men can pass  
Those biting portraits of themselves, disguised as  
fox or ass,—  
Go, borrow coin enough to buy a full-length psycheglass,  
Engage a rather darkish room in some well-sought  
position,  
And let the town break out with bills, so much per  
head admission—  
GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY!! THE BIGGEST LIVING  
FOOL!!!  
Arrange your mirror cleverly, before it set a stool,  
Admit the public one by one, place each upon the  
seat,  
Draw up the curtain, let him look his fill, and then  
retreat:  
Smith mounts and takes a thorough view, then  
comes serenely down,  
Goes home and tells his wife the thing is curiously  
like Brown,  
Brown goes and stares, and tells his wife the wonder's  
core and pith  
Is that 'tis just the counterpart of that conceited  
Smith:  
Life calls us all to such a show; Menenius, trust in  
me,  
While thou to see thy neighbor smil'st, he does the  
same for thee!"

My dear Storg, would you come to my show, and, instead of looking in my glass, insist on taking your money's worth in staring at the exhibitor?

Not least among the curiosities which the day brought together, were some of the graduates, posthumous men, as it were, disinterred from country parishes

and district schools, but perennial also, in whom freshly survived all the college jokes, and who had no intelligence later than their senior year. These had gathered to eat the college dinner, and to get the triennial catalogue (their *Libro d'oro*) referred to oftener than any volume but the Concordance. Aspiring men they were, certainly, but in a right, unworldly way; this scholastic festival opening a peaceful path to the ambition which might else have devastated mankind with Prolusions on the Pentateuch, or Genealogies of the Dormouse Family. For, since in the Academic processions the classes are ranked in the order of their graduation, and he has the best chance at the dinner who has the fewest teeth to eat it with, so, by degrees, there springs up a competition in longevity, the prize contended for being the oldest surviving graduateship. This is an office, it is true, without emolument, but having certain advantages, nevertheless. The incumbent, if he come to Commencement, is a prodigious lion, and commonly gets a paragraph in the newspapers once a year with the (fiftieth) last survivor of Washington's Life Guard. If a clergyman, he is expected to ask a blessing and return thanks at the dinner, a function which he performs with centenarian longanimity, as if he reckoned the ordinary life of man to be five score years, and that a grace must be long to reach so very far away as heaven. Accordingly, this silent race is watched, on the course of the catalogue, with an interest worthy of Newmarket; and, as star after star rises in that galaxy of death,\* till one name is left alone, an oasis of life in the Stellar desert, it grows solemn. The natural feeling is reversed, and it is the solitary life that becomes sad and monitory, the Stylites, there, on the lonely top of his centurypillar, who has heard the passing-bell of youth, love, friendship, hope—of every thing but immitigable eld.

Dr. K. was President of the University then, a man of genius, but of genius that evaded utilization, a great water-power, but without rapids, and flowing with too smooth and gentle a current to be set turning wheels and whirling spindles. His was not that restless genius, of which the man seems to be merely the representative, and which wrecks itself in literature or politics, but of that milder sort, quite as genuine, and perhaps of more contemporaneous value, which is the man, permeating a whole life with placid force, and giving to word, look, and gesture a meaning only justifiable by our belief in a reserved power of latent rein-

forcement. The man of talents possesses them like so many tools, does his job with them, and there an end; but the man of genius is possessed by it, and it makes him into a book or a life according to its whim. Talent takes the existing moulds and makes its castings, better or worse, of richer or baser metal, according to knack and opportunity; but genius is always shaping new ones and runs the man in them, so that there is always that human feel in its results which gives us a kindred thrill. *What* it will make we can only conjecture, contented always with knowing the infinite balance of possibility against which it can draw at pleasure. Have you ever seen a man, whose cheek would be honored for a million, pay his toll of one cent, and has not that bit of copper, no bigger than your own and piled with it by the careless toll-man, given you a tingling vision of what golden bridges *he* could pass, into what Elysian regions of taste, and enjoyment, and culture, barred to the rest of us? Something like it is the impression made by such characters as K.'s on those who come in contact with them.

There was that in the soft and rounded (I had almost said melting) outlines of his face which reminded one of Chaucer. The head had a placid yet dignified droop like his. He was an anachronism, fitter to have been Abbot of Fountains or Bishop Goliath, courtier and priest, humorist and lord spiritual, all in one, than for the mastership of a provincial college which combined with its purely scholastic functions those of accountant and chief of police. For keeping books he was incompetent (unless it were those he borrowed), and the only discipline he exercised was by the unobtrusive pressure of a gentlemanliness which rendered insubordination to *him* impossible. But the world always judges a man (and rightly enough, too) by his little faults which he shows a hundred times a day, rather than by his great virtues which he discloses perhaps but once in a lifetime and to a single person, nay in proportion as they are rarer, and as he is nobler, is shyer of letting their existence be known at all. He was one of those misplaced persons whose misfortune it is that their lives overlap two distinct eras, and are already so impregnated with one, that they can never be in healthy sympathy with the other. Born when the New England clergy were still an establishment and an aristocracy, and when office was almost always for life and often hereditary, he lived to be thrown upon a time, when avocations of all colors

might be shuffled together in the life of one man like a pack of cards, so that you could not prophesy that he who was ordained to-day might not accept a colonelcy of filibusters to-morrow. Such temperaments as his attach themselves like barnacles to what seems permanent, but presently the good ship Progress weighs anchor and whirls them away from drowsy tropic inlets to arctic waters of unnatural ice. To such crustaceous natures, created to cling upon the immemorial rock amid softest mosses, comes the bustling Nineteenth Century and says, "Come, come, bestir yourself to be practical: get out of that old shell of yours forthwith!" Alas, to get out of the shell is to die!

One of the old travellers in South America tells of fishes that built their nests in trees (*piscium et summa haesit genus ulmo*) and gives a print of the mother fish upon her nest, while her mate mounts perpendicularly to her without aid of legs or wings. Life shows plenty of such incongruities between a man's place and his nature (not so easily got over as by the traveller's undoubting engraver), and one cannot help fancying that K. was an instance in point. He never encountered, one would say, the attraction proper to draw out his native force. Certainly few men who impressed others so strongly, and of whom so many good things are remembered, left less behind them to justify contemporary estimates. He printed nothing, and was, perhaps, one of those the electric sparkles of whose brains, discharged naturally and healthily in conversation, refuse to pass through the nonconducting medium of the inkstand. His *ana* would make a delightful collection. One or two of his official ones will be in place here. Hearing that Porter's flip (which was exemplary) had too great an attraction for the collegians, he resolved to investigate the matter himself. Accordingly entering the old inn one day, he called for a mug of it, and, having drunk it, said, "And so, Mr. Porter, the young gentlemen come to drink your flip, do they?"

"Yes, sir—sometimes."

"Ah, well, I should think they would. Good day, Mr. Porter," and departed, saying nothing more, for he always wisely allowed for the existence of a certain amount of human nature in ingenuous youth. At another time the "Harvard Washington" asked leave to go into Boston to a collation which had been offered them. "Certainly, young gentlemen," said the President, "but have you engaged any one to bring out your muskets?"—

the college being responsible for these weapons, which belonged to the State. Again, when a student came with a physician's certificate, and asked leave of absence, K. granted it at once and then added, "By the way, Mr. —, persons interested in the relation which exists between states of the atmosphere and health, have noticed a curious fact in regard to the climate of Cambridge, especially within the college limits,—the very small number of deaths in proportion to the cases of dangerous illness." This is told of Judge W., himself a wit, and capable of enjoying the humorous delicacy of the reproof.

Shall I take Brahmin Alcott's favorite word and call him a daemonic man? No, the Latin *genius* is quite oldfashioned enough for me, means the same thing, and its derivative *geniality* expresses, moreover, the base of K.'s being. How he suggested cloistered repose and quadrangles mossy with centurial associations! How easy he was, and how without creak was every movement of his mind! This life was good enough for him, and the next not too good. The gentlemanlike pervaded even his prayers. His were not the manners of a man of the world, nor of a man of the other world either, but both met in him to balance each other in a beautiful equilibrium. Praying, he leaned forward upon the pulpit-cushion as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself (without irreverence) on terms of friendly but courteous familiarity with heaven. The expression of his face was that of tranquil contentment, and he appeared less to be supplicating expected mercies than thankful for those already found, as if he were saying the *gratias* in the refectory of the Abbey of Theleme. Under him flourished the Harvard Washington Corps, whose gyrating banner, inscribed *Tum Marti quam Mercurio (atqui magis Lyæo)* should have been added), on the evening of training-days, was an accurate dynamometer of Willard's punch or Porter's flip. It was they who, after being royally entertained by a maiden lady of the town, entered in their orderly book a vote that Miss Blank was a gentleman. I see them now, returning from the imminent deadly breach of the law of Rechab, unable to form other than the serpentine line of beauty, while their officers, brotherly rather than imperious, instead of reprimanding, tearfully embraced the more eccentric wanderers from military precision. Under him the Med. Facs. took their equal place among the learned societies of Europe, numbering among

their grateful honorary members, Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, who (if college legends may be trusted) sent them, in return for their diploma, a gift of medals, confiscated by the authorities. Under him the college fire-engine was vigilant and active in suppressing any tendency to spontaneous combustion among the freshmen, or rushed wildly to imaginary conflagrations, generally in a direction where punch was to be had. All these useful conductors for the natural electricity of youth, dispersing it or turning it harmlessly into the earth, are taken away now, wisely or not, is questionable.

An academic town, in whose atmosphere there is always something antiseptic, seems naturally to draw to itself certain varieties and to preserve certain humors (in the Ben Jonsonian sense) of character,—men who come not to study so much as to be studied. At the head-quarters of Washington once, and now of the Muses, lived C—, but before the date of these recollections. Here for seven years (as the law was then) he made his house his castle, sunning himself in his elbow-chair at the front-door, on that seventh day, secure from every arrest but that of Death. Here long survived him his turbaned widow, studious only of Spinoza and refusing to molest the canker-worms that annually disleaved her elms, because we were all vermicular alike. She had been a famous beauty once, but the canker years had left her leafless too, and I used to wonder, as I saw her sitting always alone at her accustomed window, whether she were ever visited by the reproachful shade of him who (in spite of Rosalind) died broken-hearted for her in her radiant youth.

And this reminds me of J. F. who, also crossed in love, allowed no mortal eye to behold his face for many years. The eremitic instinct is not peculiar to the Thebais, as many a New England village can testify, and it is worthy of consideration that the Romish Church has not forgotten this among her other points of intimate contact with human nature. F. became purely vespertinal, never stirring abroad till after dark. He occupied two rooms, migrating from one to the other as the necessities of housewifery demanded, and when it was requisite that he should put his signature to any legal instrument (for he was an anchorite of ample means) he wrapped himself in a blanket, allowing nothing to be seen but the hand which acted as scribe. What impressed us boys more than any thing was the rumor that he had suffered his beard to grow, such

an anti-Sheffieldism being almost unheard of in those days, and the peculiar ornament of man being associated in our minds with nothing more recent than the patriarchs and apostles, whose effigies we were obliged to solace ourselves with weekly in the Family Bible. He came out of his oysterhood at last, and I knew him well, a kind-hearted man, who gave annual sleigh-rides to the town paupers, and supplied the poorer children with school-books. His favorite topic of conversation was Eternity, and, like many other worthy persons, he used to fancy that meaning was an affair of aggregation, and that he doubled the intensity of what he said by the sole aid of the multiplication-table. "Eternity!" he used to say, "it is not a day; it is not a year; it is not a hundred years; it is not a thousand years; it is not a million years; no sir" (the *sir* being thrown in to recall wandering attention), "it is not ten million years!" and so on, his enthusiasm becoming a mere frenzy when he got among his sextillions, till I sometimes wished he had continued in retirement. He used to sit at the open window during thunderstorms, and had a Grecian feeling about death by lightning. In a certain sense he had his desire, for he died suddenly,—not by fire from heaven, but by the red flash of apoplexy, leaving his whole estate to charitable uses.

If K. were out of place as president, that was not P. as Greek professor. Who that ever saw him can forget him, in his old age, like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly, with great silver spectacles of the heroic period, such as scarce twelve noses of these degenerate days could bear? He was a natural celibate, not dwelling "like the fly in the heart of the apple," but like a lonely bee, rather, absconding himself in Hymettian flowers, incapable of matrimony as a solitary palm-tree. There was not even a tradition of youthful disappointment. I fancy him arranging his scrupulous toilet, not for Amaryllis or Neæra, but, like Machiavelli, for the society of his beloved classics. His ears had needed no prophylactic wax to pass the Sirens' isle, nay, he would have kept them the wider open, studious of the dialect in which they sang, and perhaps triumphantly detecting the Aeolic digamma in their lay. A thoroughly single man, single-minded, single-hearted, buttoning over his single heart a single-breasted surtout, and wearing always a hat of a single fashion,—did he in secret regard the dual number of his favorite language as a weakness? The son of an officer of distinction in the Revolutionary War, he mounted the pulpit

with the erect port of a soldier, and carried his cane more in the fashion of a weapon than a staff, but with the point lowered in token of surrender to the peaceful proprieties of his calling. Yet sometimes the martial instincts would burst the ceremonies of black coat and clerical neck-cloth, as once when the students had got into a fight upon the training-field, and the licentious soldiery, furious with rum, had driven them at point of bayonet to the college-gates, and even threatened to lift their arms against the Muse's bower. Then, like Major Goffe at Deerfield, suddenly appeared the grayhaired P., all his father resurgent in him, and shouted, "Now, my lads, stand your ground, you're in the right now! don't let one of them get inside the college grounds!" Thus he allowed arms to get the better of the *toga*, but raised it, like the Prophet's breeches, into a banner, and carefully ushered resistance with a preamble of infringed right. Fidelity was his strong characteristic, and burned equally in him through a life of eighty-three years. He drilled himself till inflexible habit stood sentinel before all those postern-weaknesses which temperament leaves unbolted to temptation. A lover of the scholar's herb, yet loving freedom more, and knowing that the animal appetites ever hold one hand behind them for Satan to drop a bribe in, he would never have two segars in his house at once, but walked every day to the shop to fetch his single diurnal solace. Nor would he trust himself with two on Saturdays, preferring (since he could not violate the Sabbath even by that infinitesimal traffic) to depend on Providential ravens, which were seldom wanting in the shape of some black-coated friend who knew his need and honored the scruple that occasioned it. He was faithful also to his old hats, in which appeared the constant service of the antique world, and which he preserved for ever, piled like a black pagoda under his dressing-table. No scarecrow was ever the residuary legatee of *his* beavers, though one of them in any of the neighboring peach-orchards would have been sovran against an attack of freshmen. He wore them all in turn, getting through all in the course of the year, like the sun through the signs of the Zodiac, modulating them according to seasons and celestial phenomena, so that never was spider-web or chickweed so sensitive a weather-gauge as they. Nor did his political party find him less loyal. Taking all the tickets, he would seat himself apart and carefully compare them with the list of regular



nominations as printed in his Daily Advertiser before he dropped his ballot in the box. In less ambitious moments it almost seems to me that I would rather have had that slow conscientious vote of P.'s alone, than have been chosen alderman of the ward!

If you had walked to what was then Sweet Auburn by the pleasant Old Road, on some June morning thirty years ago, you would, very likely, have met two other characteristic persons, both phantasmagoric now and belonging to the Past. Fifty years earlier, the scarlet-coated, rapiered figures of Vassall, Oliver, and Brattle, creaked up and down there on red-heeled shoes, lifting the ceremonious three-cornered hat and offering the fugacious hospitalities of the snuff-box. They are all shadowy alike now, not one of your Etruscan Lucumos or Roman Consuls more so, my dear Storg. First is W., his *queue* slender and tapering like the tail of a violet crab, held out horizontally, by the high collar of his shepherd's-gray overcoat, whose style was of the latest when he studied at Leyden in his hot youth. The age of cheap clothes sees no more of those faithful old garments, as proper to their wearers, and as distinctive as the barks of trees, and by long use interpenetrated with their very nature. Nor do we see so many Humors (still in the old sense) now that every man's soul belongs to the Public, as when social distinctions were more marked, and men felt that their personalities were their castles, in which they could entrench themselves against the world. Nowadays men are shy of letting their true selves be seen, as if in some former life they had committed a crime, and were all the time afraid of discovery and arrest in this. Formerly they used to insist on your giving the wall to their peculiarities, and you may still find examples of it in the parson or the doctor of retired villages. One of W.'s oddities was touching. A little brook used to run across the street, and the sidewalk was carried over it by a broad stone. Of course, there is no brook now. What use did that little glimpse of ripple serve, where the children used to launch their chip fleets? W., in going over this stone, which gave a hollow resonance to the tread, used to strike upon it three times with his cane, and mutter Tom! Tom! Tom! I used to think he was only mimicking with his voice the sound of the blows, and possibly it was that sound which suggested his thought—for he was remembering a favorite nephew prematurely dead. Perhaps Tom

had sailed his boats there; perhaps the reverberation under the old man's foot hinted at the hollowness of life; perhaps the fleeting eddies of the water brought to mind the *fugaces annos*. W., like P., wore amazing spectacles, fit to transmit no smaller image than the page of mightiest folios of Dioscorides or Hercules de Saxonia, and rising full-disked upon the beholder like those prodigies of two moons at once, portending change to monarchs. The great collar disallowing any independent rotation of the head, I remember he used to turn his whole person in order to bring their *foci* to bear upon an object. One can fancy that terrified nature would have yielded up her secrets at once, without cross-examination, at their first glare. Through them he had gazed fondly into the great mare's-nest of Junius, publishing his observations upon the eggs found therein in a tall octavo. It was he who introduced vaccination to this Western World. He used to stop and say good morning kindly, and pat the shoulder of the blushing schoolboy who now, with the fierce snow-storm wildering without, sits and remembers sadly those old meetings and partings in the June sunshine.

Then, there was S. whose resounding "haw! haw! haw! by George!" positively enlarged the income of every dweller in Cambridge. In downright, honest good cheer and good neighborhood it was worth five hundred a year to every one of us. Its jovial thunders cleared the mental air of every sulky cloud. Perpetual childhood dwelt in him, the childhood of his native Southern France, and its fixed air was all the time bubbling up and sparkling and winking in his eyes. It seemed as if his placid old face were only a mask behind which a merry Cupid had ambushed himself, peeping out all the while, and ready to drop it when the play grew tiresome. Every word he uttered seemed to be hilarious, no matter what the occasion. If he were sick and you visited him, if he had met with a misfortune (and there are few men so wise that they can look even at the back of a retiring sorrow with composure), it was all one; his great laugh went off as if it were set like an alarm-clock, to run down, whether he would or no, at a certain nick. Even after an ordinary *good-morning!* (especially if to an old pupil, and in French,) the wonderful *haw! haw! haw!* by George! would burst upon you unexpectedly like a salute of artillery on some holiday which you had forgotten. Every thing was a joke to him—that the oath of allegiance had been administered to him

by your grandfather,—that he had taught Prescott his first Spanish (of which he was proud)—no matter what. Every thing came to him marked by nature—*right side up, with care*, and he kept it so. The world to him, as to all of us, was like a medal, on the obverse of which is stamped the image of Joy, and on the reverse that of Care. S. never took the foolish pains to look at that other side, even if he knew its existence; much less would it have occurred to him to turn it into view and insist that his friends should look at it with him. Nor was this a mere outside good-humor; its source was deeper in a true Christian kindness and amenity. Once when he had been knocked down by a tipsily-driven sleigh, and was urged to prosecute the offenders—“No, no,” he said, his wounds still fresh, “young blood! young blood! it must have its way; I was young myself.” *Was!* few men come into life so young as S. went out. He landed in Boston (then the front-door of America) in '93, and, in honor of the ceremony, had his head powdered afresh, and put on a suit of court-mourning before he set foot on the wharf. My fancy always dressed him in that violet silk, and his soul certainly wore a full court-suit. What was there ever like his bow? It was as if you had received a decoration, and could write yourself gentleman from that day forth. His hat rose, regreeting your own, and having sailed through the stately curve of the old *régime*, sank gently back over that placid brain which harbored no

thought less white than the powder which covered it. I have sometimes imagined that there was a graduated arc over his head, invisible to other eyes than his, by which he meted out to each his rightful share of castorial consideration. I carry in my memory three exemplary bows. The first is that of an old beggar, who already carrying in his hand a white hat, the gift of benevolence, took off the black one from his head also, and profoundly saluted me with both at once, giving me, in return for my alms, a dual benediction, puzzling as a nod from Janus Bifrons. The second I received from an old Cardinal who was taking his walk just outside the Porta San Giovanni at Rome. I paid him the courtesy due to his age and rank. Forthwith rose—first *the Hat*; second, the hat of his confessor; third, that of another priest who attended him; fourth, the fringed cocked-hat of his coachman; fifth and sixth, the ditto, ditto, of his two footmen. Here was an investment, indeed; six hundred per cent. interest on a single bow! The third bow, worthy to be noted in one's almanac among the other *mirabilia*, was that of S. in which courtesy had mounted to the last round of her ladder,—and tried to draw it up after her.

But the genial veteran is gone even while I am writing this, and I will play Old Mortality no longer. Wandering among these recent graves, my dear friend, we may chance to —, but no, I will not end my sentence. I bid you heartily farewell!

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## COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

### I.

#### GOING TO SEA IN A SPANISH SHIP.

**B**ARCA, the father of Hannibal—Barcino. Behold the origin of the name of the steamer which was destined to convey me to the Spains. Having duly obtained leave of the Marseilles police, the American consul, and his Worship, the Spanish consul, to take so grave a step, I engaged a berth in this good Spanish ship, rather than run the risk of offending the national pride of my Barcelona friends by arriving in a French one. Had there been an American vessel, by the by, running in opposition to the others, it would have

been still more imprudent to have given it the preference, for the difficulties between the governments of Spain and the United States, growing out of the Lopez buccaneering expedition against Cuba, were then unsettled. I had even been warned at Marseilles that in the exasperated state of the public mind beyond the Pyrenees, a Yankee might be welcomed there with hands which the next moment would be cold from the steel of the stiletto. However, naught alarmed by the advice of men whose minds were excited by the perils of a threatened insurrection at home—for it was just at the time of Napoleon's *coup d'état*—I paid down my hard Span-

ish dollars; and to all warnings gave for my only reply,

Carlos Stuardo sol,  
Que siendo amor mi guía,  
Al ciel de España vol,  
Por ver mi estrella, María.

An explanatory word, at the outset, respecting the *cosas de España*. They are the *strange things of Spain*, which, being utterly incomprehensible by foreigners, are never even attempted to be explained to them by the natives. Should a stranger imprudently seek to pry into one of them, he would get in return merely a long string of polite circumlocutions and repetitions of words, the substance and end of which would be, that the matter in question was a *cosa de España*; and that was all which could be said about it.

Now the traveller cannot take the first step towards this land of whimsicalities without encountering a *cosa*. After I had paid for my passage on board the *Barcino*, I was informed that we should leave the next morning at daylight. At daylight! Now what, in the name of common sense, thought I, could be the reason for compelling the passengers to turn out on a December morning at an hour so uncomfortable—and that, in order to go on board a ship which showed by the number of the revolutions of her paddles per minute that she was not in the least possible hurry to reach the point of her destination—and that, moreover, in order to go to a country where, as the reader already knows or will hereafter be fully informed, time is of no sort of account whatever, and especially the time which is spent in journeying! I did not presume to ask for an explanation. But the one which occurred to me was, that the Spaniard having been accustomed from time immemorial to take the road at break of day, in order to save himself and his ass from the midday heats, he could not think of so far changing old established habit as to set out even by steamer at any other hour.

Knowing the thousand causes of delay incident to all Spanish expeditions, I had, in truth, not much faith to believe that we should get off before noon; but not wishing to run any risk of being left behind, I thought the best thing to be done was to go on board over night, and get such sleep in the narrow cabin as fortune should send me. I accordingly did so.

It is a strange sensation—that which comes over one while being rowed down the harbor of Marseilles at night. It was getting towards midnight as I stepped into the heavy barge which was to convey me

to the steamer at the bottom of the harbor. Four sailors in the red caps and brown jackets of Spain were at the oars; and a steersman, with a face dark as Charon's, sat muffled in his *capote* at the helm. Had I been going to cross the Styx, I could not have chosen a better hour or man. As I glided down the harbor, almost as narrow and well filled as a dock, no noise broke the stillness of the night, save that of the slowly dipping oars. The use of fire being prohibited within the port, not a single ship-light was seen burning from deck or cabin. Only the stars shone upon my pathway, and were reflected in long lines of light from the glassy surface of the sea. The big, black hulks, half buried in the darkness of the night, seemed to be sleeping on the silent waters. For once, a sense of desolateness, which will sometimes overtake the solitary traveller—a regret—a vague feeling of dread even, was rising in my breast, when all at once the similarity of the scene recalled to my recollection the pleasant summer nights spent years before on the lagoons of Venice. There was a resemblance, yet how great the contrast. For instead of the light gondola, and the song of the gay-throated Italian, I had now a cumbrous barge with a helmsman as silent and motionless as a spectre. Instead of gliding along between banks of palaces, with pillar and cornice, wall and window, urn and statue shining in the moonbeams, I was stealing away between a double row of black, half-defined masses which lay like monsters brooding on the deep. Instead of the passing and repassing of pleasure boats, freighted with frolic or with love, I was ploughing a solitary furrow through a silent sea, meeting no adventures, and looking forward to no greetings.

But the recalling of the more pleasing Venetian scene was soon interrupted by the arrival of the boat alongside the steamer. I aroused myself from my reverie just long enough to climb the ship's side—to give a thought to Saint Ferdinand—and to throw myself into my berth.

It was not until the *Barcino* had been several hours on her way that I made my appearance on deck the next day. And judge of my surprise on observing that we were then steaming directly past the entrance to the harbor of Marseilles. I rubbed my eyes; I rubbed my glass, but could make nothing else of it. Then, seeing the Captain standing near me, I went up to him, and asked what the deuce the *Barcino* had been about for the last three or four hours. To which, as it may have

seemed to him, very strange question, he quietly replied that we had been running down the coast to the port of—I forget the name—to get a bill of health. Going half the way to Italy, said I to myself, in order to procure a bill of health for a port in Spain! What can that mean? Luckily, an instant's reflection suggested to me that this was *cosa*, number two. So I spared myself the mortification, and the captain the indignity of another inquiry. Calmly turning away, I congratulated myself with the reflection that a bill of health was undoubtedly a good thing; and remembering that there was an extra charge of several francs on my passage-ticket for this same bill of health, I had also the satisfaction of knowing that I had got what was bargained for.

Excepting this voyage down the eastern coast of France, the day wore away without any sort of an adventure—and that, notwithstanding the ship's cabin doors were ornamented with pictures of the exploits of Don Quixote. On mine was painted the scene where the gallant knight attacked his host's pig-skins. In his shirt-tails, and the innkeeper's greasy nightcap, with his good blade in hand, and his eyes hurling daggers at the fancied giant Micomicon, he was ripping up the innocent wine-bags, which hung unsuspectingly on the walls of his bed-room. The red fluid, which, to the astonished eyes of Sancho Panza, was the blood of the giant, but which to those of the indignant host, was his own fruitly, full-bodied and high-colored Valdepeñas, was gushing from the fatal gash, and streaming a copious current to the floor. Alas, what waste of courage—and what waste of wine! But even upon so sad a sight, it was some relief to look in the intervals of sea-sickness. And before leaving the ship, there had sprung up in my mind such a sympathy for the Don on my cabin door that, like travellers who go about pilfering chips from the tables of the illustrious dead, or stones and mortar from their tombs, I was more or less tempted to cut out the precious panel and pocket it. Had I had done so, what a capital coat of arms I should have had for my coach, in case I ever came to set up one!

Every thing, I repeat, went on aboard-ship as naturally and as reasonably as if instead of going to Spain, I had been bound to any other Christian country. I should therefore have retired at night poorly satisfied with my first day's adventures, but for the enjoyment all the day long of one pleasure, peculiarly Spanish. I refer to the smell of garlic.

This pervaded the whole ship, and must have perfumed the surrounding sea air for as many leagues as do the odoriferous gales which blow off the coast of Mozambique or Araby. The privilege of inhaling it was as free as the air it so strongly qualified; and was about the only *agrément* of the voyage which did not find a place in the steward's bills. At dinner, however, it operated as too much of a good thing. It was the drop of excess. Something I must have been forced into muttering to myself at table about the odoriferous bulb—something about every dish of the dinner being seasoned with it; for a Spanish gentleman sitting by my side, who by some extraordinary chance happened to speak English, very politely informed me in my own language that I was mistaken—that there was no garlic in any dish on the table, excepting the hare-stew—and that my error had arisen from the circumstance that the cook and waiters kept themselves constantly *rubbed in it*.

The night, indeed, had its little incident; for in the course of it, I scraped acquaintance with my first Spanish flea. The previous night, as the ship was lying in French waters, he was off duty, flirting no doubt with the *grisettes* of Marseilles, and did not therefore come across me. But he now seemed eager to embrace the earliest opportunity of flying into my arms, and making my personal acquaintance. I found him a very lively little person, as capering as a Frenchman, and not at all affecting the stately, measured movement of a full-blooded hidalgo. As he wore his face muffled by the cloak of night, I could not get a sight of his features, but have the impression that he must have had a decidedly hungry look. At any rate, he proceeded to attack the banquet I had spread out before him with an appetite such as his countrymen are always happy to bring to your entertainment, but which you rarely have an opportunity of displaying at theirs. But after he had enjoyed the satisfaction of drinking my health several times, I made some remark, accompanied by some movement, which he took in ill part; and, thereupon, very abruptly quit my company.

On going on deck next morning, I found the steamer off Mataro, and, running down one of the fairest coasts, washed by any sea or ocean. A range of low mountains stretched away to the South parallel with the shore, and so close upon it as to leave but a narrow fringe of level land between. At one extremity of this lip of shore stood Mataro; and on the other, just visible in the distance, the city

of Barcelona. Between them lay a large number of smaller towns, connected by what a year or two ago was the only railway in Spain. The brown mountain sides were terraced; and in summer, they are draped with a green scarf of vineyards. Less gay in winter, they nevertheless presented a cheerful appearance; for, besides the numerous towns lying at the foot of the mountains, I counted some dozens of villages, together with a great number of hamlets nestled in the higher valleys or perched on the lower hill-tops. These, looking all to the south and east, were lit up, when I saw them, by the rising morn, and shone on their back-ground of brown earth like gems on the purple of a queen. Beyond the mountains of the shore was to be seen the over-topping edge of more distant ranges, clad in snow—thus making a line of white to link the darker foreground of the earth with the beautiful azure of the unclouded sky. This scene, beheld from a sea, on whose polished surface lay reflected all the magnificence of both sky and shore, furnished my first view of the *ciel de España*—the ‘heaven of the Spains.’

## II.

## THREE DAYS OF QUARANTINE.

IN the noontide of a day, as sunny as if it had been summer, we dropped anchor in the harbor of Barcelona. Enchanted with the sight of shores so fair, I hurried my ‘traps’ together, and was going to call a boat alongside for the purpose of disembarking at the earliest possible moment, when the Captain, observing my intentions, called out, “*No corre prisa, Señor.*”

“There’s no hurry—what do you mean?”

“I mean to say you can’t go ashore, sir. Three days of quarantine.”

“Three days of quarantine!!! But haven’t we got a *clean bill of health*—a bill of health we went half the way to Italy after—a bill of health duly paid and receipted?”

“All very true, sir; and your bill of health takes off two days from the quarantine. Do you see that English coaler yonder? He’s thirty days from Newcastle; and he has to ride out a quarantine of five notwithstanding.”

“Bravo! Newcastle is in the enjoyment of the best of health; Marseilles never was in sounder condition; there is not a single infectious disease prevailing on the shores of the Mediterranean, or even the Atlantic Ocean; and yet the com-

merce of the whole civilized world is quarantined from three to five days at Barcelona! Only answer me this one question, *Why did we leave Marseilles at day-break?*”

But here was another *cosa*. Of course, I got no explanations. Nor could I afterwards get any—unless it was that the detention of vessels answered the purpose of increasing the port-charges; or furnished greater facilities for smuggling; or enabled the government at Madrid to cripple the commerce of the rival capital of Catalonia. However this may be, I did not then waste much time in reflecting upon the matter, but hastened down stairs; took to my berth; and there, by dint of frequent shifting from one side to the other, I reached the third day—day of grace and pardon for having presumed, being in full health of body, if not of mind, and having a bill of the same duly paid in my pocket, to enact such a stupid piece of knight-errantry, as to come to the dominions of her Most Catholic Majesty!

At an early hour of the third day—no plague nor pestilence having broken out among the ship’s passengers, though strong signs of a famine had begun to show themselves in the steward’s department, where little was left beyond an inexhaustible supply of garlic—our term of bondage was declared to be finished, and we were summoned on deck to pass through the formalities of manumission. After an hour or two of still further delay, the doctor’s boat was at last spied slowly pulling off to the steamer. The doctor leisurely picking a late breakfast out of his teeth, lounged up the gangway; and having comfortably posted himself against the railing of the poop-deck, as well as braced himself up with his official walking-stick, gave orders that the whole posse of us should be made to pass in review before his Worship. He was dressed, I observed, in the rusty old clothes of Dr. Sangrado. But how many pulses he may have timed—how many tongues he may have ordered out—how many ribs he may have felt of—I know not. Being among the first to ‘pass muster,’ I can only say that he neither looked down my throat, nor felt of my teeth; but that giving me the benefit of a rather knowing squint out of his left eye, he at once pronounced me a fit subject for disembarkation. The examination was as good a farce as you may see in Spain even. In truth, how could a Spanish port-doctor, who had ever inspected his own person, or the persons of Spanish sailors, the greater part of

whom are black enough with dirt and sun to be sent to prison in South Carolina as free negroes? how could he cast out of the country as unclean any foreigner in the daily use of soap and water? The thing is a small absurdity. But before I could have time to make this or any other reflection, I was over the ship's side, into the boat, and had a ragged barbarian of the country pulling me ashore as for dear life—though in fact for the sum of four *pesetas*.

### III.

#### THE LANDING, TOGETHER WITH A DRIVE IN A SPANISH COACH.

THE distance from ship to shore was considerable. I had, therefore, ample time to compose my mind, slightly ruffled as it was by the annoyances of the quarantine; and in the exercise of perfect good will towards all Spaniards, was about to take peaceable possession of the shore, when I was met at the water's edge by a hostile army drawn up for battle. It consisted of a small host of what in any other country would pass for ragamuffins, but who were here called porters. The moment my foot touched the shore, the enemy rushed upon me, together with a Frenchman whom chance made my ally for the moment, and completely surrounded us. Spirited as the French are in an attack, it is well known that they make a poor defence. My experience in this particular case confirmed the truth of the general impression respecting them. The fat travelling merchant, for such he was, did not stand his ground so well as even I did, and was absolutely borne off his feet in triumph by the enemy. But after their easy success against us, they immediately fell to loggerheads among themselves over their booty. While one of the scoundrels had succeeded in throwing my trunk, and another my bag over his shoulders, two others were tugging at each end of my umbrella, and other two were having a regular stand-up fight over my hat-box. Taking advantage of this contention, I escaped to a slight eminence, whence I could survey the fray below. In the midst of the crowd was the fat Frenchman struggling for dear life, and his still dearer parcels, of which he had a most embarrassing number. All told, boxes and packages, they might amount to well-nigh a dozen; and every one of them, besides life and limbs, was in imminent peril. There he was, poor fellow I cannot say, but fat fellow, his hat carried off among the spoils of war, and

himself jammed into the centre of as begrudgingly a platoon of rascals as ever got together under the nostrils of a gentleman. He vociferated, gesticulated, and I am afraid he swore. I certainly saw him seize one poor devil by the collar; and he was so over-excited, that he seemed to be in danger every moment of going off in a fit of apoplexy.

But at length the rage of battle subsided. The *commis-voyageur* succeeded in making a treaty with the victors, agreeing to give on both his account and mine such a sum as on subdivision would yield to each beggar of them a small handful of reals. This amount paid, though some still clamored for more *gratificacioncitas*, he eventually got a release; but came out of the crowd, a sight to behold, puffing and perspiring like a patient from the feather-beds of a water-cure.

Having at last ransomed ourselves and effects out of the hands of these Philistines, we were both piled up with bag and baggage in the interior of an omnibus. It was one of those which Noah had made use of in going into the ark, and still had more or less of the mud of the first flood about it. In this vehicle we had to run two lines of custom-houses before getting admittance to the city. The first was passed with tolerable success. By simply standing a little aloof, and keeping perfectly cool, I managed to have my trunk overlooked in the examination of the luggage; but my companion, whose nerves, never strong, had just before been unduly excited, got at once into a flutter, and was not let off until after all his wares had been most faithfully ransacked. On reaching the second line, we were driven into a courtyard where, as it next to never rains in this part of the world, was accumulated the dust of all the feet of all the sinners who had ever entered Barcelona. And the moment after our entrance a set of sweeps, well instructed, no doubt, in this part of their duty, began to raise such a dust in the four corners of the inclosure, that my travelling merchant, who, besides having a difficulty in his breathing, had a collection of patterns which would suffer more from exposure in such an atmosphere than even his mucous membrane, began immediately to curse and swear, and almost to wish himself back among the porters.

As he had voluntarily assumed the office of pay-master general until our arrival at the hotel, I resolved to let him take his own course, and see how he would get us out of this second scrape. This time he resorted to his pockets. He

fumbled long before getting hold of a five franc piece; but when he did, he thrust it into the sleeve of the official with force enough to send it half-way up to his shoulder. At the same instant, he shouted to the coachman to *crack his whip*; and in another, we cleared the gates at a bound.

Our driver turned out to be a veritable Jehu. He played his lash around the long ears of his animals with the adroitness of an expert. He shouted to his leaders, calling each by name:—"Go it, Gil—go it, Sancho." And all this while he was rattling us over a pavement which had been laid down by the Phenicians, and never mended since. The result was that the Frenchman, who had never embarked on such a sea of troubles before, was in less than five minutes *cascading* out of the window. At the same time his boxes, no less disturbed than their owner, were leaping about the carriage like so many frogs. At the end of some ten minutes, however, we pulled up, all standing, in front of the hotel. Before alighting, my fellow-traveller proceeded to examine his legs and the small of his back, to see if he were in a condition to move from his seat. But finding all his bones safe and sound, though his shirt-collar was badly broken down by the perspiration which flowed at every pore, he descended. I, who, in all things, let him take the lead, followed his example. On entering the house, however, I found that, like a true Frenchman, he had brought me to an inn kept by one of his own countrymen. But as I had not come to Spain to keep company with its mortal enemies, I at once decided to seek a lodging elsewhere. So after paying the half of all charges, I bade him good morning, and drove to a Fonda, where I could have my stews seasoned by a native-born Spaniard.

"*One hundred sous, Señor,*" said the 'bus-man, pushing away from his forehead a long red cap, which hung down his back nearly to his buttock. *One hundred sous*, said I to myself, for being driven to town by a fellow in a cap like that! A fellow in a sheepskin jacket, and an absolutely unmentionable pair of short-clothes! *One hundred sous* for the use and enjoyment of such a wretched piece of joinery as was the fellow's vehicle; for the service of mules in ropes, and spavined worse than ever was Rosinante; for the pleasure of being taken over a pavement utterly dislocated, and so nearly fatal to my spinal marrow! The demand seemed to me extortionate. Having been long accustomed to the two franc fees of the

Parisian cabmen, and considering that I had been paraded into town in a mere 'bus, I had made up my mind to forty sous—with ten more to be added for the circumstance of being in Spain. However, thinking that I would, at least, get some amusement out of the fellow before paying his fee, I resolved to try my Spanish on him. Accordingly I entered upon a semi-serious argument with my claimant of the hundred sous, and was apparently making out something of a case in my favor, when I very imprudently alluded to my experience in Paris, where for forty sous one may drive from one end of the city to the other in a cab and two. Now in arguing with a Spaniard, nothing is so ill advised as any comparison drawn between his country and France, to the advantage of the latter. Accordingly, no sooner had I got the words out of my mouth than my little man, drawing himself up as high as he could get—which was not more than five feet two—and cracking his cap like a whip-lash, immediately replied:—"Fifty sous may do for Paris, Señor; but they won't answer for Barcelona!"

Of course, after being so fairly floored in the argument, I had nothing to do but strike my flag. I did so most cheerfully—paid my money—and entered upon a new scene of adventure in entering my first Spanish *Fonda*.

## IV.

## THE FONDA—MY ROOMS.

THE *Fonda del Grande Oriente*, at Barcelona, was formerly a monastery. Little else, however, than its strong stone walls, inclosing a quadrangular court, and its low-arched corridors, running around the four inner sides of the building, and furnishing on each of the five stories a long and spacious promenade, now remains of the original edifice. Still the air of good cheer, which in earlier days must have reigned in its refectories, continues to linger in its halls. As of old, its cellars are well supplied with the liquid which is red in the cup; its larder is fat with good Spanish pork and poultry; and its inmates, from landlord to boot-cleaner, retain a good degree of the rubicund rotundity of the ancient priesthood. As, for the first time, I walked thoughtfully up the broad and well-worn stones of the stairway, so suited by its gentle ascent to the weary feet of the well-loaded mendicant, or the heavy footsteps of the short-winded father confessor, I said to myself: You have come to Spain just half a century too late.

The publicans have supplanted the priests; and instead of the old hospitality of monk and hermit, which was paid for in charities, you will now have to sit at meat with travellers and sinners, at a daily cost of thirty-five reals.

I was somewhat disappointed to perceive, as I did at a glance, that mine host of the Oriente was no Spaniard. Like most of the better landlords of this part of the country, he was a native of Italy. But though foreign born, both he and his household were in the country bred, and had taken so kindly and naturally to all good Spanish ways, that his *ollas* were the envy of all lovers of hare in Barcelona.

With many bows, I was ushered into the best rooms vacant; and in the face of so much politeness on the part of my host, I could not think of being so uncourteous as to turn up my nose at his accommodations. By a native, accustomed to travel with bed and board at his back, the apartments would have been thought princely; but to me, coming from a civilized country, they seemed but holes in the wall. But I politely limited my objections to the rooms to inquiring if there were any others at the moment unoccupied. The landlord's reply was, that he had others, but none so worthy of my acceptance. I therefore prudently made a virtue of necessity—besides a civil bow to my host, in return for a very large number of his own—and took possession.

The door of my apartment, which opened into the corridor, was without a latch. It had, however, a lock strong enough to resist a catapult. In case of an insurrection, then believed by many persons to be imminent, the lock and hinges of that good stout door, thought I, would be capable of doing me some service. I should have my barricade ready made at my hand. It had, besides, a certain monastic look, in harmony with the thick walls and low aisles of the once sacred edifice. At first sight, I felt a degree of respect for it; and have no doubt but what it will continue to swing on its rusty hinges as long as the Spanish world stands.

There was no bathing tub any where to be seen; but there was the possibility of ablution. For in one corner, concealed by a curtain, stood the slenderest of stands, supporting the narrowest of basins. I should be able, at least, to wash one eye open at once in it. But in a country so much better provided with wine than it is with water—and in a country where even the highest dames are said merely to rub their faces with a moist napkin instead of

laving them, what more could be expected? I should have been thought as crazy as he of La Mancha to have found fault with such arrangements.

As for the bed, it was clean—and that is saying a great deal in this country. The Spaniard is not accustomed to stretching himself on the soft pile of delights which is built up for his neighbor, the Frenchman. When he travels, he often has to content himself with the stone floors of *Ventas and Posadas*; nor is he always a great deal better off when he stays at home. His rugged country could ill supply the enormous sacks of down or feathers beneath which your German sleeps off the fumes of his beer, and seeks to sweat down the thick tallow of his kidneys. In Spain the traveller, accordingly, must be ready to curl himself up in straw with the same satisfaction with which, in his own country, he lies down to his repose in purple and fine linen. If even in the large towns he finds his mattress thin, he should nevertheless return thanks that it is not a board. My bed, therefore, escaped without too close an inspection. I had only one fear in entering it; and that, I am bound in justice to the country to say, turned out to be utterly groundless.

The floor was laid in tiles; but it was tolerably well covered by a carpet. Yet not the purple rug which is spread in Turkish bed-chambers; nor the soft, velvety tapestry of English boudoirs; but a mat woven of the canes of Spain. A similar one hung rolled up above the windows on the external wall of the house. This served to shield the room from the hot rays of summer; while, within, a simple white muslin curtain sufficed to keep out the cold of winter. There were, indeed, windows and shutters besides; but so ill contrived, so full of original and acquired defects, that they afforded not a great deal more protection than the open muslin.

But among so many cracks and air-holes, there was not that one, the presence of which would have counterbalanced all the others. There was no fire-place! There was none in any of the rooms. There was none short of the kitchen. And what is more, there was but one, as I afterwards learned, in the whole town of Barcelona. That had been set up by an Englishman, of course. Still, there are two methods for warming apartments in this part of the world. One is by sun-light, and the other by a pan of coals. The former is the more agreeable and the more conducive to health. But the latter must be



resorted to in cases of extremity and days of darkness. In the morning, I used to see several pans being prepared by the servants in the court. They are filled with a superior kind of charcoal, which is fanned and stirred until the coals are so completely ignited as to cease giving off smoke. After having stood long enough to cover themselves with a white film of ashes, they are brought in, and set in the middle of the room. There the pan stands without being disturbed all the morning. At dinner time, it is stirred up, so as to bring the bottom coals to the surface. Then it will continue to give off a moderate degree of heat until late in the evening. These fires are never allowed to remain through the night in sleeping rooms, but are not thought injurious to health during the day. Still, I observed that they would soon give a foreigner the headache; and were it not for the cracks and crannies of their apartments, must long since have killed off all the natives. Whoever then goes to Barcelona in winter, must make up his mind to sit sometimes over the pan of coals. As his feather-bed has not more than a couple of inches of thickness, he cannot, like poor Goldsmith, crawl into that to get warm; nor, however romantic it may be to sit out an evening in the chimney-corner of a country *venta*, will he find himself exactly at his ease among the flesh-pots and stew-pans of a city kitchen.

## V.

## MY BALCONY.

BUT if there was no fire-place in my rooms, there was a balcony. A balcony in Spain! What a charm in those words. With them are associated what tales of Andalusian love—what secret whisperings in the silent night between enamored souls—what sighing of soft, blue-ribboned guitars, and voices which melt with tenderness or rave with jealousy! Let the traveller by all means put off his first visit to his balcony until evening. Then when the stars are shining in the sky, or the new moon reflects from her silver horn a light not strong enough to discountenance love, let him step out upon that spot of enchantment. The flowers ranged around the railing, while they half conceal his person, wrap his senses in delicious odors. Thence he sees the muffled lover watching beneath some neighboring window. He hears the tinkling of a near guitar. He thinks he hears an opening shutter. He imagines he has caught a glimpse of a white mantilla. Again he listens. Voices float by on the

softly breathing zephyrs of the night—now like to the trembling accents of a first affection—now resembling the deep-toned notes of impatient passion. There is a witchery in the air. His own heart gradually catches contagion from the universal love. And, at last, his head completely turned, he can resist no longer. Mastered by a passion like that which sent the hero of *La Mancha* out upon his expeditions of knight-errantry, he rushes to his bed—abstracts the cord—ties a ladder—and swinging himself from balcony to balcony, goes in quest of a Dulcinea over half the town!

I unfortunately could not so far restrain my impatience as to wait for the evening. The moment I had finished my toilette, I went to the balcony. It was the hour of the promenade; and the street upon which my windows opened was the famous *Rambla*. This resembles the *Unter den Linden* of Berlin; and, like that, has a spacious foot-walk in the centre, flanked on either side by carriage ways. Rows of shade-trees intermingled with shrubbery perpetually green, and even in mid-winter in full flower, separate the central from the side avenues. These last are bounded by two lines, nearly a mile in length, of palaces, colleges, theatres, public offices, monasteries now converted into hotels, and private mansion-houses. All are either bright with marble, or gay with frescoes. Running through the centre of the city from gate to gate, this broad avenue is ever filled with entertainment for the observer of men and manners. At one extremity of it he will meet the gay throng of pleasure's votaries; while at the other, he will find himself among beggars and laborers standing idle in the market place. Here, may be seen groups of merchants "on 'change" well wrapped in cloaks of broadcloth; there, collections of gipsy horse-jockeys clad in sheepskins. On this side, are markets for the sale of fruits, the golden orange and the purple fig; on the other, are stalls where pretty *payasas* are busy weaving the gayest of winter bouquets. It is a world in miniature—with the representatives of every grade of life, of all ages, and of different nations. And as work in this country has very much the appearance of idleness in others—at least those of the north—the costumes of business are more picturesque than the adornments of pleasure elsewhere. The whole scene wears an air of festivity and gala. At least, so it seemed to me as I stood in my balcony looking down upon it for the first time. It was an entertainment for the eye more attractive

than the shows of state or stage; and what it was the first day I saw it, it continued to be every day of my residence in Barcelona. It was my play-house, to which I resorted by daylight. For actors I had the plumed officer and the cowed priest, the white-gloved coxcomb and the veiled belle, beggar-boys who might have been transferred to the canvas of Murillo as they sat, and hidalgos standing with cloaks over their shoulders after the fashion of the Aristides in the museum at Naples. It was my opera even; for every day at twelve o'clock, a battalion of guards came dashing down the avenue, with banners waving, and music filling the air with pleasant revelry. Yet sometimes they came with slower step, beating on muffled drums the march of the dead, and bearing a comrade to the sepulchre. Or a company of white-robed nuns and sisters of charity went by, chanting the sweet hymns of the church; or a procession of priests in inky cloak, and faces veiled in black, bearing with solemn song the sacramental wafer to dying lips. Half an hour before, the cheerful chimes were calling the city to thanksgiving and praise; now they are tolling the slow knell of some poor soul going to its long home. So full of life, and of its contrasts is this Barcelonese Rambla.

## VI.

## MY TABLE.

FASCINATING as may be sight-seeing from a Spanish balcony, it does not necessarily prevent one's hearing the dinner bell. In the midst of my waking reverie, this summons at once brought me to my senses. I obeyed its voice, and descended to the dining-hall. It was rather a small one, with painted walls, and a floor of stone partially covered with a mat. But what particularly attracted my attention was a modern improvement which had recently been introduced into it. This consisted not in a stove, but a stove-pipe. It was the only thing I noticed in the room which had not apparently come down from an earlier age. True, its calibre was of the very smallest; but as it passed up through the floor to the ceiling on its way from the kitchen to the roof of the house, it took off the chill of the stone walls, and rendered the room much more comfortable than the larger dining-hall used in summer. The company assembled amounted to some five and twenty gentlemen and ladies, the majority of whom were Spaniards.

*Table d'hôte* dinners are nearly the same thing in all the civilized parts of the continent. South of the Pyrenees, they

are more remarkable for the number of the dishes than for their quality. In his lean country, the Spaniard can rarely get enough to eat. His pig-skin is generally tolerably well filled; but his larder is too often empty. The lower classes never taste meat—living exclusively on vegetables, fruits and wine. Therefore your host goes generally for the main chance; and thinks that if he can only give you a plentiful dinner, you will be sure to think it a good one. As it is a mark of a poor man to eat vegetable food, he shows his respect for a rich one by serving him almost entirely with animal. Besides soup and fish, you are treated to beef boiled and beef roasted, to legs of mutton and joints of pork, to kid and wild boar, to hare and rabbit, to chickens and turkeys, to grouse and snipe. Not that all these dishes make their appearance at every dinner; but the number of courses is always great enough to render the entertainment gross and wearisome. As in all southern countries, the meats are of inferior quality—excepting always the stuffed pork. This surpasses even the flesh of the wild boar. If there be any truth in the Italian saying that no man is fit to die until he has seen the bay of Naples, perhaps what the Spaniard says is no less true, that he ought first to taste a ham of the Alpujarras. But with this exception, I know of no other kind of meat in the country for the sake of which one would at all care to defer his final hour. The poultry, though not bad, will not compare with that of France; and the beef would pass in England for indifferent shoe-leather. The dried fruits are abundant rather than good. Yet the oranges from Malaga are well-flavored; and the grapes of the country, which in some sheltered vineyards near Barcelona are allowed to hang upon the vines until February, are truly delicious.

A Spanish dinner, then, is decidedly a heavy affair. Luckily the stranger is rarely asked to dine out. The natives seem to be aware that the dinner is their weak point. They are sensitive about exhibiting the leanness of their larders. The closeness with which a Caballero picks his bones, and the frequency with which, even as in the days of Don Quixote, he is obliged to content himself with greens and garlic, are matters not to be made known out of the family. And then his desire, whenever he does go to the expense of buying flesh or fowl, to smother it in onions, stands directly in the way of the entertaining of strangers. For he knows very well that all foreigners have

looked upon his national dish with a certain degree of suspicion ever since the day when Gil Blas supped on a cat. On no account, therefore, could he venture to set a stew under any nostril not native.

In short, the culinary art is not well understood south of the Pyrenees. In half of the larger hotels, your cook will turn out to be a French or Italian refugee, a poor devil who has run his country, and who, having had at home more to do with politics than with pastry, has brought with him only a very imperfect knowledge of his art as practised in the kitchens of France and Italy. The greater number of his dishes will be bad imitations of what you have eaten at Paris or Naples. As when you go into the street, you see the French hat beginning to supplant the mantilla, and the French paletot the cloak; or when you visit the theatre, you find the house, the music and the dancing no longer Spanish, so at the dinner-table you observe that the national taste is fast coming under the dominion of foreign masters in the culinary art. The Fondas are getting already to be ashamed of the *olla*; and half a century hence the traveller will be obliged to descend to the *ventrillo* to get a taste of it.

A word of advice to travellers respecting garlic. As Spanish cookery is nothing, if not a stew, and a stew is nothing, if not chiefly garlic, let the foreigner make up his mind at once to like it. Let him eat it—if he can—without making up wry faces. For so what he will, this bulb will be thrust down his throat by every cook in the country—peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must. Every sauce-pan in the Peninsula smacks of it; and no conceivable amount of scouring would suffice to take it out. Therefore make a virtue of necessity. Daily practice in the swallowing of the delicacy will finally make one perfect in it. At least, all travellers who do not object to frogs, cabbage, or tobacco, ought surely to be capable of learning to digest garlic.

Set down, then, the *olla podrida* as a good thing. And there is one other in Spain. It is the chocolate. This is made with either water or milk; and always so thick that a spoon will almost stand up in it. The great secret of making this beverage, however, consists in knowing how to drink it. Taken after dinner, it would be an abomination—with the breakfast *à la fourchette*, it would be no better. It is a meal by itself—the smallest cup of it. Accepting it as such, setting apart a particular hour in the day for it, and giving

it the honors of a regular and separate entertainment, you find this drink to be truly *una de las delicias Españolas*. It is worthy of the fair lips which so dearly love and laud it. Hot, and foamy, and purple, it solaces the whole inner man. It satisfies at the same time the longings of the stomach and of the soul. But the early morning is the hour for this cup of consolation. When you have gotten your feet into your slippers, and have girded your dressing-gown around you, and have arranged the morning's toilette—then while the pleasant sun streams in at the open windows, and the morning air comes in to refresh your temples and regale your senses with the perfumes of the balcony—then as you throw yourself into the embrace of the capacious arm-chair, and open book or newspaper—then let your Hebe bring in the cup. A Spaniard will often have it handed to him by an old duenna while he is still in the sheets. Many a one cannot get out of bed without help of it. He cannot muster the courage, the force of will to raise his head from the pillow, until he feels in his vitals the working of his accustomed stimulus. But the other arrangement is much to be preferred. You gain thereby the great advantage of being served by the younger and prettier hands of one of Spain's dark maidens—the morning dew still sparkling on the rose leaves in her hair. For my part, I always thought it gave a better flavor to the chocolate, though it might have been mere fancy.

The only thing which may be taken with chocolate is a very delicate biscuit—a mere nothing. Any thing else is a profanation, and spoils the entertainment. If a man is hungry, let him wait for his breakfast—or, in troth, let him eat it. But at that hour he ought not to be under the dominion of a rabid appetite. He should have a season of tranquil thoughtfulness after rising from his couch. He should give a few fleeting moments to the quiet enjoyment of the golden light and fragrant air of the Spanish morning. The duties, the amusements of the day are to be calmly forecasted. Perhaps the follies of a night are to be repented of. He has some theme to meditate—some scribbling—letters—business. Let him drink his chocolate, and put off breakfasting till mid-day.

Twelve o'clock is the latest hour for breakfasting *à la fourchette*. For all good Spaniards are early up; and they dine at five or thereabouts. I speak of the higher classes. But as no travelled

man can breakfast any where satisfactorily out of Paris, it would not be of any use to describe the Spanish performance. It is but a poor, second-handed affair. For it is an imitation of the tedious, many-coursed *déjeuners* of the south of France and the north of Italy. If you prefer to breakfast by yourself, as of course you do, you may order what you like—though you will not get it. The whole blessed day might be spent in calling for butter; and the *mozo* would bring you oil. You might beg for cheese; and he would give you a Dutch stone. You might order the hen-coop up, to watch with your own eyes the laying; but the eggs would be stale by the time the cook had boiled them. Tell him to serve you an omelette; and unless you give him *pesetas* as well as eggs to make it with, it will prove to be a great deal whiter than the linen of either the *cocinero* who stirred, or of the *mozo* who served it. The yolks will have been all left out to make the dinner's custards, and you will breakfast on mere albumen. You decide to have beef-steaks—you have been accustomed to them at home. Good. An hour afterwards—should you live so long—you proceed to draw your boots on, and find one of them stript of the under-leather. Then you awake to the conviction that you have breakfasted on your own heel-taps—you have eaten your own sole!

Still, I will give you, male reader, a secret piece of advice about these matters. First, supposing that you have adopted the plan of feeing the *chef de cuisine* one morning, and threatening to take his life if he do not serve you better the next—then I say to you, order your beef-steaks to be *done in onions*. That is the way the natives manage. They *smother* them until the leathery taste is completely taken out, and they have no idea at all of what they are eating. Serve your mutton-chops the same way—only have them buried in mushrooms instead of onions. And if you insist on having an omelette for breakfast, and nothing will go right the whole day without it—why, then, there is only one absolutely certain course that can be pursued. What a man does himself in any country, he may know to be well done. Therefore, not to beat the eggs and slice in the truffles with your own hands, see it done at least with your own eyes. Unless you actually stand over the *cocinero* with both eyes fixed upon him, he will be sure to whip the yolks out of the eggs, and to substitute *gutta percha* for truffles. And unless you dog the waiter's heels from the kitchen to the parlor, he will

certainly contrive on the way to exchange his precious charge for an omelette *ré-chauffée*, left over from the day before. But, if you will take these precautions—and it might not be absolutely impossible to have the thing managed by your own private servant—you may safely defy the cooks of all Christendom to produce any better omelettes than those made from Spanish eggs—and *pesetas*.

The ordinary wine of Spain is bad. Whoever goes to San Luca to drink the delicate Manzanilla, or to Xerez to taste in the *bodega* of Pedro Domecq, the genuine Amontillado, will certainly get good Sherris-sack. But I very much fear that he will find it nowhere else in the country. The *vino ordinario*, when new, is too sweet; when old, it is too rough. This is true of all the wines of Spain in common use. Of course, I except the sweet Muscaddels and Malvoisies, the *las lagrimas* of Malaga, which, though not fit to be used as a beverage, are delicious as cordials. This general defect arises probably not so much from the quality of the grapes, as from lack of pains in the manufacture of the juice. Wines, which might be made almost as good as those which are exported, are drank new, because there is not sufficient enterprise or wealth to store and keep them. The sherris which are drank in England and America are next to never seen in Spain. The natives cannot afford to pay the prices of them.

As in his meat, so in his drink, the Spaniard, provided he can get enough in quantity, is not very particular about the quality. Your muleteer, when on his journeys he comes to a stream of water, will lie down on his belly, and outdrink his beast; so, when at night-fall he reaches his inn, he wishes to sit down to an entire pig-skin. His countrymen all have the same disposition. They are afflicted with thirst as with a fever; and they drink off their well-brimmed cups without stopping to criticise too closely their flavor. The Catalonian manages to swallow his wine without even tasting it. He raises his leathern bottle with both hands—throws back his head—opens his mouth—and catches the "vinous parabola," which, issuing from an orifice about as large as the hole of a pipe-stem, passes directly from the neck of the bottle to that of the drinker. He is very expert at this trick of the *porron*; for, while a foreigner would be sure to inundate his nose and neckcloth, he never wastes a drop of the precious liquid. The boy just weaned will do almost as well, and seems to go from the breast to the

bottle by a natural instinct. The Catalonian draught is necessarily a long one. Having once had the curiosity to time it, I found in the case of a very old foggy that it occupied two minutes. Even then he appeared to stop drinking, not because his gullet was full, but because his arms were weary.

But although the Spaniard loves to squeeze his *porron*, he does not drink to intoxication. This is a vice of the North, not of wine-growing countries. On the first day of Lent, the Barcelonese—men,

women and children—all go out to the neighboring village of Gracia to “bury the carnival.” This means to eat and drink enough to last them through the whole fast season. Yet, whoever at night-fall should take up his position at the *Puerta del Angel* to witness the returning thousands, would probably fail of detecting one single instance of gross and manifest intoxication. The Barcelonese is proud of his sobriety, and looks upon drunkenness as a disgrace.

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#### HENRY CLAY AS AN ORATOR.

IT was our good fortune, often to hear Mr. Clay speak in the Senate, in the United States Supreme Court, and in the open air, and although we have listened to the chief speakers of the day at home, and have been very lucky in opportunities of hearing world-renowned debaters abroad, he always seemed to us, the greatest *natural orator*, of the whole army of eloquent men. Two occasions especially, upon which he put forth quite distinct styles of speech and manner, are vividly impressed on our mind, and may properly introduce a more particular description of his oratory.

The first of these occasions, was on the day when it was announced to Congress that Mr. Calhoun was dead. It had been known to the city, the day before, which was Sunday, and the next day a great crowd had gathered in the galleries and on the floor. A solemn expectation evidently pervaded all, of hearing the most impressive funeral eloquence, from the most celebrated compeers of the great man who was dead. The whole scene was awe-inspiring. Benton was in his place—an iron-looking man—and it was whispered that in the new-made grave, animosities would sink, and that his voice even would rise in the chorus of eulogium. At a short distance from him was a single senator's chair, the only spot unoccupied in that thronged hall. On the other side of the main aisle, sat Webster, dressed in the deepest mourning, his massive features set like stone, with a monumental look; seeming far gloomier and more sepulchral than they looked, when no very long time after, in full Senatorial costume, his own dead form lay out beneath the mighty

branches of his patriarchal elm. Near him was Mr. Clay. When the formal announcement was made, there was a profound stillness. No one seemed willing to rise first, to give voice to the sorrow of the Senate. At length Mr. Webster turned his head toward Mr. Clay, as if he would say, that his longer Congressional career entitled him peculiarly to open the great cadence of lamentation. Slowly and quietly he rose. He began very gently in instinctive harmony with the universal feeling. His rare voice, beautiful though subdued, and as it were, muffled, rose gradually as he pictured the younger scenes of his association with his friend. And as he drew a rapid view of his domestic relations, and descanted on the virtues and agreeable excellences of the wife who had cheered the long campaign of the political soldier, grateful recollections thickened on his mind; the life-blood began to push its way into dulled memories, and his eye began to shine, and his whole form to sway about gently and gracefully, while the tones waxed louder, though not at all vehement, but rather more and more pathetic and affecting. Never shall our ears forget the touching melody with which he pronounced this closing period of a sorrowing climax, “he was my junior in years,—in nothing else;” and then he rested in the gentle tide of his words, he turned his eyes on the empty chair—a moment of silence intervened,—then his accumulated weight of feeling gushed forth in one brief moving question, as he gestured toward the chair,—“When shall that great vacancy be filled?” *For ever* shall those swelling words, “that great vacancy” sound and resound in our ears.

Their tone was the tone of a dirge, and of a panegyric, and a prophecy combined.

The other occasion of which we wish now to speak was one which displayed quite a different order of talent in the speaker. It was in the days of the compromise discussions of 1850, and that famous Adjustment Bill was under debate. On the day previous, a variety of dilatory and opposing motions had been made in the Senate, and a plentiful second crop had been promised further, by Mr. Benton, the active leader of the adverse forces. Mr. Clay had been laboring during the intervening night to conceive some plan which, at the same time that it should be "in order," should head off this kind of opposition. He thought he had hit upon it, and at the first opportunity he rose in his place to present it. With a sweet voice and tranquil manner he set it forth, and concluded by moving its adoption. Then he paused—all were still. He looked across the Senate chamber, he fixed his eye on the hostile leader, who sat on the other extreme of the semicircle, with all the Bentonian taunter lowering on his resolute brow. As their eyes met, Clay's expression changed—"Glory and triumph o'er his aspect burst, like an East Indian sunrise on the main." He lifted his arm, he shook it menacingly at the rival chief—"and now let us see," said he, in a voice of thunder, "whether the pacification of this country is longer to be hindered." And then with eyes perfectly in a blaze, his long arms swinging around him, his gray hair flurrying on his brow, and his tall form swaying about and sometimes bending almost double with his impassioned vehemence, he dashed into a brilliant picture of the prospect which he thought the Compromise opened for America. Soon, however, he seemed to be admonished that his physical vigor was no longer capable of the sustained and prolonged flights, in which he had once indulged; his swelling voice sunk a little, and in a tone of inexpressible richness—"Ah," said he, "I left a sick-room this morning, at the call of my country;" for a few broken sentences he drooped, then once more he awoke and sprang into full life; once more he grew menacing and triumphant; his form expanded, his presence grew loftier, and his tones were trumpeted forth with an exulting confidence, as if a sort of sibylline inspiration possessed him; he was all himself again, and we felt that we indeed were looking on the famous orator, in his appropriate scene.

And now if turning from these spec-

tales of his eloquence, we consider *what it did*, we shall see how worthy it is of careful study. Surely we may well study that eloquence which infused his own electric spirit into this whole nation, making itself felt equally on the floor of lukewarm State legislatures and on the deck of the Constitution frigate, as she cleared for action, in the immortal sea-fight: an eloquence which shivered the dynasty of Jackson in the person of his successor, and over several administrations exercised the influence of a modern "Mayor of the Palace;" which almost alone sustained what was termed, The American System of Politics; and above all, an eloquence which through many changing years, grappled to his own heart as with hooks of steel, a million of other hearts; forcing a great party, overflowing with genius, to keep the broad ensign of "Harry of the West" nailed at their mast-head, through a series of political campaigns, every one of them as ruinous to the ambition and the avarice of his followers, as those which left the Great Frederick deserted in the Palace at Potsdam, to drink the poison alone, after his fatal fields;—this eloquence surely will well repay our study.

Henry Clay was an orator by nature. He had not the eloquence of the schools. The scholastic precepts of Cicero in the treatise on oratory, he knew nothing about. No concealed and flowing rhythm gave the undefinable charm of composition to his words; they trooped forth spontaneously, gushing, glowing, conquering. He had the eloquence of *character*, of *wisdom*, and of *action*. Those were the three pillars of his grand power. He had a character magnanimous, chivalric, warm-hearted, reminding us rather of some Homeric hero, than a Yankee politician; a sagacious wisdom, broad, comprehensive, fore-casting, ready, and intuitive; and lastly, an action, wholly unstudied, based upon extraordinary native gifts, developed and trained up by exercise, without rule.

The simple story of his birth, and growth, and glory is well known to every American. How he was born in Virginia, the nursery of great men, and was brought up by a poor but proud mother, with a very elementary and meagre education; how he never went to college, but carried the meal bags to and from the mill, and was called "the mill-boy of the Slashes," and when old enough studied text-books a little, and crossed the borders to Kentucky to practise law, having as the goal of his expectation, as he afterwards said, a practice of three hundred dollars a year;

and the tale of that first trembling and stammering appearance before a debating society, in which three times he vainly undertook to open a speech with the inappropriate prefix "Gentlemen of the Jury;" and finally, how his genius, all untutored as it was, broke forth with invincible splendor upon Kentucky, and swept him onward from glory to glory, by popular suffrage, till by universal acclamation he stood confessed, Chief of the Senate and Tribune of the People;—all this outline of his life is universally familiar, and we explore in vain therefore the sources of his eloquence in any learned training, or all-accomplished art. The fountains of that Nile spring elsewhere. But he appears to have been born with a character built on a large scale, and the circumstances of his youth and his early manhood, although not very favorable to intellectual growth, were peculiarly calculated to ennoble and to expand this, his grand gift of character; for *there*, in this character, thus developed, was hidden the main spring of his eloquence.

When he stepped out into life, he found himself in the midst of a new and almost pioneer society, ardent and passionate, bold and brave; untrammelled by conventionalities, and wild and free as nature around them, invaded only, as yet, not destroyed. Among such associations the native elements of a man's character would develop spontaneously, irregularly but freely; like the luxuriant growths of their own forests. A large and liberal way of looking at things, a bold and dashing manner of talking about them, very different from the cramped and stilted phraseology of books; a courage undaunted and kindred to that of the immediate predecessors of the men around him, the explorers of forests and slayers of beasts; a vigorous and vehement energy in carrying out every enterprise, whether of study or of action, very different from the namby-pamby ardor of a mere book-worm, weak and literary; and a habit of acting from desultory but strong and passionate impulses;—these were the traits of character, which lying originally in Clay, were fostered by Kentuckian life. But the freedom and expansiveness of a new and unconfined society formed by no means the only moral atmosphere of his development. The Revolution was just over. His youth saw what was still the heroic age of the Republic. The heroes who had sworn before God, that "sink or swim" they gave their lives and sacred honor to their country, were still walking among the people; lingering a little as if

to give their farewell benediction to the nation whose infancy they had baptized with blood. Still the golden age of the sentiments of the people continued, still the brazen age of the commerce of the people had not opened. They had gone to war with a terrible nation for an opinion; they had kept up the war and kept up their own hearts by the interchange of sentiments, such as had been uttered in all time, by the most noble men of our race—by Roman and Athenian lovers of liberty, by Christian martyrs, by the Lovers of Democracies, who had died victims of tyrants. Multitudes still lived who had heard these sentiments echoing round the land. Multitudes of memories and traditions of the great deeds done to back them, were still current. The whole heart of the nation was warm, the whole mind of the nation was lifted up. In this national atmosphere of noble souls, the high heart of Clay swelled with congenial fires.

But hardly had he assumed the position of one of the leaders in Congress when he was summoned to play a part which still more fully developed all the grandeur of his qualities. Our new nation was recognized as existing *de facto* and *de jure*, in fact and in law, but it had no social position in the family of nations. The new flag seemed to float timidly among the battle-stained banners of the ancient countries of immemorial renown. Messages from the new state remonstrant against the violations of her rights were indifferently listened to by princes and potentates. Upon the whole, the eagle of the Republic had no thunderbolt in its talons. The eye of Henry Clay saw this, and his great heart felt it keenly and sadly, and when the presumption of Great Britain reached its climax, by the closing of the ports of the Continent to our struggling commerce, and invading the sanctity of our ships, then his voice rose like a trumpet, bidding his countrymen gird on the sword once more; then he flung out the famous motto of our second war, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights;" then he declared that the sailor on the deck of a Yankee ship was on sacred ground; that the flag should float like a protecting *Ægis* over him. His inspiring and just sentiments, the echoes of the Revolution, rung like clarion voices through the land. He wrested from Madison the declaration of war, and took at once the leadership of the people. His eloquence was then like the pillar of flame, marshalling them to their proper place among nations. The close of that war, by its moral influence, it is admitted,

gave us the rank of a first class power upon the earth, and all the time the seat and fountain of that splendid struggle of national pride, was in the bosom of Henry Clay. He chiefly stirred the people up to it. He, most of all the political leaders, supported it, in all its shifting phases, with undrooping spirit and lion-hearted daring. He cheered on the political columns, and upon his Atlantean shoulders chiefly the contest rested.

The conduct of this vast crisis in our national destinies, from the hour when, as some say on his knees, he wrung from President Madison a reluctant assent to the first declared breach with England, on through the fluctuating vicissitudes of the struggle, to the closing and crowning victory of New Orleans, taxed and tried his noblest qualities;—his love of country, the "charity of native land," as Senator Seward, eulogizing him, said, his courage, the grandeur of his fortitude and his indomitable resolution, all were quickened into new life. In that day it was that his *character*, which was, as we have said, the mainspring of his eloquence, took its last development. Then the seal was set upon it. And that completed character proved to be one as high-toned in its honor and enterprise as the Cavalier of Virginia in his chivalry, as religious in its patriotism as the Puritan of New England in his piety; a Bayard he was, in his courage and gallantry, and hardly behind Washington in his love of our country. We have heard his earlier contemporaries say that up to this time, that is, the time of the war, his eloquence was milder, more deprecatory and persuasive, as became a young man, but ever afterwards it was bolder, mightier, more confident, and terrible. In this respect his career somewhat resembled the course of Edmund Burke; who in the earlier half of his life, that devoted mainly to literature, was much more amiable and winning than storming and commanding; but whose qualities, rarefied in the lighter air of letters, seemed to condense and darken into thick clouds of passion, in the heavier and more murky atmosphere of political strife. Originally the sunny, genial nature of Clay was uppermost, but afterwards when contest, and sorrow, and growth gave him his full development, he had the volcano as well as the sunshine in his composition.

It is necessary to revive these reminiscences of the opening career and early education of Clay, rightly to estimate his peculiar eloquence, and to get a clear idea of its sources. There are many kinds of

orators. There is the magisterial orator of intellect, imposing and *Websterian*; there is the gaudy and polished utterance of the rhetorician, captivating with meretricious ornament; and there is the orator of character and manner, swaying masses like a commander. To this last order Mr. Clay primarily belonged. Though we see also in him the action of an intellect free and large, and this, as we shall presently notice more particularly, came materially to the aid of his effect. While of the arts and graces of the rhetorician, the set orator of the schools, the ornament rather than the ruler of public bodies, he had nothing. Of narrow education, not bred in very polished scenes, and never much given to reading books, his culture was always chiefly gathered from the society of men, with whom he came in contact, and the enterprises in which he was engaged. We shall look in vain in his reported speeches for scholastic beauties or literary gems. In vain shall we seek to trace a learned fancy in an affluent imagery. Nothing like the polished periods of Edward Everett will greet our sense of the harmony of numbers; nothing like that phantom pageantry conjured up by the impassioned fancy of Rufus Choate, will stalk in grand procession before our mind's eye, as on some mimic stage. No, his eloquence was fed from other fountains. He had the words which he had picked up from a few books and from many men; some of them good, some bad, like the variety of human nature which he had fallen in with. He shook hands with the hunters of the West, and the scholars of the East, with wagon-boys from Ohio, and presidents from Virginia, and from them all he had gathered and garnered up his common but copious vocabulary. He had the trite figures of speech and turns of illustration taken from translations of the classics, and the crude speeches of half-formed rhetoricians, and both words and images he used off-hand. He never could put his mind into the harness of prepared paragraphs. Set sentences got up like Sheridan's, or even premeditated like Grattan's, never rushed with prearranged fervor from his lips. Nor in any way did he indulge in epideictic oratory, or what we may call show-off speeches. He spoke as the battle of debate demanded, instant, fervid, to the very point of the moment. He had not time for preparation of speeches, for choice diction, for culled periods. Indeed the warmth and movement of his powers when in action was such, that he could never get along very



satisfactorily even with an apt or elegant quotation. A little anecdote is told of him forcibly illustrating this. Anticipating a speech on one occasion, he laughingly asked a representative from Boston, Mr. Winthrop, to give him the quotation about a rose by any other name smelling as sweet. This he wrote out on a little slip of paper, and when in the march of his speech he arrived at its point of introduction, he began to fumble among his papers, still talking on though, for his poetry. Alas! he could not find it; but as unfortunately, with too precipitate a confidence, he had started in the quotation, and had already got off the words "A rose," it was absolutely necessary to finish it somehow; something at all events must be done with the "Rose." So after a momentary balk and a prodigious pinch of snuff, he abruptly wound up his attempted rhetorical bravura, by saying, to the astonishment of ears polite, and very much we may imagine to the enforcement of his argument, "A rose where'er you find it, still is sweet." A great and scholarly orator of New England we have heard say, that during his brief term in the Senate, he has more than once seen the moment, in listening to Clay, when he would have given moneys numbered for the privilege of thrusting a quotation in his lips. Not at all then in the style of thought, the composition, or the diction of Mr. Clay's speeches shall we find any marvels of eloquent power. That power was hidden in his lofty and Roman-like character, and in his fervent sensibility. He always appealed with electric fervor to the nobler thoughts and the loftier passions of men. Some speakers make their onslaught on the prejudices and the more vulgar passions of their hearers; some to the higher and more hallowed impulses—the nobilities of human nature. In short, some appeal to men's greatness, some to their littleness. And those who are themselves great always prefer the former. It was once said of another orator, that "the man seemed always greater than his word." And so as men looked on Clay's chivalrous and dauntless front, they felt that there was something behind the sentences, far greater than the sentences. There are men whose speeches seem to us richer and grander than they seem themselves, and they continually surprise us. In studying such orators we must analyze their compositions and their culture carefully, if we want to find them out. But with the school of speakers, in the van of whose ranks Clay stood, we must study *the men*, not the speeches;

we must look at *character*, rather than culture.

The intellect of Mr. Clay was large. He had strong, wise, wide views, the product of his understanding and his judgment combined. We once heard a senator say of his eloquence, that its predominant element after all was wisdom. And we can still see apparent, through even the newspaper reports of his speeches, a large, broad, capacious comprehension of public affairs. His mind on three capital occasions, was expanded and energized to its utmost capacity. These were the critical times of the war of 1812, the Missouri Compromise, and the Tariff Compromise of 1832. To have led his country in three such *hours* as these; to have spread his mind over the whole field of her multitudinous and jarring interests, and grasped them all, and provided for them all, was a most severe discipline of all the intellectual powers. Thus his mind may be said to have had three great periods of stretching and strengthening. Now this widening and enlarging of mind combined powerfully with his fire and elevation of character, to give his oratory its commanding impressiveness; a sort of attribute of general grandeur. Men felt as they sat before him, that no smooth-lipped Belial was speaking, whose "tongue dropped manna, and could make the worse appear the better reason," but one who seemed for dignity composed, and from whose lips flowed princely counsel.

We said in the beginning of this paper, that the eloquence we are trying to describe, was that of character, of wisdom, and of action. And in this last term, "action," we include the whole management and display of the *body* of the speaker. The body is the machine through which all the soul and intellect are made palpable to us, in voice, gesture, and in one comprehensive word—action. More important even than sagacious thought, or sublime sentiment, is the *action* by which it is expressed and made visible. So at least *he* said, whom all are agreed to call the foremost speaker of all this world. And this action was in Mr. Clay admirable, rising often to a dramatic intensity and beauty. To see Edmund Kean act, it was said, was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning; to hear Henry Clay utter the sentiment of America, was like hearing the Sibyl announce the oracles of the Republic. You felt, as it were, all the pulse-beats of a young continent.

How shall we picture that magical manner? How describe that magnetism

which radiated from his soul, round and round among his hearers, through their very life-blood? No canvas can body forth the great orator in action. Healey's painting of Webster replying to Hayne, whatever it may be as a work of art, gives no notion at all of the Demosthenic "action." As well might you try to paint lightning as to paint the flash which for an instant, from the true orator's eyes, blazes into your very soul; or to catch the terrible inflections of the few momentary tones, which storm the very citadel of your mind and senses. The actor, Booth, whom, alas! we shall never see again, in the play of Pescara, when the heroine asks her father who shall prevent her nuptials with her lover, used to utter the single monosyllable "I" in such a manner that it struck like a dagger to the heart of every one who heard him. A manner though, of course, utterly incapable of being described. While, then, we do not undertake to give any thing like a daguerreotype of Mr. Clay's action, we may by *words*, which, according to Edmund Burke's theory in the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, are far superior, for painting, to colors and canvas—by words we may present a faint likeness of that wizard-like manner. Conspicuous among his physical attributes was his ardent temperament. His blood was warm, and as easily set flowing as if it had been distilled in tropical airs; quick and strong were his pulse-beats. In the iciest days of winter, he said he could always keep himself physically warm by the exercise of speaking. This heat of temperament is indispensable to the orator, to enable him quickly and vigorously to bring into play all his intellectual resources. A fine engine with a bad furnace would be a pretty poor working *machine*. A lethargic man, even if endowed with bright wits and generous sentiment, can only summon them to action on high occasions. But the genuine orator must kindle always at the word of command. This liveliness of physical sensibility, moreover, enables the outer world to act with much more power on all the moral and impulsive sensibilities of one's nature. A man whose system is all in a glow feels all that is going on around him, and all the thoughts and sentiments thereby suggested much more vividly than if calm or half asleep. Indeed, we have seen a celebrated temperance lecturer hold an audience by the hour together, when there was neither strength in his thought nor beauty in his words, solely by the sympathetic fervors of physical animation, which

his screaming energy awoke within them. In his case he had nothing to go upon but temperament. It was merely, if we may be allowed the phrase—the eloquence of blood. When Clay spoke he was often in a physical fever; as he went on, some great thought would strike athwart his mind, or some great vision flash upon his fancy of the possible programme of American destiny, and then—heavens! how the blood mounted glistening in his broad, bright face, and gushing on his burning brain. Then that homely physiognomy would be in an instant illuminated with a sort of oratorical sunshine; the spirit of a commanding grace would descend upon him, almost it would seem as if a halo hovered round his head, and with an apostolic beauty it were absolutely transfigured.

In all the leading bodily essentials of the orator, his *personelle*, Nature had been prodigal to him of the means of producing effects. His figure was tall and lithe, and from its spareness looked even taller than it really was. It was apparently easily put together, so as to swing about in gesture *placently*, and with marked but dignified grace; although considered by itself when not in action, it would by no means be thought a symmetrically proportioned form. But when thus moving and swaying, its angles and lengths disappeared, and the high-towering body, and long-sweeping arms became most efficient contributors to the grand result. His face was large, and rendered very striking by the ample and lofty brow which surmounted it; fit temple to crown that gallant mind which, one look assured you, it enshrined. Cicero's mouth and ears were remarkably large, and strange to tell, some critics have set these down as *points* in a true-born orator's make; marks as infallible as the points of *blood* in "a thorough-bred." If, indeed, these are unmistakable tests—ear marks of a native orator—then was Mr. Clay vastly the debtor of Nature. For his mouth was—we had almost said—gigantic. Certainly it was *huge*. It always reminded us of the stone mouth of *Cheops*. It looked as if Nature had forgotten to give him any aperture there, on his first being turned off from her mould, and afterwards let some journeyman mend him, by splitting an opening with his broad-axe. In his old days, when the men crowded round him for a shake of his hand, and the ladies beset him for a kiss of his patriarchal lips, it was remarked that his capacity of gratifying this latter demand was unlimited; for the ample

dimensions of his kissing apparatus enabled him completely to rest one side of it while the other side was doing active duty. But there have been times when we have seen that broad and uncouth mouth hurl forth words so sharp and hard-hitting, they were worthy of the orator of old who was said "to eat swords and iron," while again we have seen it radiant with good-humor, looking absolutely handsome, and pouring forth tones which called right up before you the very sunny-side of life. His eyes were powerful. They were not deep set. They did not lower upon his enemy from cavernous depths like Webster's, but they sparkled and blazed upon the adversary, as if set in the very front rank of the battle. They were of a grayish blue, and in his excitements they seemed to take all hues of that color, from the light and sparkling to the deep sea-blue; now shining like "the glittering eye" of the ancient mariner, and again growing intense, and "darkly, deeply blue." His whole head taken together was large and rather imposing from its breadth, and its height in proportion to its breadth. Phrenologists used to estimate it at over seven inches in diameter, while its height gave him something of that impressive majesty of mien, which history has attributed to the whole family of the first Greek Orator-Statesman, Pericles. The complexion, in which often so much of the impressiveness of physiognomy secretly resides, was not in his case peculiar, or marked. Care had not withered it into the bloodless parchment-hue of Calhoun's lineaments, nor deepened it into a smoky swarthy. It was natural and healthy. Years wrote their lines about the face well-defined and square, but not deep-furrowed. His temperament was rather of the sanguine than the bilious order, though he had enough of the latter for hard work.

But take him for all in all, "as he stood in his boots," as the backwoodsmen say, his presence was magisterial. And sometimes as that high form was dilated and lifted up in some grand accent of command, he looked more than the magistrate; he looked like a more than mortal lawgiver; and he presented a living and speaking example of the truth of the inspiring declaration, man is born "a little lower than the angels."

But after all, his quick, glowing, tropical temperament, his lofty form and swaying arms, his glittering eye and flurrying hair, and his gallant bearing, taken all together, were not a more efficient arm of oratoric battle, than one other grand

element of his power, which in its effectiveness equalled all the rest of his physical qualifications; and that was his wonderful voice. No orator's voice superior to his in quality, in compass and in management, has ever, we venture to say, been raised upon this continent. It touched every note in the whole gamut of human susceptibilities; it was sweet and soft, and lulling as a mother's to her babe. It could be made to float into the chambers of the ear, as gently as descending snow-flakes on the sea; and again, it shook the Senate, stormy, brain-shaking, filling the air with its absolute thunders. That severe trial of any speaker, to speak in the open air, he never shrank from. Musical yet mighty, that marvellous organ ranged over all levels, from the diapason organ-tone to the alto shriek; from the fine delicacies of pathetic inflections, to the drum-beat rolls of denunciatory intonations. And all the time it flowed harmoniously. Its "quality," as elocutionists would say, was delicious, and its modulations proved that the human voice is indeed the finest and most impressive instrument of music in the world; more inspiring than the clamorous chimings of Jullien bands, more touching than the gentle blowings of mellow flutes. This, his great possession, the unequalled voice, as well as all the other eminent particulars of his unrivalled physique, he had cultivated with assiduous care, from his youth up. "Think not," he told the students of the Ballston Law School, a few years before his death, "think not, that any great excellence of advocacy can be attained without great labor." And then, in his most happy narrative manner, he went on to tell them how he always *practised* speaking in his youth, "and often," said he, "I made the hills resound in my walks, and many a herd of quietly-grazing cows has been the astonished audience of my outpourings." The old story of the great Athenian shutting himself in his cave, for five years, by patient discipline to learn to wield the orator's whole thunder, is indeed paralleled in a greater or less degree, in the career of all the orators. It was this uncommon scope and flexibility of his voice, at once strong and delicate, which in conjunction with his other physical endowments, gave him the ability of satisfying in some measure in his delivery, that ideal of Cicero, where he enumerates in the epistle to Brutus, on "the Orator," three distinct kinds of speaking; the neat, the moderate, the mighty. And for all three there is need, each in their appropriate place; the conversational, the

strong but not passionate, and the headlong torrent-like rush, which the Greeks called *agonizing* upon the Forum.

Now, having thus seen what were Mr. Clay's native gifts, let us see, with some particularity, how he put them into play: his manner of speaking. His manner in delivery was eminently *natural*. There was nothing artificial about it; nothing which at first rather shocked you, but which, when you got used to it, pleased you; as was the case with Mr. Pinckney's studied and splendid harangues before the Supreme Court. It was natural, easy, graceful, and dignified. He never seemed, as some ranters do, to be *blowing* himself up. He never seemed to be *trying* to do any thing. It was all as if he couldn't help it. He was so natural and appropriate in delivery, that, in his wildest outbursts, nobody would ever think of crying out to him, as the boy in the crowd bawled to the fuming spouter on the stage, "Sir, your face is so red, it makes me hot." No; if Clay was furious, you felt that he ought to be furious, and you would as soon find fault with a caged panther, for howling, as condemn him for his outbursts. His usual delivery was quite deliberate; every word golden and clean-cut. His hands played all ways naturally; there was no gesture which looked as if he had thought of it over night. His figure inclined pliantly and with a dignified and courtly emphasis; though, in the moments of vast passion, it would bend almost double, and for an instant play up and down like the walking-beam of a North River steamboat. His eye usually smiled with an expression of inviting good-humor; alternating, however, with an expression, at times, like a jet of flame. He frequently took snuff, and would walk some distance, while speaking, to take a pinch from some friendly senator's box. Sometimes he held in his hand a great red handkerchief (a product of some Kentucky loom, we should think), and, often forgetting to put it in his pocket, in his rising raptures, that red bandanna would flourish about, with a sort of jubilant triumph of motion, breathing, by the spirit of its movement, as much confidence into his followers as the white plume of Henry of Navarre inspired in his soldiers; and suggesting, by the success which always followed the aroused ardors, of which its waving was the evidence, no violent imagination of the very "crimson wing of conquest" itself. And as he warmed, his words came faster and faster, yet still articulated harmoniously; his awkward arms began to sweep gracefully in wider

and wider sweeps; the prophetic expression of his feelings darted across his features in the advance of his words; single words would be *blazed out*, yet still the general level of the utterance was low and sweet; his uncomely face beamed with animation, and his homely mouth seemed to shrink and curve in his passion, almost to a Grecian chiselling.

His general level of speech was conversational, like animated talk, something like what the great Irish orator, Grattan, in one of his youthful letters, described Lord Chatham's to have been. But even while upon this level, so silver-tongued were his tones, so easy and gliding their flow, and so varied and delicate their inflections, that he held his auditors' attention, fascinated and unflagging. When, then, he rose above that subdued level, the effect was correspondingly powerful; and in every pitch of the scale, that glorious voice was unbroken: he had never injured it by bad usage, he had never roared it into gruffness, nor growled it into hardness and an edgy coarseness, but always he was golden-mouthed—a modern Chrysostom, in that point at least. There are many distinguished speakers who are never extremely interesting, except when making a point, or making a vehement burst, but all really great speakers can command attention, and exhibit charms on their *general level*; and in the highest degree Clay's average level was grateful to the hearer. He did not like some quite popular declaimers indulge in violent contrasts of pitch, running along, for instance, for ten sentences on one level, and then abruptly changing to another and remote level, but maintained always this melodious general level of spirited conversation, from which, easily and gracefully, and by gradations, he rose and fell. Single words and tones, however, he would sometimes give with great variety of modulation; for his voice was not only full and wide-ranging, but it was under the most exact command; from his low and sweet level of tone, he would sometimes strike instantly a tone like an alarm-bell. We remember once hearing him *throw off* the simple words "railroad speed" in such a manner that, in an instant, he made the whole express train, under lightning headway, dash across our mind. He had, too, a faculty of crowding, as by some hydrostatic pressure of oratory, an amazing weight of expression on to the backbone of a single word. Sometimes mounting from his easy level, on one word alone, he would go through a whole pantomime of action; his form rises, his eye burns, his look

strikes awe, while the final ejaculation of that much-anticipated word would burn it into the very fibre of the brain, for an everlasting memory. In boyhood, we heard him thus utter the word "crevasse;" we didn't even know then what a "crevasse" was, but it was struck, as by some tremendous die, into our mind, and has been there ever since, the type and synonyme of every thing appalling and to be dreaded.

Although, as we have said, he spoke in the open air, his style was there also much the same as with chamber audiences. The sustained tumultuous frenzy of the Irish school of eloquence he was never urged on to, even by the shoutings of the thousands in the open air. Even there, beneath the blue sky, and before the million, it was as unlike as possible to the rough hill-side stormings, with which we may imagine O'Connell used to meet and grapple with his monster-gatherings. In the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his oratory, he could beget the Shakespearian *temperance* which could give it smoothness and beauty.

His management of his body was very manly, dignified, and graceful; whether flinging his arms about in the storm of passion, or pausing in his course to take the pinch of snuff, so indispensable, his movement was fit to be seen by a theatric audience. His bye-play, as he went along in his speech, was capital; and, indeed, his whole expression, by face, form, fingers, and arms, added so prodigiously to the effect of what he was saying, that the reporters would often fling down their pens in despair, declaring, "He's a great actor, and that's the whole of it." That, however, was not the whole of it, by a good deal; for a vast, moral, and intellectual steam-power was behind all this physical machinery; and when, at one moment, it was all brought into full play, the effect was wondrous; then, when his mind was full of broad thoughts—when his soul was all aglow with burning sentiments, when his bodily sensibilities were all up, and reacting on all his faculties, the rapid throb of his pulse, beating a reveillé to all his powers—then, indeed, for one moment, you might fancy that Cicero's splendid dream was realized; that in the senate-house, Roscius was, indeed, in action; that the all-perfect combination of the statesman and the actor was standing right before you. In those moments, the genius of Clay—Harry Clay, as those who loved him fondly called him—wielded an imperial supremacy over the subdued spirit of others; then, like

Andrew Jackson, his sole rival in the single point of powerful character, he could say, with defiant front, "By the Eternal, *it shall be so!*" and no man dared gainsay him.

There are many anecdotes told of the wonderful ascendancy of his character, when expressed in eloquence, which indicate its practical effect—instantaneous, lightning-like. One anecdote may be related of circumstances which took place many years since, when he was in the full flush of his as yet unbroken hope: "Hope elevating and joy brightening his crest." As it took place in secret session of the Senate, it has never been generally known. It happened thus: A democratic President had nominated a Virginia democrat as Minister near the Court of St. James. In the political complexion of the Senate, it was necessary, in order to secure his confirmation, for at least one whig vote to be thrown for him. For reasons best known to himself, a very leading whig senator had been induced to intimate that he would fill that otherwise fatal chasm. Mr. Clay heard of this bargain, or tacit understanding, on the very morning upon which the question was to come up for decision. It didn't take him long to make ready for that debate. Indeed, his oratoric forces were always a sort of flying-artillery. Just as the question was about to be put to the senate, he towered up on the whig side of the hall, to the infinite anxiety of the democratic managers, and the deadly heart-shaking of the single recusant, the lone-star whig. Quite contrary to his usual custom, he launched forth at once into a tornado of denunciation on the proposed ambassador. He made not the faintest allusion to the understood bargain; but he reviewed his whole political career, bringing out into the boldest relief the steadfast animosity to the whig party which that career had consistently displayed. Every act of thorough-paced anti-whiggism he dragged forth, and painted in the most glowing colors. When he thought he had laid a foundation impregnable, then, and not till then, the whirlwind broke upon the head of the hitherto unsuspected victim. Fiercely he glared round on the rows of senators. "And now," he almost screamed out, "and now, what *whig* would vote for this man? What whig would *promise* to vote for this man? What whig, having promised, would *dare* to keep that promise?"

As the fierce hawk in the heavens surveys from the sky his quarry far below, and sweeps towards the victim, in broad

wheeling, narrowing momentarily till with one fatal plunge, he strikes the death-blow,—so here the orator, in this fierce assault, seemed in these three tremendous interrogations to approach his victim with three narrowing sweeps of his great arm, and with more and more certain indications of his appalling manner, till, as he came to the final—the most accusing and defying question,—he turned full on the object of his wrath.

The oratorical cannonade was too tremendous to be endured, and the senator, leaving his chair, walked round behind the Vice-President's desk, where the Corinthian pillars and ample curtains, hiding him from that brandishing arm, and accusatorial eye, shrouded him as in some tranquil heaven, from the terrors of the tempest. It is needless to add that no "whig" voted that day for that man. The nomination was rejected, and it was further whispered about at the time, that a long and violent fever supervened to the nominee, upon that disappointment and the invective.

As we said at the outset, Mr. Clay seems to us the greatest *natural* orator whom we have ever heard. And we think him more-over the first orator, upon the whole, for native powers, that our country has yet produced, at any stage of our history. We shall doubtless be told, as John Adams indignantly wrote to Mr. Wirt—when his Life of Patrick Henry came out, "multi heroes ante Agamemnona,"—there were many heroes before Agamemnon. Per-

haps there were, but we don't believe it. What Patrick Henry really was, we cannot tell. Our age sees him only through the dazzling haze, which the sympathetic genius of Wirt himself—with a great reputation for rhetorical prowess to maintain—threw around his subject. Wirt was then a young man, but an old orator; and for an orator to write about a departed orator, and not apotheosize him—the muse of eloquence would have walked him right out of her train. As for James Otis, he is a sort of bright myth. To be sure, as he argued the famous "Writs of Assistance" in the old State-house in Boston, Adams felt that "that day the child Independence was born," but with what agonies of eloquence the parturition was achieved, we really know as little accurately, as we know how Otis himself felt, when the lightning struck him dead, as he walked, on that fatal summer's day.

Indeed, therefore, we must place Henry Clay first on the American Forum. And if a Ciceronian culture had fallen to his lot, we think that here among us, the scenes of Athens and of Pericles might possibly have been repeated, and the "Lost Art" of Oratory might have rolled back upon us, like recollected music. Would it had been so! For even now, we might be placing in our Pantheon of the forgotten men of the Republic, a statue worthy to stand by the side of the great twin brethren of eloquence—the pride of the Grecian Bema, and the ornament of the Roman Forum.

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#### THE CZAR AND THE SULTAN.

EVERY summer a series of military manoeuvres is executed in Russia, which as nearly as possible resembles actual warfare. The Czar takes command of an army of twenty thousand men, and the Grand Duke Alexander of another army of equal size. They fight mimic battles—the losing party (which is always the Grand Duke's!) retreats—is pursued to its quarters—the camp is stormed, and the war terminates amid the roar of cannon, the explosion of mines, and the blaze of bonfires.

This extraordinary but characteristic pastime of the Emperor's occupies about ten days, and attracts many visitors from England and the Continent. If they are

military men, whatever be their nation, they are entertained at the Czar's expense, furnished with horses and servants, and have every facility afforded them to behold and admire the discipline of the troops and the tactics of the generals.

It was at one of these manoeuvres that I first saw the Czar. The army was on the march, and we had taken horses at Sarskaselo to follow it. We first overtook bands of peasants with carts laden with wood and provisions for the troops; long lines of baggage and ammunition wagons guarded by detachments of infantry, carriages containing dozing officers inside, their chargers, snorting and prancing, led behind. We next came up with the rear

guard, pontoon trains, heavy dragoons with helmets and cuirasses of polished steel, gaily dressed hussars, rumbling artillery, rank and file of foot soldiers plodding along, tired and dusty.

There was a halt at a cross road to wait for orders. Many soldiers, and horses too, threw themselves upon the ground to rest; a scouting party of Don Cossacks were shoeing their horses at a travelling forge,—tall, fierce-looking men, dressed in plain blue, with wild, rough steeds. As we kept on our course we heard a loud shout of "Gossudar! Gossudar!" (The Lord! the Lord!) our postillion turned the carriage aside; the troops halted. An orderly dashed past at full speed, and close behind, a carriage was whirled along by four galloping horses. It contained two persons, and we were at no loss to distinguish the "Gossudar," the despotic lord of so many millions of subjects. Tall and well made, with no superfluous flesh about him, with a high forehead, piercing gray eyes, and an intellectual face marked with crowsfeet, his appearance would draw attention any where; though he has lost that youthful beauty, which gave him the name of the handsomest man in Europe. He was plainly dressed, with a cloak and military cap, looked fixedly at our party and gave the military salute, by raising his hand to his head, in answer to our uplifted hats. He was on his way to dine at a nobleman's residence near by, and was travelling at his usual rapid rate. Long after we lost sight of the dancing plumes in the out-riding's cap, when the course of the carriage was marked only by a cloud of dust, we could hear the shout of "Gossudar! Gossudar!" caught up by file after file of the soldiery.

There was nothing save this to show the stranger that this was the Emperor; no pomp, no parade; a single attendant and a plain travelling carriage drawn by four posterns. The personal supervision of the troops, the fatigues of the march and the camp constitute his summer pastime. His mode of living is always simple; his dress, on ordinary occasions, a plain military uniform, his equipage when in town a one horse drosky. He is accessible to his subjects and constantly appears in public unattended. His delight is, like the fabled Haroun Alraschid, to visit his subjects in disguise and learn their sentiments and feelings. When omnibuses were first introduced in St. Petersburg, they were voted vulgar and were left to mujiks (serfs). To check this feeling, the Czar rode in one himself

and they at once became the rage. It is said that one night in returning from the opera he took a hack drosky and drove to the public entrance of the Winter Palace. He told the driver to wait and he would send him down the fare by a servant. "That won't do," said the fellow, "that's what all the officers tell me, and I may wait all night and lose my money." "Can you point out any that have served you thus?" said the Emperor. "To be sure I can," was the reply. Nicholas threw him his cloak in pledge, and the servant that brought the money ordered him to appear before the Czar the next day. The trembling serf obeyed, and those whom he pointed out were severely punished for their dishonesty.

On another occasion an *istvostchik* (hack drosky driver) told him he thanked God he did not belong to the Emperor, for in the part of the country he came from, a murrain had destroyed the cattle, and the crown serfs in the neighborhood had suffered great hardships in consequence; but *his* master had sent to a distance, purchased new herds, and supplied all his own serfs. Nicolai (for that is the name which we translate into Nicholas) asked his owner's name, and that night the nobleman was aroused from his bed and summoned before the Emperor. "Alas, Sire," cried he, "what have I done to merit your displeasure?" To his astonishment, he was told he had been sent for to assume one of the chief offices of the empire, that of manager of the crown lands. The Czar told him the account he had heard, and saying, "Treat my serfs as you have treated your own," dismissed him to the enjoyment of his new dignity.

The Emperor is worshipped by the middle and lower classes and dreaded by the nobility. If one will study for a moment the condition of Russia, he cannot but admire the tact and wisdom of the man that controls that vast empire. A French author calls the Russian form of government "a despotism tempered by assassination." Her ruler is surrounded by fierce and haughty nobles, feudal princes, that never have hesitated nor would hesitate to use poison or the knife, when it might further their ambitious aims. The people are corrupt from top to bottom. Bribery is open even in the courts of justice. All, from the highest noble, who receives costly presents to wink at fraud, to the lowest policeman, who opens his palms and shuts his eyes, when the thief thrusts a few kopecks into his hand, are dishonest. Are not the Czar's predilec-

tions for absolute monarchy not alone sincere, but correct, when applied to a people like his? Are such men fit to govern themselves?

The past of Russia is but a day in the History of Europe. It is less than two centuries since Peter the Great ascended the throne. "He made the Russians Europeans, as Philip made the Macedonians Greeks." His success was due, not to his extension of the Russian dominions, but to his concentration of the powers of government. He reduced the overgrown power of the *Boiards*; he disbanded the *Strelitzes*, those *Janissaries* of Europe. He founded St. Petersburg, he built ships and armed and equipped a powerful navy, making Russia for the first time a maritime country; he raised an effective standing army; and more than all, he encouraged science, and introduced the mechanic arts among an almost barbarous people. In 1721, he was crowned Emperor, and was the first who bore the imposing title of "Emperor of all the Russias."

The next great instrument of Russian civilization was Catharine the Great. Both learned and warlike, she drew savans to her court, used every effort to advance the diffusion of knowledge in her dominions, and improved the machinery of government; while she quelled insurrections, and by conquest added 210,000 square miles of fertile land to her territory. Now, Nicholas is pursuing the course that Peter the Great marked out. He has been as vigorous in government as he was anxious to civilize his people.

We condemn his oppression of the Poles, and his interference in the Hungarian war. But while the true-hearted American sees with grief these two great nations reduced to slavery, must he not own that if he occupied the Emperor's position he must have taken the same course? The law of self-preservation is the highest human law. In obedience to its dictates the Poles and Hungarians sought their liberty, and in obedience to the same law Nicholas crushed the spirit of democracy.

It would be impossible for the most far-seeing politician to divine the future of Russia. Her fate must depend upon her rulers. Iron may be welded to iron, but when wood and iron are joined, their connection lasts only with the rivet that holds them together. No one is mad enough to suppose that all the Russias, extending from the North Pole to Persia, and from the Baltic to our own frontier, comprising one seventh of the globe, with a population of 57,000,000, could be

blended together into one great republic Catharine once called together a congress of her subjects at Moscow to devise general laws for her people. It represented *twenty-seven* different nations, speaking as many different languages, and after a few vain attempts at organization broke up in confusion. Imagine the stolid *Esthonian* fraternizing at the polls with the fiery *Don Cossack*, or the rude fisherman of Finland, or still ruder *Kamtschatkan* glorifying the double-headed eagle in a political speech to the Moslems of the Caucasus!

But let us turn from the frozen seas and dreary steppes of the Czar's domain; let us cross the frontier to the "land of the olive and myrtle," the golden East.

It was on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, that we stepped from the quay of Tophana into a light caique and darted across the sparkling waters of the Golden Horn into the rapid tide of the Bosphorus. It was a day of idleness for all good Mussulmen. Thousands were thronging to the mosques; the water was alive with caiques conveying the inhabitants of Pera or Stamboul to the "sweet waters of Asia," to the heights of Burguloo, or the "Sweet waters of Europe." Suddenly a flash of light from the Asiatic shore, followed by the dull roar of a cannon, proclaims that the Sublime Porte has left his palace to visit the mosque. A large caique darts from beneath the arches of the serai and cuts the water into foam as it heads across the Bosphorus. It is followed by another and another. The echo of the first cannon has hardly died away before a hundred brazen throats reply. The huge Turkish men-of-war that tower above the waters like castles, which, but an instant since, seemed deserted and solitary, now swarm with men. Every spar, from deck to mast-head, bears a living load. The sailors cling to the rigging like bees, and line the bulwarks. The caiques rapidly approach. They are high-prowed boats, painted in white and gold, each propelled at great speed by sixteen stout rowers. A stern, is a crimson canopy, under which recline the Sultan and the officers of state. The train sweeps by, and the roar of cannon is not silenced till the Sultan has landed and entered the mosque.

Thus, on each Mohammedan sabbath through the year, the descendant of the Caliphs and head of the church, visits a different mosque. The prayers lasted about an hour, and, in the mean time, we landed and secured a good position to see Abdul Megid, on his departure. There



was a crowd assembled, a detachment of soldiers was under arms, and five horses saddled and bridled, with housings thickly studded with diamonds, were led up and down to await the choice of their Imperial master. The troops wore dark blue European frock coats, and trowsers, and red fez caps, and had a slouching gait, and awkward look, in their ill-fitting and foreign habiliments.

At last the doors flew open and a crowd of the high officers of state, all in the same plain dress, poured out. When the Sultan came, they surrounded him and gave him the Eastern salutation by touching the hand first to the breast, and then to the cap, and bowing low, a substitute for the ancient custom of prostration. With assistance, the Commander of the Faithful mounted a white steed, who was led quietly to the serai or palace, followed by the officers and the guards, and a band of music. The Sultan is a man of middle height, dressed something after the European fashion, with a pale, melancholy, but fine face. His head drooped on his breast, and his dark eyes gazed vacantly before him, it not being etiquette for him to look at, or show the least recognition of those about him. A man came forward with a paper, some petition, which was taken by an officer, and the cortège passed on. It reminded one of the ancient Egyptian worship of bulls. The animals were deified, their passions gratified, and the priests governed for them. The Sultan is consigned to the pleasures of the harem, and is but a puppet that seems to act and speak what really emanates from his ministers behind the scenes.

As the feeble Abdul Megid, surrounded by pashas and soldiers, attended by bands of music and cringing favorites, riding a steed whose trappings glitter with precious stones, too proud to recognize, even by a glance, the bowing multitude, passes by,

and we remember the vigorous Omar, the second of the Caliphs, who entered Jerusalem, as a victor, seated upon a camel, laden with a bag of fruit, and another of corn, his only provisions, whose only furniture was a wooden platter, his couch the earth, and his canopy a horse-hair tent, we see how nearly pomp is allied with weakness, and simplicity with strength.

The sun of the Ottoman empire rose in splendor, when, in 1300, the robber Emir Osman ravaged Asia Minor, and proclaimed himself Sultan; reached its meridian, when, in 1453 Mohammed the Second crossed the Bosphorus and established his capital in Stamboul; and now when Abdul Megid turns piteously for aid against the Russian invader to the Sovereign of a distant isle in the Northern Ocean, it seems about to sink below the horizon.

Whatever may be our sympathies with the Sultan who sheltered the flying Hungarians, we cannot forget that the Turks have been for centuries the bitterest enemies of Christendom, that the Greeks long groaned under a rule far more galling than Austrian tyranny, that the Mussulman who embraces Christianity is doomed to death, and that this very Sultan is even now the oppressor of millions of Christian subjects.

The Frank who has had stones cast at him in the streets, and tongues thrust out at him in derision as the "Christian dog," who has seen the worse than anarchy of the Turkish Empire, who has been driven with contempt, as an infidel, from the mosque of St. Sophia, once a temple of the true faith, will never regret to see the sceptre torn from the hands of the descendant of the Caliphs, and the last of the Ottomans driven from the territory wrested from Europeans by ruthless conquest, and forced to seek refuge in the desert plains of his Turkoman ancestors.

### STAGE-COACH STORIES.

(Continued from page 219.)

"FRANK, the year before, had had so much difficulty in persuading me to leave Naples, and my regrets at parting with my young friend Rosetta had been so violent, that he, the wisehead, alarmed at my soft-heartedness, had forced me to agree to, and with him in manner and form following; that is to say: If either of

us should thereafter chance to fall in love with any individual of the fair sex, during the remainder of the time of our travels, the other should, by virtue of the compact, have full permission to consider him as *quasi* insane, and to use all proper means for the purpose of rescuing the affected party from any and all entanglements in

which he might become involved by reason of his passion. It was supposed, to be sure, at the time of making this arrangement, that I alone would be likely to receive the benefit of its operation. But as I was slowly undressing for bed, I recalled to mind the terms of the agreement. I determined to avail myself of the rights which it conferred upon me. So I sat down upon a chair, constituted myself a *commission de lunatico inquirendo*, came speedily to a decision that Frank Eliot was not in his right mind, formed an inflexible resolution to save him from the fate of a marriage with the widow, blew out my light and got into bed.

"I proposed to myself a hundred plans as I tossed from side to side, but failed to suggest one that satisfied me—'At all events, Master Frank,' thought I, as I made a final turn over in bed, and seriously addressed myself to slumber, 'Madame La Vigne shall never cut out the Other One, if I can help it. When you marry, your wife shall be a Yankee girl'—and so she was—no less than—but I won't anticipate.

"The next morning I went to the American Legation and got my friend Kane, the attaché, to go down with me to call upon Jack Cathcart, a former college mate of Eliot's and mine, who was, as his parents had every reason to believe by his letters, diligently employed in making himself a scientific physician and surgeon, but, in point of fact, walking the hospitals but semi-occasionally, and seeing Life in Paris very constantly; especially that part of it which is to be seen by gas or lamplight. We found the medical student at his lodgings, sitting at a table in the middle of a very disorderly apartment, making believe eat a late breakfast, and really imbibing soda-water with an exceedingly disconsolate air."

Here the narrator paused, and taking out his watch, looked at it by the moonlight. "I fear, gentlemen," said he, returning it to his pocket, "that a full repetition of the story which I told Judge Walker and Mr. Cranston would consume too much time. Instead, therefore, of relating to you as I did to them the conversation which took place in the council of Eliot's friends, at the lodgings of Mr. Cathcart, I shall content myself with stating merely the conclusion at which that deliberative body ultimately arrived; viz.: that I, being thereto assisted by the potential influence of Mr. Kane, should endeavor to supplant my friend Eliot in the widow's good graces, or, in other words, should try to cut him out. The

few objections to this plan which I at first feebly interposed were speedily overruled. 'It is good faith,' said Mr. Kane 'to act with reference to your compact. The end will justify the means.'

This notable scheme was completely successful, and, in the mean time, so well were affairs managed by the attaché, whose diplomatic tact was truly wonderful, that not until Frank had thrown himself at Madame La Vigne's feet, and his offer of heart and hand had been rejected by her, did he begin to suspect that I was the rival who stood in his way. Even then it happened by the merest chance that my interference in the affair was discovered by him. At first he was frantic with rage and jealousy. He reviled me, accused me of treachery, and finally he sent to my lodgings (for we had separated) a hostile message. At this juncture, however, Mr. Kane undertook the office of mediation, and explained to Frank that my conduct in the matter had been in strict accordance with the advice of what he chose to call a numerous council of friends. He even hinted that the highest officer of the American Legation had been consulted with, and finally, he argued at great length, and with infinite fluency and acuteness, that my intervention in the matter was fully justified, and, in fact, had been required by the terms of the treaty of Naples, and was therefore by no means a *casus belli*. Eliot was at length induced to withdraw his challenge, and before he left Paris, called one evening with Mr. Kane at my lodgings. He had just got a letter from home, he said. His father was ill, and he hardly expected to find him alive. It was evident that the shock of this heavy news had served to dissipate, to a great degree, the mist of enchantment in which he had been bewildered. Once or twice during the interview I thought, from his manner, that he was about to say something which would have healed the breach between us. But he was too proud, I suppose; maybe Kane's presence restrained him; or, perhaps, his disappointment had left his heart too sore. When he rose to go, we shook hands, rather coldly, for I was the one that made the first venture, and he at first hesitated so much that it chilled me. He asked me to call and see him if ever I came to Guildford, and whether I had any letters to send home, bade me 'good bye,' and went away without saying a word about cousin Helen. The next week he sailed from Havre, and two months later found me on board the old Independence, running down St. George's

Channel, and bothering Captain Nye with questions as to how long the trip would probably be.

But, gentlemen, though I refrain from narrating to you at length and in detail the incidents attending my endeavor to save my friend from matrimony, I was less reserved during my ride to Guildford. Upon that occasion I described with great minuteness every scene and recited every conversation. Where the plain truth lacked brilliancy, I was at the trouble to varnish it, and once or twice, indeed, my story was indebted for its piquancy to my imagination. The young ladies on the back seat of the coach, although at times they affected inattention, were nevertheless deeply interested, as I, who closely watched them, did not fail to observe.

"And have you never seen Eliot since?" asked the Judge, when I had concluded.

"Never," I replied.

"Nor cousin Helen?" inquired Cranstons.

"Ah! the worst remains to be told," said I, "About a year after my return home, my mother, one evening, as was her custom whenever she discovered in the newspapers a notice of the death or marriage of anybody she had ever seen or heard of, read aloud to me the announcement that, on such a date, at Guildford, Francis Eliot, Esq. was married to Miss Helen Eliot, both of Guildford. The editor, I think, acknowledged the receipt of cake and wine. I must own that for a moment my heart thumped violently, and I felt a queer choking sensation in my throat, for the sweet face of cousin Helen had never been forgotten. I was suddenly deprived of any available materials for building one of the most charming castles in the air that was ever constructed. My mother handed me the paper but though I pretended to read, there was a blur before my eyes, and I returned it with a slight remark, without having seen the paragraph. At the next Commencement at New Haven, some of the fellows told me that it was no mistake. Frank had indeed married his cousin Helen, an orphan who had been brought up at his father's house. She had a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, though orphan as she was. What became of the Other One I never learned. I suppose Sophie La Vigne cured him of his first love, and then he married cousin Helen to spite me. Behold the reward of faithful friendship!"

"And now is that all?" asked Cranstons, maliciously, as I again concluded.

"Why, sir?" I asked.

"Because, if there's another supple-

ment," said he, "you'll have to hurry. I see the steeples of Guildford yonder."

"That's all, then, sir," I replied, a good deal nettled.

"May I ask," inquired the artist, "what become of Madame La Vigne?"

"I am unable to inform you, sir," was my curt reply; for I saw the cheeks of the ladies dimpling with constrained smiles.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### GUILDFORD.

BEFORE I had fully recovered from the confusion into which I had been plunged by the inopportune queries that followed the conclusion of my narrative, the coach had entered the long village street of Guildford. The Colonel gave a cheering whoop to his horses, and we drove swiftly along the shaded avenue, until, at the end of half a mile, we arrived at the Green, or Public Square. This place was the centre of the town of Guildford; the training ground, the site of the old block-house of the early settlers; and ever since, as now, the grand centre of Guildford county. Stores, shops, and houses in tolerably close neighborhood formed, the four sides of the square, in the middle of which a white-painted post-and-rail fence inclosed a greenswarded area of some two or three acres, crossed in all directions by foot-paths, and thickly shaded by several lofty elms and an undergrowth of maples and horse-chestnuts. Upon this green stood the greater number of the public buildings of Guildford; that is to say,—the Presbyterian Meeting-House, the Court-House, the Academy, the Liberty Pole and the Whipping-Post. The meeting-house was one of the old-fashioned sort, full of small-paned windows, in double rows, with great double-leaved doors in each clapboarded broadside, and on each side of the tower, which stood out from the front gable-end of the structure, and was surmounted by a lofty, tapering spire, shingled from the airy, open belfry to within a few inches of the oversized vane,—a gilded comet, with an immensely long tail. The court-house was an ancient-looking, two-story building, which had been, in its early days, an edifice of no mean architectural pretensions. It stood on the corner of the green nearest the hotel. A broad flight of steps reached from the well-trodden space in front to the wide front door, around which was gathered a little group of idle men, who having, probably, been summoned to attend at the term of court as witnesses or jurors, seemed to consider

it their duty to stay within call of the court-house, from the moment of their arrival at the county-seat.

On one side of the square was a large country store, with a piazza in front, in which were placed for exhibition and sale,—it being the haying season,—bundles of rakes and scythe-snaths, stacks of pitchforks, and a rack full of keen-looking scythes and cradle-blades. Two or three men in shirt-sleeves, blue-mixed cotton trousers, and palm-leaf hats, with the brims turned up behind, were standing about the stoop, handling and examining these tools and chaffering with the clerk, who stood in the door bareheaded, his pen stuck behind his ear, the sleeves of his soiled linen sack turned up, and his hands besmeared with molasses and rum. A few lumber-box wagons encumbered the street in front of the store, the horses standing with drooping heads, thinking over the day's hard work in the hay field, or gnawing and cribbing at the hitching-posts, already half devoured. Three or four village dogs were prowling about, around and under the wagons, apparently asking the news from the rural districts of the farmers' curs, whose minds appeared to be distracted between a desire to be civil and sociable, and a sense of duty with respect to watching the runlets, jugs, codfish, and other contents of the wagons belonging to their respective masters.

This store was also the village post-office, and we paused here a few minutes, while the driver threw off the mail, and dismounted from the stage to carry in a heavy box of whetstones, which had kept company all the way from the city with the artist's tripod on the top of the coach. He tarried but a moment in the store, and as he came out, the fair lady-passenger beckoned to him. "Closer, Colonel;" I heard her say, and I came well nigh conceiving a mortal aversion to that gallant officer when he, putting his foot on the hub of the hind wheel, leant over the rim of it, pitched up the brim of his white hat, and approached his russet cheek so near the red lips of the fair lady, that he must have felt every expiration of her balmy breath, as she rapidly whispered something in his ear. "Hum—hey?—yes—ha—ho—well—'sho—you don't, though—what?—oh, yes—sartinly—jes so—of course—I see—" muttered the Colonel, at short intervals as he listened, the expression of his face meanwhile changing from a look of puzzled wonderment to one of pleased intelligence. "All right," he continued with an emphatic nod, leaning

off the wheel and brushing the dust of the contact from his coat. He then proceeded to roll down the back curtains. "I may as well hev 'em down now, and then they'll be down," said he, "unless you've some objections, ladies." He gave a sly look at the forward seat as he passed the side of the coach on his way to remount his box. The stage started off, and in a minute more we dashed up at a mad gallop in front of the piazza of the tavern, which stood upon another side of the square. The hostler started to open the coach door, but was somewhat rudely repulsed by the Colonel, who had hastily alighted and let down the steps. "Here you are, gentlemen," said the Colonel; "you all stop here, I expect."

The Judge bade the ladies "Good night," and got out first, followed by Cranston, who, intent on catching a last look at the brunette, as he paid his parting salutations, tripped on the steps and fell into the brawny arms of the negro hostler. The daguerreotype man succeeded Cranston, and forthwith concerned himself about the safety of his tripod and other apparatus. It was now my turn, and I prepared to make my exit. But, should I leave without once saying a word to the ladies? It couldn't be thought of "Ahem," said I, therefore, as I rose and prepared to descend the steps. "Good night, ladies; so you do not stop here?" "No, sir," replied the brunette. "I trust we may meet again," said I, looking at the fair lady whose voice I wished to hear addressing me. "Thank you, sir," responded the brunette promptly. "Good night, madam." "Good night, sir." "Good night, madam," I said again, bowing directly and pointedly at the fair lady, who then slightly bowed in return without speaking. "Good night, Lovel," said Cranston; "for I see you don't intend to stop here." I fancied I heard the brunette titter behind her veil. The Colonel, who stood by holding the door, grinned vehemently. I again said "Good night," and descended the steps; I fear, very sheepishly. The Colonel remounted his box and away went the stage, and its two veiled passengers, at a rattling pace down the street, over the brow of a little hill and out of sight.

At the time of the arrival of the stage the landlord was engaged in the bar-room, administering a glass of spiritual consolation to a ragged colored gentleman of thirsty habits, but hearing the clatter of our coming, and espying through the window the exodus of Judge Walker himself from the stage, he cut his cus-

tomers short in an extremely tough and long-winded story, with respect to the number of serpents destroyed at one massacre by the colored gentleman himself, in the neighborhood of his shanty, delightfully situated on the margin of Rattlesnake Swamp, and exhorted him to drink his liquor speedily, and stand out of the way.

"Come, walk in gentlemen," cried the landlord, appearing on the stoop at last, and bowing to us all, but with especial courtesy to the Judge and Cranston; "walk in; supper will be ready right away."

We found the tavern crowded with country lawyers, jurymen, suitors and witnesses, assembled to attend the term of court which was to commence on the first day of the next week. The supper bell rung soon after we had completed our ablutions and brushings, and the motley throng poured into the long dining-room, pushing and struggling, each one striving to be foremost, as if his soul's salvation depended on getting a seat at the table before the others. The Judge, lawyers, and jurymen were, however, happily exempted from mingling in this hazardous rush, having been previously escorted through a side door and directed to seats at the upper end of a long table, and when the doors were opened to admit the multitude, there we sat, in dignity and silence, like the grave and stately Roman patricians, when Brennus and his hordes made their irruption into the Senate Chamber.

Heavens! what a famished people the Guildford county men seemed to be. Beef steaks, pork steaks, veal cutlets, and mutton chops; platters-full of ham and eggs; little mountains of smoking potatoes; huge piles of sliced bread, and cheese, and dried beef; and cold ham, and cold corned beef, stacks of doughnuts, and great heaps of blocks of ginger-bread, dried apple pies and green apple pies, rhubarb, huckleberry, blackberry, currant, and mince pies; all, all vanished, as if by magic, at the touch of the glittering knives and forks so fiercely brandished by the long double row of hungry men that lined the sides of the table. There were a half score of hot, perspiring, distracted-looking young men and maidens, hurrying and scurrying about in all directions, running afoul of each other and against the elbows of the guests, carrying off empty cups and saucers to a side table, where the fat landlord was sweating dreadfully behind two great urns of tea and coffee and then

starting back with cups full freighted and brimming, spilling part of the liquid contents by the way, and half the remainder as they set them hastily down and darted off to answer a new demand upon their services, deaf to entreaties for cream and sugar.

But where there is such great expedition used, much labor is performed in a brief space of time. Fifteen minutes after the ringing of the supper bell, the long table was deserted, except by the Judge and a few members of the bar, and half a dozen of country gentlemen, who had got seats near the head of the table, and lingered to hear the conversation of the lawyers, the anecdotes, and bantering, which style seemed to them the very soul of wit and humor.

After supper, we lighted our cigars, and the Judge, Cranston and myself, strolled out to the coolest end of the long front piazza, where it was shaded by a big button-wood and a grove of thorn locusts, in the garden near by, seated ourselves, and began to describe the events of the day.

"I wonder who those ladies could be?" said Cranston.

"The dark-eyed one particularly, I suppose," remarked the Judge; "and I suppose Lovel would give his ears to know the name and residence of the lady with blue eyes."

"Don't you know them, then, Judge?" said I. "According to Cranston, if they're Guildford girls, you should be extremely intimate?"

"Never saw them before, that I know of," replied the Judge.

"I tried to catch a sight of the corners of their pocket-handkerchiefs all the afternoon," said Cranston; "but it was of no use. However, there were the initials 'M. S.' on the end of one of the trunks in the boot."

"I say, Deacon," cried the Judge, addressing the landlord, who stood at a little distance, talking with the driver, "come here a moment. My young friends here are anxious to find out who those ladies were in the stage this afternoon; perhaps you can tell them."

"Gals in the stage, eh? Was they gals or wimmen?" inquired the Deacon.

"Young women-girls," replied the Judge.

"Well, raly, Judge," said the landlord, wiping his bald head with a red bandanna, "when the stage driv up I was in the bar-room, a tendin' on a pesky nigger, as a'erwards cleared out without payin'. I wouldn't ha' cared ef the lazy skunk had ony turned tu, and helped us about ker-

ryin the baggage in.—No, Judge, I didn't see a soul in the stage. I raly can't inform you. Why don't you ask the kurnel? Hello! look here, Kurnel! Step this way—the Judge wants to ask you who—”

“Hush! Deacon,” said the Judge, hastily, in confusion at having our curiosity imputed to him before the crowd within hearing.

“Well, Judge, what is it?” inquired the smiling Colonel, advancing to where we were sitting.

“Come, do your own questioning, gentlemen,” said Judge Walker.

“I'll ask for him,” said Cranston. “My bashful young friend here,” he continued, addressing the Colonel, and nodding at me, “seems somewhat curious to know who those ladies are that came out with us in the stage this afternoon.”

“Well,” replied the worthy driver, taking a straw that he had been chewing from his mouth, and, at the same time, giving me a short, sharp, merry glance from the corner of his shrewd, gray eye. “Well, I s'pose I orter know, that's a fact; but I'm all-fired forgetful about names; and there's so many folks I drive over the road, that I find I get a good deal confused about faces. Didn't you see 'em, Deacon?”

“No,” replied the landlord, upon whose mind the defalcation of the colored gentleman seemed to have made a deep impression. “I was in the bar-room when the stage come up, a gettin' cheated by that everlastin', mean coot of a Jake Spicer, and you driv off a good deal quicker 'n common. It's raly strange you don't know 'em, Kurnel, I du say!”

“I dunno but 'tis,” said the Colonel; “and I don't say but what I du *know* 'em, but a feller can't allus be expected to call folks by name that he actilly does know.”

“Ef I ever du kitch him on the primises agin, by the life of Pharo! I'll take his black pelt right off,” remarked the Deacon, evidently soliloquizing about the defaulting colored gentleman.

“Where did you leave them?” inquired the Judge.

“Jest down to the foot o' the hill a piece,” replied the driver, “Hello! there's a feller I've got tu speak tu about some oats,” he continued, starting suddenly off towards a farmer-like looking man that was passing by in a lumber box wagon, and following him around the corner.

“Egad!” said Cranston, biting off the end of his cigar, and spitting it out spitefully, as the Deacon also turned away.

“I'd like to have that driver on the stand, under oath, a few minutes. If I wouldn't make him tell who those girls are, to their middle initials, there isn't any science in cross-questioning. He knows as well as the Lord that made 'em.”

At this moment a lawyer of the county joined our group, and with the Judge and Cranston very soon fell into a discussion concerning the merits of a certain statute, recently passed, regulating a matter of practice. I soon grew tired of the learned debate, and, leaving my chair to another of my professional brethren, who came up to listen, I threw away my cigar, and sauntered into the house. I found the artist alone in the parlor, trying, in spite of the annoyance occasioned by two or three bedazzled and infatuated millers, to read, by the light of a flaring lamp, an odd volume of Josephus that he had picked up from the mantel-piece, where it usually lay, the companion of a dusty Bible and an odd volume of Rollin's Ancient History. It suddenly occurred to me that the artist had been in the stage before any of the rest of us, and might therefore know more of the ladies. At least, he may be able to tell where the stage took them up. “I'll ask him,” thought I.

“It's very warm, sir,” said I aloud, by way of opening the conversation, as I lounged into a rocking-chair, and commenced using a palm-caffan.

“Remarkably,” replied the artist. “It's what you call oppressive this evening.”

“I'll send for something refreshing,” said I; “pray what do you prefer?”

“A brandy punch, now,” suggested the artist, apparently gratified by my sudden affability.

So I waylaid a chambermaid in the hall and sent to the bar for two punches.

“We had a beautiful ride from the city to-day, Mister —,” said I, coming back into the parlor again.

“Fitzhoward,” said the artist, supplying the name. “Yes,” he continued, “we had a remarkably pleasant time. I was really remarkably interested in your—a—history.”

“The presence of ladies always makes a journey agreeable,” said I.

“Remarkably,” returned the artist, “especially if the weather is pleasant; but if it rains, and you have to ride outside to give them room, it's remarkably tedious.”

“By the by, do you know who those ladies are that were in the stage to-day?” I asked carelessly.

“Then you didn't find out by the driver,” said the artist, who, it seems, had

partially overheard through the window our conversation on the stoop.

"No, sir," said I, somewhat stiffly, for the landlord came in while the artist was speaking, with a pitcher of punch and two glasses on a tray.

"Evenin' agin, gentlemen;" said the worthy Deacon. "I thought I'd bring the punch myself, to see whether I'd made it to suit."

"Try some of it," I suggested.

"I declare it *is* good," said he. "I raly wish, Squire, that I could find out for you who them gals is. It kind o' worries me, myself, that's a fact. I hate amazingly tu hev any thing happen that I can't see intu; and there's suthin so mysterious about this, that I can't see intu't a speck."

"Oh, never mind; it's of no consequence," said I, affecting indifference, the while noticing that the artist stealthily regarded me with a look, the precise expression of which I was at a loss to comprehend.

"Les see," said the Deacon, heedless of my disclaimer; "the Kurnel said, you know, that he left 'em down at the foot o' the hill, as we call it, though 'tan't no great fer a hill neither—yes—well—the first house is Captain Bill Smith's, jest at the right hand as you go down. I've been a talkin' with my wife, Miss Curtiss, about it; fer, as I said, it kep in my mind and sort o' worried me, who the Kurnel should leave here in the village, and not know suthin about 'em. 'Who on airth can it be?' says I to her. 'I dunno,' says Miss Curtiss, says she; 'but you say that the Kurnel left 'em down the hill, and I expect it must be Mary Smith'—that's Captain Bill's daughter you see, Squire—'for she was expected hum about to-day,' so Miss Curtiss said, and mab-y'd bring a cousin hum with her from the city where she'd been a visitin."

"Very likely Mrs. Curtiss was right, then," said I.

"Like enough," said the Deacon; "but what on airth, and that's what I said to Miss Curtiss, what on airth did the Kurnel act so pesky clus and private about it, ef 'twas Mary Smith?—'Why,' says Miss Curtiss, says she, 'you know, Deacon Curtiss, that the Kurnel is one of the most allurin' creturs that ever drew breath'—and Miss Curtiss is right there too, for when that feller does get a kink, he's up to all sorts of hoaxes and burleskews that ever a livin' cretur was in the world. But what on airth he wanted to be so dreadful secret for, when he knows Mary Smith as well as he does his own daughter"

—and here the Deacon, whose curiosity was evidently in a state of intense excitement, paused and had recourse once more to the broad-brimmed hat.

I had, of course, become pretty well convinced in my own mind that one of these ladies, the fair one, I felt sure, was, must be, Miss Mary Smith. I called to mind her whispered conversation with the driver, the evident desire of both ladies to keep veiled—I remembered that one of the trunks was marked M. S. "Egad!" said I, "they saw us young fellows staring at them; detected and baffled Cranston's endeavors to see the marking on their handkerchiefs. Miss Smith probably felt a little miffed at what Cranston said of the bright lookout that Guildford girls kept for beaux, and cautioned the driver against telling her name; made him roll down the curtains so as not to be recognized by the idlers on the stoop, and caused her cousin to say 'good bye' for both, so that none but a strange voice should be heard by the hostler, or whoever else might be standing near."

"Then, agin," remarked the Deacon after a pause, "it's a good deal like one of Mary Smith's tricks; she allus was full of the white hoss and—" here the Deacon suddenly checked himself in full career, and nodding towards the artist, exclaimed emphatically, "Why! what a dumb fool!"

"Sir!" cried the artist, reddening, and evidently appropriating the compliment to himself.

"I be," added the Deacon, eking out his sentence. "I've a right tu say so, I suppose, and it's a fact. Why, Mr. Fitzhaward! ef 'twas Mary Smith, you must ha' known her, speakin' of her tricks put me in mind, you know—"

"Yes, yes;" cried the artist hurriedly, "but I never saw her."

"Sho! no you didn't, come to think on't; though I never did exactly understand how that was managed, only they du say—"

"Who says?" asked the artist, interrupting.

"Why, the Kurnel, and Bob Williston and them; I've heerd 'em laugh about it, and say—"

"There'll be laughing on the other side of their mouths, I guess, before the week is out," cried the artist in a spiteful tone.

"Well, well, I thinks likely," said the Deacon soothingly, and winking facetiously at me; "'let them laugh that wins,' is a first-rate motto, and ef you win all you claim, you'll hev a good right to laugh like a hoss."

"Yes, sir-ee!" cried the artist emphatically, whose irritation seemed greatly mollified by the landlord's last remark.

The Deacon again winked at me, and seemed hugely tickled; but the humor was entirely lost on me.

"I'm sure, though, it must ha' been her," said the Deacon, picking the wick of the lamp with the blade of his jack-knife, and then wiping it on his hair.

"Is she a blonde or a brunette?" asked the artist after a while.

"A what?" said the Deacon.

"Is she fair—light?" said I, by way of explanation.

"Oh—oh yes," replied the Deacon, "I'm a little hard o' hearin'—well, yes, purty fair, purty fair; more'n middlin'; and as fer heft, say a hundred and fifteen or twenty; gals aint so heavy as they look, allus."

At this moment the pretty chambermaid opened the parlor door, and called the Deacon.

The artist having grown tedious, I wished him good night, and went up to my room, and began to look over my brief in the cause I was to try on the morrow. I must own, however, that in spite of the efforts which I put forth for the purpose of fixing my attention on matters and things pertinent to the issue of Peck vs. Harris, the image of the fair Miss Mary Smith would often obtrude itself, in the most bewildering manner, between my eyes and the pages of manuscript, that, but two short weeks before, had, in the solitude of my office, at home, completely absorbed my attention for several days. Finally I gathered up my papers, put them into the drawer of my toilet-stand, and dismissed the case of Peck vs. Harris from further consideration at that time.

"I believe I'm in love," said I, as I threw myself into a rocking-chair by the window; and then, to test the matter, I tried to fancy myself departing from Guildford, after a sixty hours' sojourn, without having seen Miss Smith; and leaving Cranston behind, with the prospect dawning on his horizon, of speedily forming an acquaintanceship with that lady, and with abundant opportunities and full purpose of improving the same indefinitely during the term of court. These reflections I found to be exceedingly distasteful; whereupon I reversed the picture, sent Cranston away in the stage with the Colonel, and, being presented to Miss Smith at a party the same evening, became very intimate with her in a most indecorous and marvellously short space

of time, rode out with her the next morning, made a long call on her the evening thereafter, and, before I knew it, I was, in imagination, kneeling at her feet, and listening with throbbing heart and eager delighted ears, to a half-audible responsive admission of undying affection—whereupon I drew this inference; that I certainly was in love; and instead of being dismayed at this discovery, I recollect snapping my fingers in a sort of ecstasy, and on looking out of the window and seeing Cranston promenading alone on the piazza below, smoking a cigar, and humming an opera tune between his teeth, and his paroxysms of expectation, I experienced a compassion for him, until I remembered that he was not going off the next Tuesday, my dreams to the contrary notwithstanding; but that he was to stay at Guildford during the whole term, whereas, in fact, it was I that had intended to leave that morning; that I had announced this intention, and had no reasonable excuse for any delay beyond that time.

"I'll be hanged if I do go, though," thought I, bringing my fist down with violence on the window-sill—Cranston looked up.

"Have you found her out yet?" he asked, coming beneath the window, and speaking in a whisper.

I made no reply.

"Hey?" said he.

"I didn't say any thing," said I.

"Well," resumed Cranston, "I'm posted up. I'll tell you all about it in the morning—I'm walking out here and composing a sonnet to her dark eyes."

Just at this moment there came a modest knock at my chamber door, and on going to open it I found the landlord, his face beaming with oily perspiration, and a mysterious expression.

"I beg your pardon, Squire," said he, "but I see a light in your room, and I thought I'd come up a minute and tell ye."

"Come in then," said I, a little annoyed.

"It's her, there aint a doubt; Miss Curtiss says," whispered the Deacon, coming in on tiptoe.

"Is it?" said I, with an indifferent air; but it must be remembered that I had come to the same conclusion an hour before.

"Then tu think of that are Fitzhoward's ridin' down all the way from the city with her! Creation! I should a thought she'd a split."

"Why so?" I asked.



"Oh! because she's the masterest hand for fun and carryin' on that ever ye see, I expect; and she must a known him, though it seems he didn't know her, sartin. Ye see, he was here and staid six weeks or two months last summer, takin' picters, and he undertook to shin up to Miss Jemima Smith, Cap'n Bill's sister, a reglar old maid as ever ye see, and they du say, the old cretur actilly agreed to marry him; but it was all kep secret as a hen stealin' a nest, from the Cap'n, until Mary got home from the Springs and about, where she'd been all summer a travellin' round with the Eliots; but jist as soon as she got home, she larnt all about it, and the upshot was that the same night, or the next night, I dunno which, but Miss Curtiss knows and can tell ye all about it, the feller was round serenadin', or suthin', and Cap'n Bill sot his dog on him and gin him Aleck, and the feller turned round and brought a breach of promise suit agin the hull family, the Kurnel says, dog and all, and it's to be tried this tarm, and that's what he's here for now."

Of course the last cloud of doubt exhaled in the light of the deacon's explanation, and the identity of the fair lady passenger and Miss Mary Smith was clearly manifest.

"But it's the queerest thing on airth," continued the deacon, "why the Kurnel kep so clus about tellin'."

I didn't think so. On the contrary, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world that Mary Smith should wish to let Mr. Fitzhoward remain in ignorance of the fact that he had ridden with her in the stage from the city. "That accounts for the fun the girls had to themselves," thought I, "and, by Jove! after we get better acquainted will have a laugh in which I can join."

"The dumbdest queerest thing," muttered the deacon, rubbing his head.

"So Miss Smith is rather given to high spirits, is she?" said I, affecting a yawn, by way of a hint; for I was getting a little weary of the deacon, who, stupid

fellow, had fallen into a brown study on the subject of the Colonel's most transparent motives for secrecy.

"The beatinest cretur for carryin' on that ever ye see," replied the deacon, waking up. "The Kurnel says she's a hull team and a hoss to let, besides a big dog under the waggin. I heerd him say so myself, last spring, when she driv Squire Eliot's Morgan colt through the streets, the first time he was ever in harness, to go out of the yard at any rate. She got Simon Adams, the squire's hired man, to put him intu the buggy, and what does she do, before he knows it, but takes the lines right out of his hand, and gets in and drives right up the hill, and round the square, and back agin, and the way she handled that are colt was surprisin'. The sowin' circle didn't talk of nothin' else for a fortnit, so Miss Curtiss said, and she orter tu know, for she allus goes, no matter of the house is full o' company and runnin' over; though I often tell her, that though I'm in favor of the heathen, I don't believe they'll suffer, in them warm climits, ef they go without woollen jackets and yarn stockings and mittins a day or two, while she's tendin tu company tu hum. But she says it's a dooty, and she can't in conscience neglect it, and so she goes all weathers. Yes, I tell *you*, squire, Mary Smith's one on 'em now. She bosses Cap'n Bill, and that's a pretty considerable of a chore when he's rampin.

"I expect I've been a keepin' ye up, squire."

So, bidding good night again, as he softly turned the handle of the door, audibly wondering "what on airth could make the Kurnel so dumb?" the deacon departed.

"Just to think of that lovely creature breaking a colt," thought I, as I bolted the door and again sat down in the rocking chair.

"But she had fire in that dark blue eye of hers," said I, aloud, unlacing my patent leathers—"And such eyes," I added, untying my cravat.

(To be continued.)

## WHAT WE HAVE TO DO WITH THE EASTERN QUESTION.

A DISTINGUISHED editor, who is also a general, in certain letters from London addressed to his readers, takes it for granted that the Americans are all on the side of England and France, in the great European controversy now raging, and urges them to give some visible expression of their sympathies. Now it is quite natural that one who eats the mutton of British ministers, and lives in the focus of a warlike excitement, should speak and urge in this wise; but we, who are away from the field of action, who are not permitted to see how lovingly the dapper guards of the saloon take the huge paws of the street-sweepers, and press them with all the fervor of a common enthusiasm, may consider the matter with more coolness, and, like the mouse in the fable, suggest modestly whether there may not be a cat in the meal tub.

It is, no doubt, of considerable importance to England that America should think well of her present movements; we believe, too, that any little contribution of ours in the way of sympathy or active assistance, will be thankfully received by Lord Clarendon, Louis Napoleon, and a good many others, yet we are not so clear in the conviction that it would be quite so well for America to take up their cudgels. We cannot discover, either in the motives of the original dispute, avowed or concealed, or in the characters of the chief parties to it, or in the objects of the powerful Alliance which has taken the quarrel upon itself, any causes that ought to move us to so much as even a sympathetic participation in the *melée*. Remote as we are from the theatre of trouble, disdaining as we do, the selfish, petty, and malignant policy of the foreign dynasties, holding in equal contempt and abhorrence the principles of despotism, whether the machinery be controlled by a Czar, a Sultan, a usurping Emperor, an hereditary aristocracy, or a corrupt mass of bureaucrats,—we are at liberty to treat their squabbles with the utmost indifference, or to mingle in them only so far as it may advance our own solid interests, or our own distinctive principles, or give an impulse to the civilization of the world.

The ostensible grounds of dispute between Russia and Turkey at the outset were,—the demands of the former, for a more efficient protection by the latter, of a few lazy and dirty Greek priests in the

Holy Land,—of a guaranty for the security of the Russo-Greek church in Turkey,—and for the expulsion of political refugees harbored at Constantinople and other places. As the Porte had already guaranteed to France, in behalf of the Latin Church, the restoration of the key to the principal gate at Bethlehem; and had replaced, at the same instance, a certain silver star in the grotto of the Nativity, with a Latin inscription (which had been displaced in 1847); and had consented that the cupola over the Sacred Sepulchre should be constructed in the ancient and not in the Byzantine order of architecture;—and as, moreover, the Porte had granted to Austria, consequent upon the Montenegrin insurrection of which she complained—the harbor of Kleeck and the Sutorian ports, with a control of the Bosnian Catholics, and a few commercial facilities,—while at the same time the Sultan was getting more and more thick, as the schoolboys say, with the clever English ambassador,—Russia supposed it a good opportunity for asserting some of her own old claims of a similar character. She accordingly sent Prince Menchikoff to Constantinople, to make a parade of the following points: “Look you! oh Sultan Medul Abjid, illustrious Padisha of all the Mohammedan faithful,—my august master Nicholas, the transparent protector of all the true believers of Græco-Christendom, not wishing that France or England should take the wind out of his sails, demands these things: 1st, a common possession with the Latin believers of the key of the gate at Bethlehem, of the silver star on the subterranean altar, and of the rites of worship, with a supremacy over all interlopers; 2d, the immediate repair of the cupola of the sepulchre, which lets the rain in on the bare heads of the devout, and the walling up or destruction of certain harems which overlook that sepulchre, sometimes to the scandal of the monks and pilgrims; and 3dly, and finally, a Sened or convention for the guaranty of the privileges of all the Catholic Greek worshippers and their priests and their sanctuaries, both in Turkey and in the East.” “But,” added the good Menchikoff, “since you have been considerably remiss in this part of your duties hitherto, my august master proposes to take most of the trouble off your hands and see to it himself!” To which the Padisha, the mighty and the illustrious! through his

chief Vizier for Foreign Affairs—may he always be blessed! replied, “that there was nobody in the world for whom he, the Father of the Faithful, had an intenser admiration and respect than for his amiable friend, the most Pious Autocrat, Guardian and Protector of all the Russians, but that he could hardly consent to his demands. As for the Holy Shrines and Holy Places, he had attended to them as well as he could, considering the several classes of vagabonds, lay and clerical, with whom he had to deal, and, as to the Christians, he had always taken the best care of them, even to cutting their heads off when they were refractory, and he always meant to, being very much obliged meanwhile to his illustrious Brother, for his kind intentions and offers of assistance,—but he had rather not, if it were all the same to him. Besides, the internal affairs of Turkey were in his keeping, and he would thank his illustrious Brother, with the profoundest deference, if he would just mind his own business.” Menchikoff, then, in the blandest way, requested precisely the same things, only in different terms, and the Sultan made precisely the same answer, only in different terms. Menchikoff got huffy, and threatened to go home,—the ambassador of Austria thought he had better not: Count Nesselrode wrote a plaintive yet furious despatch to all the foreign governments, calling the Sultan names, and threatening to trounce him if he did not come to reason in eight days: France replied spunkily that there were two who could play at trouncing, and that the good Sultan was his friend: England remarked; “Gentlemen, do not let us tread upon each other, there is enough of Turkey for all of us, and let us have an amicable talk over the whole matter.” They accordingly went to work at Vienna and talked,—and then they talked again,—talked for a whole year,—and first Abdul Mejid wouldn’t, and then Nicholas wouldn’t,—and, finally, neither of them would,—and so they all ordered out their gunboats for a free and general fight. France and England, that had never before done any thing but void their superfluous rheum in each other’s faces, shook hands like brothers, fell upon each other’s necks, swore a lasting friendship—swore that they would never more allude to Waterloo or to *Perfide Albion*, and sent their fleets into the Baltic and Black Seas, where we will leave them for the present.

These are the ostensible grounds, we say, of the controversy, as they strike an independent observer, who simply

reads the documents and the journals; but it is to be confessed, at the same time, that, as in so many other disputes, the outward pretexes are only guys or coverings for a real and serious secret hostility. Every body who has read the history of the last fifty years, is aware, that the “Eastern Question” is not a question of recent date. It is as old as the century at least, and, in various shapes, now breaking out as a question of maritime jurisdiction in the Black Sea, now as a question concerning the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and now again as to the respective rights of the worthless and do-nothing churches of Jerusalem,—involves a complicated theory of politics, and a profound antagonism of interests and principles. Standing between Europe and Asia,—as an oriental European power,—with a government borrowed from the Caliphs and a religion borrowed from Mohammed,—Turkey forms the barrier to the eastward progress of Christian commerce and civilization. It is, therefore, the seat of battle and intrigue to all those western powers, whose simulated zeal for religion, and real zeal for “proviand,” leads them to covet that mysterious and dazzling abstraction called The East, which, from the earliest time, has had a strange power in captivating the imaginations and bewildering the judgments of rulers. No Crockford’s or Pat Hearn’s was ever a more desperate scene of play than Constantinople has been. The ambassadors of every power gather there, as the sporting-gentlemen and *legs* gather in the betting-houses of London, or round a sweat-cloth at a race-course. Every one is loud in professing his attachment to the Porte, and every one alternately uses the Porte as the cat’s-paw of his own rapacious designs. Ready at all times, too, for any reckless foray, any scheme of warlike aggression, while they are too proud and foolish to discover their own abasement, the Osmanlis have been just the tools to be used. Now, France would inflame their resentment against the Muscovite, and then the Muscovite would stir them up against France. England would impel them one way, to check the advances of Russia, and Russia threaten them another, to embarrass the commerce of England. But the uniform and remarkable result of every movement, of every battle, whether instigated by others, or undertaken of their own savage ferocity, has been a loss of some part of their territory. Conquerors or conquered, these infatuated noddles always managed to make a cession of lands to the enemy. They fought

Peter the Great, and gave him Transylvania; they fought Venice, and gave her the Morea; they fought Poland and restored Podolia and the Ukraine; they fought Austria and surrendered Belgrade and a part of Wallachia, and Servia; they fought the Empress Catharine and yielded the free navigation of the Turkish seas and the passage of the Dardanelles; they fought Mehemet Ali and left him Egypt; they fought Alexander and presented him the mouth of the Danube;—and they fought Nicholas, and handed over to him the fortresses of Asia; in short, the Turks, with every struggle, vigorous as it may have been, and brilliant as the warlike qualities which they displayed, shook off some portion of their own dominions and found themselves weaker from the effort. Yet, all their treaties with foreign powers have guaranteed the integrity of their empire. "The Integrity of the Ottoman Empire" has been the shibboleth, from the beginning, of every one of their allies. A more sounding yet hollow pretence was never urged; for while every European nation agreed to it, as a check upon every other nation, and a cloak for its own designs,—every nation was the more busily plotting in consequence of it, for a slice of the common spoil!

This famous "eastern question," then, is a long-continued scuffle between the great powers for an extension of Empire. Russia especially, from the acquisition of Azof by Peter the Great, has had no other ambition in her thousand and one interferences with Turkey. Her recent scruples in regard to the Holy Shrines and the protection of the Greek Christians, have been the veriest rigmarole conceivable—the most transparent duplicity. And now that the battle is about to be joined with England and France, and it is found necessary to defend her course, she openly confesses that religious zeal was only one of her motives. An official article in the *Journal de St. Peterbourg*, replying to Lord John Russell's speech in the House of Commons, declares that it was the impression of the Czar long since, and before Menchikoff negotiated, that Turkey had been harassed to death and that it was time for him and the other sovereigns to look out for the pieces. "Let England," he says, in his magnanimity, "take a wing, and France a leg, and the smaller powers some of the feathers, while, as for me, I shall be satisfied with the other leg, the other wing, both sidebones, and a piece of the breast." Illustrious Czar! It would have been more

manly, we think, to announce this prospective division, at the outset of the game—to enter openly upon the negotiation as Catharine and Joseph did when they met on the Wolga, eighty years ago—but honesty, as we have seen, is not the prevailing weakness of those who conduct the "Eastern Question."

Is it not obvious now, from this view of the origin and progress of the existing war, that the American people can have no sympathy with any of its motives or objects? But can they have any more with the characters of either of the principal combatants? An effort, we know, is made by the English press, and by some of our own journals,—who too often, alas! merely reflect the sentiments,—or if not the sentiments, the one-sided information, of that press,—to enlist our feelings in behalf of the Turks. But who are the Turks? A race of lazy, corrupt, truculent and semi-barbarous Mohammedans, who cherish a rooted aversion to all the arts of civilized life, and an inveterate hatred of Christianity. Since their first appearance on the plains of Europe, their whole career has been marked, first by brutal conquests, and secondly, by a rotting and sensual indolence. Lamartine said truly, that "the Turks for four centuries had been merely *encamped* in Europe," for their stay there has not been one of residence but of military possession. Appropriating to themselves by violence, one of the most beautiful and fertile regions of the globe,—a region whose soil is as productive as that of the United States, and whose climate is as genial as that of Italy,—surrounded by seas, intersected by rivers,—rolling up from the richest valleys into fine wood-crested mountains,—abounding in mines of copper, silver, iron and salt,—yielding to the first touch of the rudest plough, plentiful harvests of the cereals, of cotton, of tobacco, and of fruits which range from the olive and pomegranate of the South, to the apple and cherry of the North,—furnished to luxuriance with aromatic shrubs and useful plants,—and supporting by its luscious pastures the best breeds of cattle in Europe,—what use have the Turks made of it all to justify their stewardship? What has the Mussulman returned for the ten talents Providence committed to his care? What new culture has he introduced; what arts has he discovered or improved, what inroads has he made upon the unfriendly influences of nature; what wilderness has he reclaimed, what marsh redeemed, what hostile sea disarmed; what distant regions

has he connected by roads, what desert coasts planted with commerce, what naked backs supplied with new products of manufacture? None! His ceaseless and entire activity has been that of war. He has hated and despised industry with a perfect hatred. He has not only remained without improvement, but he has retrograded. The arts and manufactures,—the edifices and public works,—“precious donations of former Christian generations,”—which he found at the conquest of the Eastern Empire, he has neglected or destroyed,—the jets of trade, which from time to time have sprung up, under the attraction of foreign example or the pressure of local and domestic want,—he has suppressed, and none but the most desultory, precarious, and rude species of industry have been suffered to live under his hands. His government, a fierce and unmitigated military despotism,—his religion, a fanatical and brutal fatalism, disclaiming every impulse of tolerance and every weapon of propagation but the sword,—he has degenerated, under a mingled tyranny and self-corruption until he has become the poorest, the least vital, and the most unpromising race in Europe. Struggling all his life to introduce a baneful superstition into the West, resisting with determined bigotry all the better influences of the West, there is surely nothing in his history or character to conciliate our good will or maintain our respect. We do not deny, that he has the virtues of a semi-barbarous people; we do not forget that his hospitality was nobly extended to the exiled Hungarians; but we cannot find in his rare and single instances of greatness,—an apology for his long-protracted career of carnage and oppression. We strive to recall the good that he may have done to the world, but, in the midst of the effort, and before we are aware, images rise before us, of bloody cimeters flashing terror through the darkness of unhappy Greece, and of armed horsemen scouring the plains of Egypt like a hot wind from the desert. Turkey may have suffered wrong at the hands of Russia,—and God forbid us from wishing her evil on account of her past transgressions,—but do not, ‘an’ you love us,’ do not call upon us for any special admiration of the Turks. Let them fight their own battles, if they will—but ask no Christian man to lend them a finger of help! No! the wails of Scio still ring in our ears, and the manes of Bozzaris are yet unappeased!

You will, perhaps, reply that Turks are as good as the Russians any day, as wise,

as pure, as tolerant, as industrious, and as agreeable to their fellow-men; but, we rejoin emphatically that they are not. The government of Russia is an abominable absolutism, we admit,—atrociously inhuman in its principles and its effects; and the people of Russia are very much imbruted and shrivelled by the practical workings of that absolutism; yet, as a race, the Russians are alive, vigorous, hearty, progressive. Next to the Americans they are the most “go-ahead” nation on the face of the earth. They are growing faster in population, in commerce, in manufactures and art, in all the elements of civilization, despite the obstacles raised by tyranny, than any other people on the continent. While other nations are retrograding, or remain stationary, or increase only by imperceptible degrees, the Russian race discovers a vitality like that of the old Norman or Anglo-Saxon races. It is perpetually doing something for itself or for others; it does not rot in its hole; but it is pushing forward innumerable works of internal or self-amelioration, and for the external redemption of warlike tribes. A vast, almost chaotic mass of savages, one century since,—unheard of in the politics of Europe,—contending against a niggardly soil, a rigorous climate, anarchical government and enemies on all sides,—the Muscovites have made themselves, not only a most formidable military power, but what is better, they have worked out a gigantic and growing civilization. They have built cities, founded fleets, developed agriculture, fostered manufactures, introduced the sciences, the fine arts and *belles-lettres*,—and, in short, appropriated to themselves, in large measures, whatever was good and great in the civil and social life of Europe. It is true, that they have done much of this by means of an imperious domination; that, in their march to the goal they have set themselves, they have rudely trampled on many a noble and generous, many a gentle spirit; that they have crushed to the earth the Tartars, the Poles, and the Georgians who stood in their way; that they have peopled the distant frozen zones of Siberia with the victims of their statecraft and policy,—our hearts loathe them utterly for it,—but our reason tells us, at the same time, that this trenchant crushing despotism is but an incident in their course—an ugly and venomous but necessary feature of their transitional development, out of Oriental wildness into European culture; and that they will themselves, sooner or later, throw it off, and then stand before

mankind as a regenerated and grand people, prepared to take part in the great work of redeeming and infusing new life into the stagnant, filthy, and debased realms of Asia and Europe.

This last suggestion, however, is aside, and we mean simply to say, that so far as the interests of other nations are concerned, of ourselves among the rest, we ought to look with favor rather upon the progress of Russia, than upon the corrupting immobility and decay of Turkey. A huge hullabaloo is raised by the unenterprising and drowsy nations of Europe,—laggards and drones who are willing to see the earth revert to primitive rocks and barren sands,—about the territorial aggressions of Russia. They represent her as the very demon of devouring conquest. They point to Crim-Tartary, to Finland, to Poland, to Sweden, to Persia, to Bessarabia, to the Crimea, to the Baltic provinces, in proof of her omnivorous ambition, and they shout "Beware of the tremendous beast which is swallowing up the globe." But we Americans know something of this subject of aggression: we have been roundly abused for it the world over ourselves; and we are not easily frightened, in consequence, by the cry of "wolf." We are willing that other nations should acquire as much land as they please; we are willing that they should absorb as many weak and half-formed neighbors as they please; but we will tell them that they do not make themselves any stronger thereby. They bloat themselves, they make a great show in statistics and on paper: they get a terrible name among smaller states; but in reality, they only faultily their embarrassments and sow the seeds of a speedier and more disastrous dissolution. Russia, for instance, when we reckon the number of acres, and count over the multitudes of people over which she exercises a sway, strikes us as a Colossus, a monster, *horrendum, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*; but when we reflect upon the utter want of homogeneity among her people—their extreme diversity of interests—their bitter traditional animosities—the radical impossibility of holding them together when the mass once begins to crumble, we see that the alleged encroachments of Russia have been the sources of her weaknesses, while the secret of her strength, the reason why she is terrible if at all in power, is to be found in her incessant and availing efforts to build up her internal resources, to develop her industry, fertilize her fields, enrich her towns, connect her distant provinces by canals and

railroads, and secure the services of science and art. Her stupendous military organization, originated at a time when the fervor of war had eaten into all brains, has been for the most part a burden and curse, whilst the same energy which it has cost for its support, devoted to peaceful pursuits, would have lifted her to an altitude, in power as well as dignity, vastly superior to what she has yet attained. No; the Americans are not frightened by the military advances of Russia, which consternate parts of Europe; they know precisely what they are worth; yet they have a genuine respect for the vigor and persistency displayed in other directions. Their radical antipathy to Russian principles must ever prevent them from entering into any close alliances with Russia—such opposites could not work together—but, if they are forced to take sides, as between Russia and certain contemptible nations by which she is surrounded, they will not hesitate in the choice. A living lion, arbitrary and carnivorous as he might be, is much more respectable, either as a friend or an enemy, than a dying or half-putrid jackass. The earth is a much better earth, too, in the hands of an active, though a despotic ruler, than in the hands of a lazy and corrupt, and equally despotic people. Have not the Black Sea, and the Marmora, been useless for centuries in the hands of Turks—useless save as imaginary barriers to this power and that, whilst it is probable that in the hands of Russia, by whom they were first forced open, they could contribute something to the life-giving circulation of the world's commerce? Having, therefore, no great admiration or love for Russia, detesting indeed her scheme of government, let us, Americans, not be blinded by the jealousies and fears of Europe, to the true bearing and the probable issue of events. The idea that Russia could overrun and subject the whole continent is too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

There is nothing in the origin of the existing disputes, as we have seen, and nothing in the character of the chief parties to it, to extort any strong likings from us; and now let us add, that there is nothing in the objects of the Turkish allies to excite our sympathies. As the offshoot mainly of England, speaking the same language, and intimately connected by trade,—and as the ancient debtor of France, for timely revolutionary assistance,—it is natural that we should be drawn into the same channel of movement with them—

selves. They are our nearest neighbors, they are our largest customers, they share with us the glories of the most advanced civilization, they pretend to act in the name of humanity and religion—all ties calculated to grapple us to them with "hooks of steel." And if we could be persuaded that the *people* of England and France were profoundly interested in the movement, we should be irresistibly led to cast in our lot with theirs; but the present European movement is not a popular movement. It has grown out of no respect to popular rights; it looks to no popular emancipations; it is purely and simply a squabble of rival dynasties for power. All the combatants unite in the declaration that their object is only the *status quo*. They all want to bring back the condition of 1850, when the despots were universally contented. Louis Napoleon announces, in so many words, that the allies are pledged to suppress every symptom of revolt in Italy, Hungary, Spain, Greece, or Germany. Their troops are ready booted and spurred to ride to any part of the refractory continent. The infamous *surveillance* at Rome is still enforced—the noble leaders of Hungary are still discountenanced—the same watchful eye is kept on Spain—the slightest movings of Greece are put down—a numerous army patrols the provinces of Austria, and every breath of revolutionary agitation is allowed to cool itself in prison. Is it not then ridiculous to talk of popular feeling in connection with this war? There is an excitement about it in the newspapers, in the vicinity of dock-yards, on the Bourse, along the quays where ships lie idle,—but the great mass of Englishmen and Frenchmen, if they reflect at all, can have no other feeling but one of extreme aversion to the course their leaders have pursued. They must know that their brutal passions, their false vanity, their John Bullism and their sensitiveness to "*la gloire*," have been inflamed, by wily conspirators, for no great national objects, but out of a dynastic jealousy of Russia, and for the sake of a wretched political swindle called "the Balance of Power." The Balance of Power? Aye, for the balance of Despotism! for the right of a few potentates to control two hundred millions of subjects; the right of a close corporation of office-holders to extinguish free speech, the press, and all association of the people for trade or any other purpose, and to

grant monopolies of trade to their favorites, and to extort luxurious fortunes by arbitrary taxes. It is for these paltry ends that France and England are banded together, but to these ends they will never attract the sympathies of the American people. Our hearts are knit to the cause of the people in Europe, and not to the cause of their oppressors.

As to Louis Napoleon, we should as soon think of joining hands with a foot-pad as with him, and how the British nation, so lately apprehensive of an invasion from that quarter, can put the least faith in a fellow who violated the most solemn oath before it was cold upon his lips, and imbrued his hands in the blood of his innocent countrymen, is one of the marvels of the age. And though England is our mother-country, deserving our veneration, through her literature and laws, and justly winning our affections by the manly characteristics of her hard-working people, her restless eagerness to interfere in the affairs of mankind is a trait that we ought not to admire; which, on the contrary, we ought to rebuke on every offered occasion. An exquisite essayist\* humorously describes John Bull as "a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbors' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind, without getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. Couched in his little domain, with filaments (of finely spun rights and dignities) stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den." There is as much truth as humor in this sketch of a peculiarity which Brother Jonathan, we trust, will never imitate.

Least of all, should we be misled by it at this time, when the very grounds on which the allies propose to resist Russia are grounds that could be used, with equal effect, against the United States. What is the cry against the Czar? Why are armies and fleets mustered, and prejudices aroused, and the "God of Battles"

\* Irving.

solemnly invoked? Nicholas meditates the subversion of Turkey! That is, he would build a great maritime capital at Constantinople; he would cover the shores of the Mediterranean, now given over to devastation and the Crescent, with thriving villages and an active people; he would convert the forests of Bosnia into ships, and open new and immense marts for trading and manufacture in the provinces of the Baltic. Well; this might interfere with the access of England to her East Indian possessions,—it might put a naval power on the Mediterranean capable of holding the French Navy in check,—it might increase vastly the wealth and splendor of the Muscovites,—but we do not see that the United States are especially concerned in helping England and France, in either emergency. We do see, on the other hand, that they are directly concerned in the speediest and largest development of civilization and trade, whether it be done by Mongol or Caucasian; and we do see, that the ambition of Russia, to acquire an outlet for her immense territories to the South, is a natural ambition, while the efforts to defeat it are justified by precisely the same considerations which might be and are used to thwart *our* inevitable extension over Cuba and Mexico. If we suppose England and France to succeed in arresting the march of the Emperor,—which they likely will do for a time,—what is to prevent their interposition in Central America and the Antilles? The Republic here is quite as much to be dreaded, by the Balance-of-Power nations, as the Despotism yonder; it has quite as much territory,—half as many people,—far more commerce and more wealth,—an equal ambition, and more decided progressive tendencies. Is it not therefore just as dangerous and formidable to the allies as Russia? Will it not be soon considered just as necessary to snub its growing prosperity? Shall we not be taken in hand when Russia shall have been disciplined? May not the policies of the Old World be transplanted to the New? Perhaps those who are so eager to involve us in the Anglo-French alliance can answer these questions! Our answer to them would be a recommendation against any over-hasty commitments in hostility to Russia.

These solemn warnings against Russian aggression, moreover, these indignant and

objurgatory denunciations of Russian encroachment, come in the worst grace from England, which, as Mr. Cobden has shown by the statistics, has, "during the last hundred years, for every square league of territory annexed to Russia, by force, violence or fraud, appropriated to herself three square leagues, and by the same reprehensible means!"\* Only downright effrontery, only the most brazen arrogance and egotism, as the same authority observes, could induce one nation to bring an accusation against another nation, which recoils with threefold criminality upon itself. It is the greatest rogue of the pack crying out "Stop thief!" It is Captain Macheath assuming a virtuous repugnance towards a brother,—it is Robert Macaire belaboring the shoulders of poor Jacques Strop! And what gives the hypocrisy a more magnificent coolness is the remarkable fact, that, whatever may have been the rapacity of Russia, during the last half-century, when her most unblushing enormities are alleged to have been committed, she has been, directly or indirectly sustained, in nearly all of them, by the cabinets of Great Britain. When Russia demanded the removal of the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia in 1806, England despatched a fleet to the Dardanelles to menace the Sultan into compliance; when the treaty of Bucharest in 1812 ceded the mouths of the Danube to the Czar, it was England that forced the bitter pill down the throat of the Turk; during the infamous conspiracies of the sovereigns at Vienna in 1815, Lord Castlereagh was the obsequious tool of Alexander, approving the sacrifice of Poland, and the forced subjection of Norway to Sweden, and suggesting open violations of the treaty for the protection of the King of Naples, and of the treaty with Napoleon at Fontainebleau, while Alexander, less perfidious, rejected both plans as dishonorable; England joined the cause of the dynasties throughout, as we know, against that of Napoleon when Napoleon was still "the soldier of democracy;" in 1848-49, when she might have saved Hungary by a word, her connivance, tergiversation and duplicity made an easy path for the invading hosts of the Emperor, while all the more recent troubles about Turkey, could have been prevented by a determined course at the outset.† With what face, then, does England raise her hands to

\* See "Russia and the Eastern Question," a pamphlet published by Robert Cobden in 1836.

† An ancient writer describes a class of men, who are "inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plusquam Punicæ, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus deorum metus, nullus jurandum, nulla religio," and the London Examiner applies the sentence to Nicholas. But a more happy application of it might have been made to the diplomacy of Palmerston, in relation to the affairs of Hungary.



God, and with ejaculations of holy horror, imprecate His vengeance upon her old accomplice? Can she suppose that the world is to be deluded by such transparent humbuggery?

Besides, the success of the allies, according to their own confessions, will be as complete a subversion of Turkey, as any conquest contemplated by the Czar—for when pressed by the objection that they are going to war for the Crescent and against the Cross, they announce it as one of their chief ends, to meliorate the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte. But how can they meliorate the condition of these Christians, except by placing them upon a level with the Mussulmans? Must they not establish both religions on a footing of equal privileges and rights? Must they not separate Church and State, or in other words, take the control of ecclesiastical affairs out of the hands of the Sultan and his politicians, and give it into the hands of each independent denomination? Yet, if they do this, and nothing short of this can be satisfactory, they will revolutionize radically the entire nation! Turkey would not be Turkey—would not be a Mohammedan State, unless the Koran remained the supreme law, and unless the Sultan continued the irresponsible head of both Church and State. Destroy the supremacy of the Koran, substitute a just and equal civil code for the arbitrary rule of the Sultan, and you inflict the *coup de grace* upon the Ottoman Empire. Whether, then, it is better for Russia, or for England and France to apply this finishing stroke, is not a subject about which Americans need cherish any intense solicitude. As impartial onlookers, however, they will probably observe, that the Greek Catholics themselves are more likely to prefer receiving favors from the Russians, who are of the same religion, than from France, which is Romanist, or England, which is Protestant.

We conclude, then, from every view of the case, that the duty of this country is to maintain a strict neutrality—a strict, but not a negative one; because, keep aloof as we may from active participation, we shall yet be indirectly drawn into some controversy by our widely extended commerce. It is impossible for Europe to go to war, without sending a shiver of it to the ends of the earth, or in other words, without raising questions of international law, for the civilized world to settle. During the extraordinary foray of Napoleon, as we all remember, and the counter motions of his adversaries, remote

America was speedily sucked into the vortex of agitation. Her rights as a neutral were invaded, on all sides, compelling her to protest and menace with a perpetual vigilance, and ever-renewed vigor. It was then, too, that she asserted for herself and for all nations, great principles of justice, which she cannot now desert. Proclaiming the freedom of the seas, the inviolability of flags, against the enormous and haughty pretensions of belligerents, at a time when her navy was little more than a cipher, and her government just begun, she cannot abandon the stand, when her fleets have become famous and her government a power. Her own vital interests, as well as the interests of civilization and humanity, and the progress of that melioration which is gradually working out a more Christian system of international relations, demand no less than this at her hands. Let the trespasser beware! Privateering, that wholesale species of freebooting, she will not sanction, even in cases where treaty stipulations have not provided against it; nor will she, on the other hand, suffer her commerce to be run down and harried by those pretended "rights of search" and those "paper-blockades" which find their only warrant in an old and inhuman code, drawn from the usages of the most barbarous times! It is allowable for belligerents to molest each other as much as they please, for they are the judges of their own duties in that respect; but they must not be permitted to inflict wide, useless, lasting, often irreparable evils upon their innocent neighbors. No divine nor human law justifies them in making mankind parties to their quarrels; and, if we understand the temper of the people of the United States, they will rebuke with prompt and telling resentment, every attempt to revive, at their expense, the odious "continental system," as it was called; when mere spurts of the imperial pen transfixed the navigation of the world with paralysis—and retaliating "orders in council," banished even Neptune from his ocean. The day for such brutal interference is past. It was a system, whose audacity was only equalled by its cruelty, which converted the politicians of France and England into so many Popes dealing excommunications and interdicts around the earth, and causing nations every where to tremble at their frowns. Let them tremble no more,—let the charter for such excesses be blotted from the books, or if they should be resorted to again, let the young Republic, which thus far in its intercourse with nations has set an exam-

ple of large-minded and generous policy, be prepared to resist it to the death. The United States seeks no war—the breath of her nostrils is peace—that peace which in another score of years will place her

first among the nations,—but she cannot in consistency or honor submit to any offensive revival of those ancient and exploded theories.

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PESCHIERA.

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,  
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?  
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost  
Than never to have fought at all."

The Tricolor, a trampled rag,  
Lies, dirt and dust; the lines I track,  
By sentry-boxes yellow-black,  
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand  
Upon the grass of your redoubts;  
The Eagle with his black wing flouts  
The breadth and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain  
O! men of Brescia, on the day  
Of loss past hope, I heard you say  
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said, "Since so it is, good-bye  
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er  
May be or must, no tongue shall dare  
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die.'"

You said, (there shall be answer fit),  
"And if our children must obey  
They must, but thinking on this day  
'Twill less debase them to submit."

You said, (O! not in vain you said),  
"Haste, brothers, haste while yet we may;  
The hours ebb fast of this one day  
When blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not  
For honor, fame, nor self-applause,  
But for the glory of your cause,  
You did what will not be forgot.

And though the strangers stand, 'tis true  
By force and fortune's right he stands;  
By fortune which is in God's hands,  
And strength which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,  
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,  
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost  
Than never to have fought at all."

## THE ZAY-NIS OF YANK-Y.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE OF TAY-KIN.

THE eminent Chinese philosopher and traveller Tay-Kin has recently returned to his native country from a long journey through the remote and unknown regions of Central Tartary, and notwithstanding the revolution which is now ravaging China, has succeeded in publishing the results of his observations. They are so graphically and forcibly expressed that the volumes have had an unprecedented circulation; and the most enlightened critics of Peking and Shanghai do not hesitate to call the work, which, in the original flowery Chinese, is entitled *Light from Dark Places*, the undoubted Uncle Tom of Chinese literature. This praise, we presume, is awarded to the book on account of its prodigious sale, rather than from any essential resemblance to the celebrated American romance, for, although we have carefully perused the odd volume which has fallen into our hands, we do not find,—except possibly in the title—any reason for comparing it with Mrs. Stowe's novel.

The immense popularity and interest of the work may be inferred from the fact that the Emperor of China has, according to the most credible rumors, frequently suspended operations against the rebels when he came to an absorbing passage; and, on one occasion, in the eagerness of perusal, he was known to have burned the imperial mouth by omitting to cool the tea, which he sipped as he read. The history of the means by which the odd volume has fallen into our hands shows how the book has bewitched the nation, for it fell into a chest of superior Gunpowder from the trembling hands of a laborer who was engaged in packing the tea, and endeavoring at the same time surreptitiously to devour the *Light from Dark Places*. He immediately buried it in the tea-leaves that it might not be discovered by the lynx eyes of the overseer, who would not have refrained from ordering the extreme punishment allotted to such neglect of duty. "Whoever," says the first section of the first statute of the Code of Confucius concerning the packing of tea, "shall fall asleep while at work, he shall be immediately awakened. But whosoever shall be detected in the reading of novels or any other exciting books, excepting always the prolusions of the priests, he shall incontinently lose his cue." To this wholesome fear of the loss of the cue, therefore, we are indebted for our know-

ledge of the present volume, from which we propose to lay extracts before our readers.

It has long been conceded that there are no more interesting works than those which treat of the life and customs of foreign lands. The Arabian Nights have an exhaustless charm for every generation; "for man," in the words of Confucius, "is always man." These tales deal with a fairy and impossible realm. Their scenery and figures have sufficient resemblance to the world with which we are familiar to arouse our sympathy and profoundest interest, yet without ever rising into a consciousness of absolute reality. In this sole respect the great work of Tay-Kin may be called superior to the Thousand and One Nights. For, although he describes the customs of countries far beyond the influence of Christianity, and into which the bowie-knife has not yet cut a way for civilization, yet he tells his story so simply and naturally that the reader could almost fancy the whole thing to be within a day's journey upon the railway. At the same time, for enlightened readers like ourselves, who live in the midst of humane and noble institutions, in a land where social prejudices never compel to crime, and where public opinion respects true manliness of character so wisely as to know that it cannot be affected by passionate slander,—in a country where it is universally conceded by the practical men, that the good name earned by an upright life cannot be tarnished by a single word spoken in anger by an enemy; for readers so fortunate in all this as we are, the extracts which we have selected from the Chinese work will have all the charm of an incredible romance.

A deeply seated interest in China, dating from the time when we are first conscious of having eaten meat, and long and profound study of the willow-pattern plates which illustrate its history, have qualified us, we flatter ourselves, to present a translation so accurate and so often couched in the familiar English idiom, that we are induced to hope the reader, as his eye passes along the page, may gradually forget that he is reading of regions so remote and of a race so barbarous, and confess with a throb of approval or condemnation the power of Tay-Kin.

We must premise that our traveller

had been absent more than a twelvemonth from China travelling toward Yan-Ky, a district of whose people and customs only the vaguest rumors were current in the polished circles of Peking. We commence our extracts with the opening of the thirteenth volume,—for to each month of his journey the philosopher allotted a volume.

I, Tay-Kin, was now turning southward from Thibet, and at sunset of the tenth day, Whang, my faithful interpreter and guide, pointed toward an irregular ridge of dark mountains that glistened in the fading light, and said sententially:

"The Bif-Tek Mountains in Yan-Ky!"

Is that truly Yan-Ky? I asked myself musingly, abandoned to that pleasing melancholy which the first sight of famous places is sure to occasion. Do I really behold Yan-Ky?

As I strained my eyes pensively toward that illustrious land, I recalled the words of my friendly the mandarin and philosopher Tom-mo, who sat upon the top of the great wall of China dangling his heels, as I passed out of the northern gate toward Thibet, and shouted after me, as he waved his cue freely, like a banner, over the landscape:

"Hi! hi! so you are going to travel! Give my love to the Grand Lama! Going to Yan-Ky! Hi! hi! In Yan-Ky a well developed woman is an indecorum! Mind your cue!"

And so the lingering winds blew me Tom-mo's paternal counsel until distance drank his voice.

As we entered the land of Yan-Ky I opened my eyes and my ears and proceeded to absorb knowledge. When night fell we encamped outside the chief city of the country, and the next morning passed through the gates. As we were slowly advancing along the street to the great Khan for strangers, I observed a man of lofty mien who stood by the wayside curling a heroic moustache. I was so struck by his warlike aspect that I summoned Whang, and pointing out to him the man of lofty mien inquired his name and position. "He is, probably, the lord of Yan-Ky," I said to Whang.

"That," replied Whang deferentially, "is Zay-ni, which, being interpreted into Chinese, signifies the Soul of Honor."

He had scarcely done speaking when a smaller man, whom a vivid fancy might have mistaken for an off-shoot of the Soul of Honor, a sucker,\* approached me, and, bowing courteously, said:

"Zay-ni requests me to invite you to name time and place, and weapons."

"What is this?" demanded I, in perplexity, of the faithful Whang.

"Zay-ni," explained my interpreter, "or the Soul of Honor, conceives that the character of your glance toward him demands the arbitration of the duello."

"I do not understand," I responded plaintively, upon which the Twig, or Sucker, snuffed the air impatiently, and said:

"You are no Mandarin!"

"You are perfectly correct in your remark," answered I, "I am only Tay-Kin, the Philosopher, travelling upon a tour of observation."

The Twig withdrew toward the Soul of Honor, whose moustache glowed along his lip like a permanent declaration of war; and I rode quietly on with Whang toward the Khan for strangers, much meditating.

At length I said to him:

"I shudder, my dear Whang, with vague apprehension. What may not be true of a land of which Tom-mo's parting remark was descriptive? Have we not fairly penetrated the outer regions of civilization, or, should not a philosopher say, the very heart of barbarism? Was ever such welcome before offered to innocent philosopher? O Whang! is not Yan-Ky the Barbary of which we read?"

"My friend," returned Whang, fumbling in his crimson silk tobacco-purse, "before lighting the pipe of discussion let us smoke that of narration." So saying, he piled upon the Gozeh\* the weed of Tumbak from Persia, and we sat silently inhaling and expiring that aromatic smoke. Then I ventured to ask my friend and guide:

"What is that duello to which the Twig referred?"

Whang smoked for some time without replying; at length he said:

"It is a venerable and honored institution of Yan-Ky, condemned by the public opinion, and cherished by the private opinion of the Yan-Kyse. They who invoke its arbitration upon slight cause, like our friend Zay-ni, are held in contempt, being supposed privately to eat fire. They who, being grave and honorable men, of long and unsullied lives, invoke its aid to settle the passionate difference of a moment, are held in universal veneration, and receive services of gold and silver, or the equivalent admiration of all Yan-Ky."

"Truly?" asked I.

"Remember that you are in a remote and savage land," replied Whang, "nor be surprised when you hear the priests of

\* Vernacular Yan-Ky.

\* Eastern pipe.

Yan-Ky preaching the doctrine of the circular square. Perpend! It is an institution holding neither by logic, humanity, nor common sense, but by the mystery of honor, of which words can give no account. Honor belongs not to *men*, like nobility, justice, truth, &c., but to *gentlemen*—one of the inexplicable institutions of Yan-Ky. With the gentleman, the nose is the most sacred part of the person," continued Whang complacently.

"How?" interrupted I, fearful that I was losing my senses, and shuddering as I remembered that I was distant many months' journey from the most distant prospect of the Great Wall.

"The gentleman and the soul of honor," resumed Whang, "are held to be synonymous in Yan-Ky. If I render the word *gentleman* in pure Chinese, you have, *he who respects his nose*. It is the man who always carries that member before him, like the imperial banner of the Celestial Emperor, and defies the world to criticise or touch it. The Yan-Ky doctrine of the nose is subtle, and not easily explained. It presents strange illustrations. It often appears by proxy. Sometimes, for instance, it may be represented by a remark. We will suppose that I declare the day to be pleasant. Into that remark I am held figuratively to put my nose. You, O Tay-Kin, instantly shout offensively, that I am wilfully misstating the fact of the weather; that, in truth, it is an unpleasant day. Now, figuratively, you are held to have put your hand into your remark, which, as it conflicts with mine, is—clearly enough—your hand, by proxy, pulling my nose, or sacred member, by proxy. At this point, the question of fact drops out of the discussion, and without reference to the state of the weather, we each proceed to show that we were each in the right; or, in other words, we go out to defend our honor, which is the figure of speech used to express the nose upon such occasions. If I succeed in destroying you, I demonstrate by the *argumentum ad hominem*, as Confucius says, that the day is pleasant."

"But if I shoot you?" I replied.

"Ah! in that case the day is not so clear," rejoined Whang, emitting a heavy cloud of smoke.

"But observe," he continued, "if we only shoot, whether damage be done or not, honor is held to be satisfied; the nose is put in its right place again. I agree in the most gracious manner, that I intended to remark that the day was un-

pleasant. You insist that the first syllable of your adjective was superfluous. We pay profound homage to each other's noses, and Yan-Ky, with loud acclaim, receives us as twin souls of honor. This case involves the principle of the duello. It is an appeal which may be as decently invoked in the small aspersion, as in the large defamation, since, as the Souls of Honor justly declare, a lie given impeaches honor, whether a mill or a million be involved in the question of fact. In truth, the original fact has nothing to do with the decision. It is a matter of the nose. My dear Tay-Kin," said Whang, "the history of the father of Zay-ni, which I shall now relate, is the best illustration of the subtle doctrine of the nose, or of a life regulated by what is called in Yan-Ky, the Code of Honor, which is the practical contradiction and denial of the Law of Confucius, and of the Eternal Order of Things."

Whang refilled the Gozeh, and, after smoking quietly for a few moments, during which my memory recurred regretfully to China and Civilization, he thus commenced:

"The family of Zay-ni, which is one of the largest and the most respected in Yan-Ky, is descended from a king of some emerald island far beyond the Lost Atlantis, of whom it is recorded that, from time to time, he requested the leading men of his kingdom to tread upon the tail of his coat,—an expression of which there is no equivalent in Chinese. From extreme youth, he was carefully instructed in the orthodox doctrine of the nose; and, if any companion ridiculed its shape or color, he instantly vindicated it from reproach."

"In what manner?" I asked.

"By transforming his companion by means of a few magical strokes, into a wine-butt, and then decanting claret from his nose,"\* rejoined the serious Whang, while I fell into more intolerable perplexity with every word he uttered.

"And what proved him to be the Soul of Honor?" I asked faintly.

Whang did not condescend to reply.

"As the youth grew, he disclosed a new way of proving the propriety of his name. If any man brushed him roughly in passing, or looked at any lady of Yan-Ky, or trod upon his foot instead of his coat-tail, in passing, Zay-ni instantly called him to account; and if prompt reparation was not made, demonstrated that he was the Soul of Honor."

"By —?" inquired I, doubtfully.

\* The translator here introduces English colloquial phrases, corresponding to the Yan-Ky vernacular.

"By shooting him dead," replied Whang sententiously, and, I believe, according to the strict idiom of Yan-Ky.

"But the wife and children of the dead?"

"O Tay-Kin," responded Whang, "whoever undertakes to live in Yan-Ky, where the nose is held sacred, must not entangle himself with domestic alliances, for he can never tell when, where, nor in what shape, the injured nose may present itself, and demand satisfaction. The principles of the nose, or, as they are generally called, the Code of Honor, declare, that the fact that wife and children depend upon the tongue of a man, is a profound reason for his holding it fast, and not suffering it to wag against his neighbors."

"True," I answered; "but if your tongue wags against me, thereby exposing your wife and children, it may be well enough that you and your family suffer. But why should I and my family suffer, who are entirely innocent, and are wagged against? or why should the decision be left to a chance which may punish the offended, and let the offender free?"

"O Tay-Kin," replied Whang, "you do not understand the sublime mystery of the nose. Rather be silent, therefore, and listen. Long after Zay-ni was a full-grown man, which in Yan-Ky is upon the completion of the sixteenth year, he was one evening assisting at the frequently-recurring fête of Hele-an-to, the great god of the Yan-Ky nobility. In the midst of his devotions to that deity, while he was performing the priestly function with a solemnity and religious sadness beyond all praise, another of the absorbed devotees encountered him suddenly, and for a moment they both tottered, but fortunately neither fell. Now during the performance of the solemn rites of Hele-an-to, the entire person of the devotee partakes of the sacred inviolability of the nose, and violently to touch the body, is an aggravated assault upon that member. Zay-ni, therefore, having concluded the customary genuflexion to his partner, who, in these Hele-an-to ceremonies, is always of the other sex, slipped smilingly into an adjoining apartment, and there met the young Spoonski. He requested Spoonski to inform Klumski, who had encountered him, that he demanded an apology for his awkwardness. Klumski, whom every body in Yan-Ky respected and loved, and who had recently married a young wife, who, with her infant, was

fondly attached to him, said to Spoonski, that he was sorry if he had harmed Zay-ni, and regretted the encounter, but that he considered Zay-ni to be a very foolish fellow to demean himself so like an emperor; adding, that he feared Zay-ni was in the habit of eating fire, and cherished too exclusive a regard for his nose; and that, for his part, he should as soon consider a man who eat fire as much beside himself, as he who only drank it; and precisely as much to be avoided, and treated as a dangerous neighbor.

"When Spoonski repeated this message to Zay-ni, his wrath was unbounded.

"He piles insult upon insult," said Zay-ni. He then departed to find his friends, while his nose, angrily flaming, led the way like a burning torch.

"He bumps me: he says he is sorry in an insulting manner; and my outraged nose is ready to drop," cried Zay-ni, fiercely. "By acknowledging his regret in such a manner, he makes his offence a deliberate insult, which, if I endured, I should ill deserve to be called the Soul of Honor."

"Perhaps you were hasty," said one.

"He is a coward!" said Zay-ni, in the large Yan-Ky manner.

"But his wife and child?" said another.

"But my nose!" shrieked Zay-ni, while that sacred member kindled and flamed with ardor.

"In vain the thoughtful of his friends quoted the sayings of the wise men, and the commands of Confucius. Zay-ni snuffed the air, and said:

"Oh, yes; that's all very well: but we understand that kind of thing, you know. Do you suppose I am a woman?"

"Your sex seems to be a little uncertain," said the oldest friend. "You say that you are not a woman, but is this the conduct of a man?"

"So said a few of the thoughtful and the best. But Yan-Ky at large said that it was a pity Klumski should have criticised the conduct of Zay-ni. No man should make remarks concerning his townsmen which he is not willing to stand by.\* Klumski, on the other hand, said that he had made no remark that he was not willing to stand by; and begged to repeat, that he considered Zay-ni to be a very foolish fellow. Upon which repetition, Zay-ni sent Spoonski, summoning Klumski to the duello.

"It is a great pity!" said Yan-Ky; "but really, what can a man do? My

\* Vernacular Yan-Ky.

dear (addressing its wife), it is most time for the temple-service: you had better get ready.\*

"And thereupon Yan-Ky decorously went to the temple, and heard the priests read the laws of Confucius, and expound the behest of the Eternal Order of Things; and coming out of the temple, said, each man to the other,

"I am very much opposed to the duello. You know we have laws against it. But in this case, what can a man do?"

"Klumski, however, smiled, and returned this answer to Zay-ni, that he had considered him a foolish fellow, and had therefore called him so when occasion arose; but that now he had taken such pains to prove it to all the world, that he trusted there would be no longer any difference of opinion.

"Because you are a fool," said he, sternly, "I shall not be one; not even if all Yan-Ky, obeying its old, stupid superstition, undertakes to be foolish, and to condemn me. Their tacit opinion justifies your conduct, thereby giving the measure of the worth of their opinion. I prefer to be right with myself, and with Confucius, and with the wise and brave, who perceive the Eternal Order of Things, rather than with those who support Zay-ni in his theory of the nose."

"Alas! my honored Whang," interrupted I, "I seem to be listening to stories of animals, and not of men. Who would have dreamed, that upon the same globe with our placid and discreet China, there could have existed a nation of such moral savages, the law of whose religion, and whose statute-book, was set aside by a dull, unreasonable, and inexplicable superstition? Wonderful is travel! But pray, proceed with the story of Zay-ni, the Soul of Honor."

Whang continued:

"Zay-ni determined that he would take subtle revenge upon Klumski. He reasoned thus:

"Klumski has put a mortal slight upon me, by bumping me in the solemn service of Hele-an-to; apologizing with an insult; and then refusing to abide by the duello. I may have been hasty, but he has been impertinent beyond account. If I suffer this offence to pass unheeded, all Yan-Ky will doubt my honor, and every fool will feel at liberty to criticise my nose. I must assert my honor. I must prove the strict inviolability of my nose. How shall it be done?"

"Here he paused. It was clear that

but one way remained. Zay-ni must undertake to obtain, by personal chastisement, the reparation to his nose which Klumski declined to give with the instruments of the duello. Now, like other Souls of Honor, although the nose of Zay-ni had a self-asserting and audacious air, a kind of just-come-and-pull-me-if-you-dare look, derived undoubtedly from the please-tread-on-my-coat-tail trait of their common emerald ancestor, yet he was not a brave man, but was extremely accomplished in the use of the instruments of the duello. He liked an encounter in which he enjoyed all the advantage. Therefore, as the project of personally attacking Klumski was not promising for his own ease and security, he resolved upon a more exquisite revenge.

"Zay-ni was rich. He had no profusion, and had nothing to do but to devote life to cherishing his nose.

"Klumski laughs at the duello," said Zay-ni, with a sneering smile. "Now, no man can live in Yan-Ky without the good opinion of the Yan-Kyse. I will therefore force him to propose the duello to me, himself."

"In the gay circles of Yan-Ky, the elegant Zay-ni was more polished than ever. The beautiful belles of Yan-Ky agreed, that of all loves of men hitherto encountered, he was the most lovely.

"So handsome!" they said,—because his cheeks were red, and his hair was black.

"So well-dressed!" they said,—because his clothes fitted him like a glove, and he seemed to have been dropped into them like the French Count d'Artois into his trousers.

"So gentlemanly!" they said,—because he said nothing in a low tone, without laughing, and with a semi-glance of well-bred contempt at all men who had emotions.

"Such a small foot!" they said,—because a small foot is more readily comprehended than a large head.

"Such eyes!" they said,—because the eyes had said to each one of those belles, *I love you best.*

"So fascinating!" said they all,—because he treated each as if she were the sole charmer.

"And such a sacred respect for his nose!" chimed in the tenor chorus of the beaux of Yan-Ky, whose noses were generally small.

"Among those belles Klumski had a sister, young and tender as the summer

dawn when it smiles over the mountains of Bif-Tek, which guard Yan-Ky. All the poets sang her praises. It was said, O Tay-Kin, that the sound of those praises had even been heard in the streets of Peking, and that aged mandarins had sighed as they listened, remembering the days when they were poets, and sang of beauty. She had the auburn hair which the sun smiles upon, and makes golden. She had the eyes, soft, humid, lustrous, which the Hindu poets call lotus eyes. The tint of her cheeks was the soft creamy hue of sea-shells. Like a sapling upon the mountain, her figure was lithe, and round, and alluring. It was a flowery face, a flowery form, a flowery grace, and there was no one who did not love her, and agree that Fior was the flower of Yan-Ky."

Whang's voice sank into silence, and we both sat for some time, silently smoking.

"Confucius says," he resumed at length, "that the Eternal Order of Things suffers strange events to occur. But he adds, that the Order of Things will certainly justify itself; if not here, then elsewhere. Yet what an Order of Things does not that seem to be, which planted the pure Fior among the people who hold the nose in a morbid sanctity! Which of our poets is it, O Tay-Kin, who says, that the Genius of Evil is surest to discover and harm whatever falls into his path out of the Kingdom of Light. Others pass by not knowing it, but the instinct of repulsion reveals it to him."

Whang smoked placidly, and I abandoned myself to the consideration of the strange chances of travel. How little had I dreamed, O male readers with long cues! and O female readers with small feet! that my utmost wanderings would ever have brought me into a country of habits so inexplicable as these. To climb to the top of the Great Wall, is a stretch of travel forbidden to all but the happy few. The philosopher and mandarin Tommo, sits there at ease, and surveys the world, seeing things clearly in the rare air of that height. But to descend upon the outer side, and wander beyond its shadow—that is a temerity hardly to be justified in sane men, except, like my unworthy self, Tay-Kin, they are mere philosophers, bent upon doing good, and travel to accumulate warnings, and relate wonders. It is no story of gnomes that I am telling, but of lands, whose people complacently suppose themselves to be the head of civilization, because they eat meat for dinner every day! Read and reflect! and thank the Eternal Order of Things, that placed you behind the Great

Wall of China, whose name be praised, and whose top be covered with broken bottles for ever, to keep out the Yan-Kyse.

Whang continued:

"Zay-ni soon resolved what his revenge should be. He was young, handsome, graceful. Was he not the Soul of Honor? Therefore, upon all occasions, whether in public or in private, he sought to win the favor of Fior. He smiled upon Klumski, as upon a man whom he had forgiven. But Klumski never asked him to return with him to his mutton; nor, in the affectionate *tutoying* phrase of Yan Ky, to take pot-luck with him. Klumski treated Zay-ni as men treat small dogs.

"One day, Fior was surprised by a visit from the aunt of the Soul of Honor. A man, says Confucius, is not responsible for his aunts. They are pre-existent facts, quite beyond his discretion. But if he be ingenious, he can make them servicable to his purposes. Under the shadow of an aunt's propriety, says the same authority, how are not the sweet improprieties of affection indulged, even as in my youth I kissed the daughter of the mandarin Dul-dul, in the shade of the great temple of Peking. The aunt came to bid Fior to tea. A few friends, after the manner of Yan-Ky, were to come the next evening to drink her tea, instead of staying at home, and drinking their own:—tea, and a few gentlemen in the evening.

"From extreme youth, Fior had been disciplined in these social sacrifices. Aunts, like Zay-ni's, are distributed in this world to make a few gentlemen in the evening recognize, by contrast, the loveliness of youth and the eternal youth of amiability. When Fior arrived, the aunt commenced by stabbing all her friends with sharp little innuendoes. Facts, of which no one should have betrayed the knowledge, she detailed with care. The small gossip of malicious observation and criticism,—the meanness of aspersion,—the wily whisper,—the loud abuse,—they were all deployed by the aunt. It was to the gentle Fior as if she were steeped in the fumes of a hot kitchen. The air was gross with gossip. The aunt treated men and women as if they had been bats and lizards; and her feline eyes glittered close to the delicate Fior, who shrank and shuddered."

"Are there such lands—such people?" I asked of Whang, with a sad sinking of the heart.

"You are in and among them," he replied sentimentally, whiffing volumes of smoke.



"May the Eternal Order of Things get me safely back again over the Great Chinese Wall," I mentally ejaculated, while Whang resumed:

"Zay-ni knew his aunt, and he knew Fior. Therefore, when he entered the bower, he saw in a moment the state of things. He knew that Fior was shocked and sad. Her mind was full of hateful images, and unwelcome fancies, conjured by his aunt. She was like a flower choked in fetid air, and longing for the sunlight. He was young, and handsome, and graceful. Was he not the Soul of Honor? So he sat by her side, and he looked so gallant, and fresh, and fair, that his mere aspect was a consolation to the gentle girl. When he began to speak, his voice was so low and sweet, that the sharp tones of the shrill aunt were lost like noise in music. What could such a voice whisper that would not seem noble to a mind so prepared? And when a shrewd sense, called, in Yan-Ky, knowledge of men and women, directed the whisperings of that voice, could not the blindest hawker of rat's tails and bird's nests, perceive that half the fight was won? The aunt had poisoned every character of which she spoke; but Zay-ni praised so cunningly, that he seemed not only the handsomest, most musical-voiced, and most winning, but the most generous of men. He spoke so tenderly of Klumski, himself,—not too broadly flattering, for Zay-ni understood that Fior might have noticed that her brother was not lavish of commendation nor of attention to the Soul of Honor. Zay-ni was a wise man, even as snakes are wise. The boys and girls read of the serpent charming the bird, and look under the bushes and upon the boughs of trees to find them. But the serpents and birds are not out of doors. Confucius says, that in their youth they sit in parlors, and talk sentiment.

"They sat together, talking, all the pleasant evening. Zay-ni spoke plenty of good things, and warmly of righteous ones, and professed principles of which the Eternal Order of Things might have been proud. Fior listened, and wondered she had never so much liked the fascinating Soul of Honor. Nobler thoughts, more generous judgments, she had not heard from Klumski himself. What a pity that he was so prejudiced against this gallant youth! At intervals, Zay-ni beckoned to his aunt to come over and help him. She came, and her voice pierced Fior's ear, and her venom stung Fior's

heart; and when she went away again, the music of the other voice was sweeter for the contrast, like the bells of the tower of Pekin in the pauses of the roaring Monsoon.

"Ah! Tay-Kin, my illustrious philosopher and master, even in Yan-Ky, women are women,—and, sadder truth, men are men! The heart of Fior clung to the Soul of Honor. In vain the thoughtful Klumski grew grave and sorrowful, and warned his gentle sister. She wept at his words, and threw her arms around his neck, but only to whisper in his ear that she loved Zay-ni. Then there was a look sadder than sorrow in his eyes, and he told her how much more she was to be pitied than blamed; and described to her, in terrible detail, the character and life of the Soul of Honor. She listened with the fond incredulity of love. Her passion was like the south wind, melting every thing upon which it blew. Ah! Tay-Kin, my master, in Yan-Ky, as in China, love is the eternal tyrant, who knows no reason and no law.

"Zay-ni pursued the preparation of his sweet revenge. The snake had charmed the dove, which fluttered—and fluttered—and fell!

"The Soul of Honor was perfect in the duello. He could use the pistol or the sword\* with equal ease and certainty. Wo to him upon whom fell the wrath of Zay-ni! His nose reigned unquestioned and serene in admiring Yan-Ky.

"But the dove fluttered—and fluttered—and fell!

"That fall broke the heart of Klumski. A sternness, such as had never been seen in his eyes, now took the place of the sadness which had recently filled them. All Yan-Ky foresaw that some terrible event was near. It was so cruel an outrage! they said: and since the laws of Yan-Ky cannot touch the case—"

"How?" cried I. "Am I in a land where the law does not touch a case so fearful? Will the law protect a man's purse, and not his honor? Oh, that I might once more behold the Great Wall of China!"

Whang little heeded my interruption.

"How can law protect honor?" said he, as contemptuously as comported with propriety. "Honor is the nose. It is the private privilege of every man to keep it unpulled. The law cannot touch it. How can the law tell whether the bird fell willingly, or was nefariously entrapped? But all Yan-Ky felt that a

\* Names of the weapons of the duello.

tragedy impended. Klumski did not weep over his sister's fall; but Zay-ni smiled to think that, by dealing the deadliest blow, he had forced his foe to propose the duello. 'The law gives him no aid,' said he; 'and if he does nothing, he will be accounted a coward.'

"But, Whang," I asked, "what says Confucius about doing good to those who despitefully use you, and about forgiving your enemies?"

"O Tay-Kin!" cried Whang, with undisguised want of respect; "have you yet to learn, that the doctrines of Confucius are for the priests to expound upon the holy days, in the holy places, and are not to be mingled with life, except so far as they are pleasant? They belong to the abstract: the concrete is quite another thing. When Confucius says, Let the servant obey the brother of the sun and moon, who is set over him, all Yan-Ky cries decorously, *Amen*, and quotes Confucius against the disorganizers. But when he says, Happy is he who tells the truth in business, and he who believes that honesty is better than policy, all Yan-Ky smiles, and disbelieves, and declares that Confucius was a wag, and an impractical and impracticable person. Yan-Ky says, that men must be taken as they are. But if you ask, Did not the Eternal Order of Things take men as they are, when it sent Confucius to preach to them? Yan-Ky, 'if it is in the temple, says, 'Ah, yes! certainly,' and chastises its children for telling lies. But if you ask the question of Yan-Ky in the mart, it smiles patronizingly, winking its left eye, and says, 'Good sir, you must take facts. You don't quite understand the world. There is a public opinion, which a man cannot withstand. On the whole, do you not see our whole life proclaiming this doctrine, against that of the Eternal Order of Things—happy is he who lies without exposure, for he shall accumulate stock, and live in fine houses, and have the front seat in the temple of Confucius, and be esteemed of the less successful, and elected director in the society for sending missionaries to disseminate the opposition doctrine of the Order of Things, in swamps beyond geography.' Every day and every hour, all Yan-Ky repeats and practices this gospel. Klumski's friends came to him, and asked him what he intended to do.

"What do you advise?" asked he.

"There is but one course," said they.

"Indeed!" said he.

"Yes," said they. "We are very sor-

ry, and are very much opposed to the practice; but really, in this case, you cannot avoid the duello.' And Yan-Ky looked heroic and wise, and jingled its keys in its breeches'-pocket.

"But observe a moment," said Klumski; 'Zay-ni has mortally injured me. Now, according to Confucius, I ought to forgive him. Just in the degree of the greatness of the offence, is the virtue of forgiveness, says Confucius.'

"Yan-Ky took snuff, shrugged its shoulders, and spoke of white feathers, contemptuously.

"Confucius is right," resumed Klumski; 'but nevertheless, I do not forgive Zay-ni, and I shall not play that I do. He has mortally injured me, and I must have satisfaction.'

"All Yan-Ky patted its nose with pride and pleasure.

"If you please," he continued, 'there is no question of honor here. The fact cries aloud, that Zay-ni is innocent of the lowest idea of honor. He is meaner than a thief,—worse than a murderer. If Grabski, the house-breaker, had broken into your house, and stolen your watch, would you have felt obliged to resort to the duello?'

"No," cried Yan-Ky, 'because the law protects us.'

"When, then, Zay-ni does worse than a burglar, and the law does not protect me, shall I allow him the opportunity of adding to his crime, and crowning the ruin of my sister with the broken heart of my wife, and the destitution of my children? If the burglar ought to be destroyed, without the chance of choking the man who executes the will of Yan-Ky, ought not a greater than the burglar share the same ignominious fate?"

"Perhaps. But that would be murder," pleaded Yan-Ky.

"It would be no more murder when it proceeded from the hand of one man, whom he had mortally injured, than when it comes from the hand of a mortally injured society. Besides, if you permit this, do you not see that the abandoned Zay-nis, surnamed the Souls of Honor, will perfect themselves in the use of the duello-weapons, and so enjoy an immunity of social crime—crime beyond the law? It is not the want of religion, nor of decency, in your rule, that I complain of; it is its want of common sense. It is the frightful abuse of this thing that you call honor in Yan-Ky, which appals me. Yan-Ky says, that a man will think twice be-

fore he insults his fellow. if he knows that he is to answer for it at the mouth of the pistol. Exactly; but the bully knows the influence of that fear quite as well as any body, and therefore makes sure of his skillful use of the weapons, before he does the deed, and then laughs at your outraged nose, as his well-practised pistol sends death into your bosom. Yan-Ky has a bully's and a coward's theory of this matter!" cried Klumski, with energy.

"But what are we to do when our wives and daughters are insulted?" demanded Yan-Ky, in a panic.

"I am going to show you what to do," responded Klumski, so gravely, that Yan-Ky shuddered. "A man who does what Zay-ni has done, is a wild beast in society. Do you hold his nose sacred? Do you call him, in the old vernacular, a *gentleman*? He has proved that he is a villain, and by the instinctive moral law he is a criminal. But for such offenders you provide no punishment. Therefore, I have provided it. Don't talk to me of honor," he continued, furiously. "Whoever will suffer such an offender to have the chance of killing him, has not the faintest conception of the dear and sacred word."

"All Yan-Ky listened in amazement.

"For what is the significance of the duello? It is the leaving the decision of the right to chance. It never was any thing more. It originated with our remotest ancestors, in what they called the Tournament. It is the ancient doctrine of might making right."

"Excuse us," said Yan-Ky; "it is the giving an equal chance to both. It equalizes might, for the weak man stands fairly with the strong."

"But, in the name of Confucius, why should both have an equal chance?" cried Klumski. "To give both an equal chance, is to imply that there is an equality of guilt or responsibility. Is that so in this case? But if it be the decision of chance, then the verdict of chance must be considered final. If any one of you declare that I am not a Yan-Kian, but a liar, and I call him to the duello, what do I mean to do? I mean to summon the duello to decide whether I am a liar. But if my pistol chances only to flash, and you hit me, it follows inevitably that I am a liar."

"Not at all," said Yan-Ky; "the fact of your going out to stand before a pistol, shows that you have the heroism which makes it impossible that you should be a

liar; and that fact is demonstrated, whether you are hit or not."

"Not at all," returned Klumski; "it merely proves that I have the hardihood to stand before a pistol; and history shows that a coward will do that as well as a hero. Besides, if a Yan-Kian gives me the lie, and we go out to fight, what is the logic of the thing? It is this: I go to defend my honor, assaulted by his remark, and he goes to sustain his honor involved in the same remark. I expose my life to show that I am not a liar; he exposes his, to show that he means what he says. There can be no result. For, whatever the issue, each has equally shown, by the same display of courage, that he is right."

"But let us understand you," said the people of Yan-Ky solemnly. "Do you mean that if your nose were pulled (a thrill of horror shuddered along the veins of the valiant people of Yan-Ky), you would not resort to the duello?"

"Ye men of Yan-Ky," thundered Klumski, "listen to my words. If a man insults my sacred member by pulling\* it, he means to express that I am a contemptible man and a coward. What is the obvious and natural way of showing him and all the world that he is mistaken? What is the honorable, manly, and instinctive way? It is to take him then and there, while the hot blood is roused, and when, speaking after the manner of men, and not of Confucius, that hot blood justifies the act; and by severe personal chastisement, disproving his words and exposing him before the world as one in whom there is no truth."

"Yes, but if he be stronger and chastise you?"

"Well then, clearly," replied Klumski, "if I am a weaker man, and valiantly attack him, the whole world will hold me justified. For you will remember that even your Code of Honor does not require that the offended person shall always be successful. If I fall dead before the fire of my adversary who has insulted me, I am yet held to be a man of honor; and equally so, if I am overthrown by the man whom I personally attack."

"My dear Klumski," now said the most respectable of the Yan-Kians, "you wander from the point. This matter of honor is not to be reduced to strict verbal discussion. It is an affair of instinct and feeling. We do not say that it is essentially right, nor just, and certainly we allow that it is against the law of Confucius."

\* In the vernacular Yan-Ky, *twacking*.

us, but the whole thing is here: Society requires that no man shall submit to an imputation upon his veracity, and has decreed by immemorial custom that he shall wipe off the aspersion by the duello. If he fails to do so, the man enjoys no social consideration afterwards. We all regret it, we are all very much opposed to shedding blood, and we take care in our laws to denounce and punish the custom which we all cherish with the utmost force of our private opinion and conduct. I repeat that it is not a matter to be deliberately reasoned about. It must be felt, and, Klumski, you must obey or suffer. It is, perhaps, a cruel necessity, but it is no harder upon you than upon the rest of us.'

Klumski laughed gently and said:

"You allow that the custom is unreasonable, beyond logic or argument, and against the law of Confucius, the order of nature, and the well-being of society. You grant that its whole force lies in the consent of society, and yet it is you, respectable Yan-Kians, whose sympathy imparts that force to it, and if you simply said, it shall not be so any longer, it would immediately cease to be. You, and you alone, are responsible for all the woe it occasions; for it is your opinion which makes the opinion of that society, of which you so vaguely speak. The custom does not exist by the support of blacklegs and bullies, but by your sympathy. You assume a state of things, and by that assumption creating it, proceed to argue from it."

"Stop!" said the most respectable of the Yan-Kyse. "Ten years ago the chief city of Yan-Ky sent Bullski to the great Pow-wow of the land. He was a man of assured character, of the clearest integrity, worthy, generous, good; the whole city knew Bullski and honored him. Now to the same Pow-wow came Bearski from the other great city of Yan-Ky, a man equally loved and honored by the Bearskians, his friends. The old grudge between the cities was never more venomously ascertained than at that time. There were high debates, hot words, choking rage and wrath, all watched by the Bullsians at home with eager interest. 'Those Bearskians are always pulling our noses, said the Bullsians, and we are always tamely submitting and emboldening them.' 'Those Bullsians are dough,' said the Bearskians contemptuously. Suddenly Bearski insulted Bullski—in open Pow-wow insulted him, saying that Bullski was not a veracious person. It was a premeditated insult.\* But Bullski, who

knew that Bearski would easily destroy him in the duello, and who, because he was a man of long settled integrity, detested the duello, returned to his native city without fighting.'

"Well?" said Klumski.

"Well," said the most respectable Yan-Kian, 'he was instantly dropped, lost all influence, all social respect, and was never heard of more.'

"Then the wrathful word of an enemy questioning his veracity availed more with the friends of Bullski than the long-proved character of years. It is a pleasant premium you place upon that character to which you exhort all your young men to attain, when a single word, uttered angrily or maliciously, is sufficient to destroy it," replied Klumski contemptuously.

"I don't know about that," returned the spokesman of Yan-Ky, 'but such is the fact, and no man can resist this demand.'

"As for that," returned Klumski, 'I am astonished that Bullski's instinctive rage did not drive him upon Bearski to punish his insult personally and directly. For myself, whatever I had done, if I found that my character availed nothing with my friends, and was not powerful enough to crush such an imputation utterly, I certainly should not have valued their opinion enough to purchase it by a craven compliance with a foolish custom. For clearly, the good opinion of those who will not esteem a man of long-tried probity if he refuse to expose himself to be shot by any man who questions it, when they confess that their requirement is senseless and not founded in religion, decency, or law,—such a good opinion is not so valuable as the approval of Confucius and a man's esteem for himself.'

"Yan-Ky smiled.

"Your words are brave," said the respectable Yan-Kyse, 'but you would find it unpleasant to be shunned and dropped from intercourse.'

"Undoubtedly it would be far from pleasant," returned Klumski, 'yet I know that the noble and thoughtful every where would be on my side. Those whose opinion is truly commendation would not desert me. Of course I should value yours less, because I should know all the time that it was mere obedience to a dull superstition of which you were afraid, and which you do not dare to investigate. But you know, just as well as I, that the deep sense of right would be with me.'

"What!" cried Yan-Ky, 'if you took no notice of an insult?'

\* Strict Yan-Ky idiom.

"That is a very different thing," said Klumski, "I have already said that the hot blood of an insulted man may drive him to personal chastisement of the offender."

"Yes," said Yan-Ky, "but that leads to broils, and street-shootings, and all kinds of inconveniences. If a man knew that when he gave the lie he was liable to personal assault he would carry weapons to defend himself, and society would fall back into anarchy."

"But how is it more anarchical for you and me to shoot each other in hot blood than in cold blood?" demanded Klumski. "It is much more natural and reasonable. And of this you may be well assured, if a man knew that another would call him to account at the moment of the insult, he would be much more wary of his words than when he knew that there was infinite chance of arrangement and negotiation, and, at worst, the chance of the duello against his adversary."

"Every man," said Yan-Ky impatiently, "must have an equal chance."

"Fools!" cried Klumski, "why should there be an equal chance? Why, because a man insults me, should he therefore have the chance of killing me? Besides, if you say that the man offended may be weaker than the offender, and therefore not have a fair chance in a personal fight, so I say that unless you can prove that both men are of equal nerve, and equal skill, and equal practice in the use of the duello instruments, and are sure of an equally favorable position, the chances are just as unfair. To draw up two men in battle array is no more to give them an equal chance than to let them settle it, naturally, with their natural weapons. It is to put the chances altogether against the insulted nose. Nor can I well understand how you call it murder when an offender is shot for his offence, and not murder, but justice, when the offended is shot for being offended. The chances of the duello never can be even approximately equal until you place each party upon a keg of gunpowder and touch them off, and then what kind of justice is it? For one was peaceable and the other a bully."

"The men of Yan-Ky felt their noses gravely, and pondered the words of Klumski.

"Listen," said he: "My great-grandmother's cousin was sent ambassador to Crim-Tartary, where the duello also prevails, from China, where my family originated. Upon his arrival there was a

stately banquet in honor of the birth of a daughter to the Cham. As the new ambassador was a stranger he provoked observation and remark, and as he was not pleasant to the minds of the Crim Tartar mandarins by reason of his well-known opinions relative to the shortening of the imperial cue, they sought occasion to annoy him. Therefore the chief mandarin of the large family of Dul-dul, said loudly to the nuncio of the Grand Lama of Tibet, "Behold the wife of the ambassador of China, (my great-grandmother's cousin's wife), she resembles a slave." Which, when my great-grandmother's cousin heard, he said to Dul-dul, "I prithee step this way." Thereupon they went into the pleasant garden of the palace, among the groves of tea, then in full blossom, and my relative said to the mandarin, "My nose is in my wife, and your hand was in your insulting remark. I know that you are expert in the duello, according to the customs of your country. You know that I am not expert, or you would not have said that word. Even had I been so, however, I would not have allowed you the chance of proving your word, or gratifying your malice, by slaying me. I shall proceed to punish you that you may perceive how careful a mandarin ought to be of his tongue."

"He immediately fell upon the mandarin, who was the larger and stouter man, but the sense of injury gave moral power to my great-grandmother's cousin, and he, although receiving many and direful blows, did effectually punish his adversary. At length the mandarin by a hard blow levelled my relative, who remained senseless, and the battle ended. But when he recovered, he said to Dul-dul: "Because your insult was verbal only, the punishment has been of this kind. Had it been more serious I should have shot you as I would shoot a mad bull."

"The consequence was, men of Yan-Ky, that, although severely drubbed\* in the contest, my great-grandmother's cousin was never held to be a coward, and was no more insulted, for every mandarin knew that if he insulted that ambassador, he would not be allowed the surety of his skill in the duello to add murder to his insult, but would be destroyed as men destroy serpents."

"After a pause Klumski added:

"I am his lineal descendant. The injury done me is not that of a word nor a taunt. It is a bitter woe, a crime that nothing can undo—a crime of which your

\* Idiom.

laws take no account, and which must therefore be punished or left unpunished, according to the desire of the injured. I have sufficiently explained to you why I do not allow Zay-ni the chance of the duello.'

"As Klumski spoke, he saw Zay-ni advancing. All Yan-Ky paused in horror. With a sneering smile Zay-ni drew near, confident that Klumski must at last invite him to the combat which he had before declined, and which would now be fatal to him, for Zay-ni was accomplished in the duello. As he stopped near Klumski, that man looked at him with indignation and said:

"Zay-ni, you have done more basely than words can describe. You have shown that you are without honor, that you are not a gentleman, that you are not fit to dwell among men. The law lets you pass. But my heart revenges my sister's dishonor.'

"As he spoke he thrust his hand into his bosom, and there was a sudden flash, a report—a smoke, and Zay-ni fell dead before Klumski.

"There was a pause, a rush, a murmur, a confusion.

"It is murder!" cried Yan-Ky with one voice.

"O men of Yan-Ky!" said Klumski scornfully, 'if, besides destroying my sister's honor he had destroyed my life, ye would have said: "What a pity! but it was unavoidable," and settling yourselves comfortably into that conviction, you would have gone and slept quietly in the Temple while the priests read from Confucius "Forgive our debts as we forgive." Ye hug a superstition which your sense condemns, and which exists only by your allowance. For myself I prefer the society of savages and beasts. Yet if every brave man among you, choosing to renounce the law of Confucius, compels every man to pay the penalty of his insult by immediate personal responsibility, you will cease to have your nose pulled, and wine dashed in your faces.'

"So saying Klumski turned away, doubly desolated by Zay-ni's crime and its punishment. Neither of which desolations he would have known except for the insane custom of the duello, which directly fosters the growth of Zay-nis and leads straight to their conduct.

"Yan-Ky shook its respectable head, and said that it would be murder not to give every man a chance.

"Stop, stop!" cried I here to Whang.

"Men are hard-hearted, and dull-headed, but the women of Yan-Ky, why did they not pour balm into the broken heart of Fior, and refuse to know the assassin of her peace?"

Whang smiled, and, smoking, replied: "The women of Yan-Ky, when a sister falls, trample her under foot until she loses her human likeness altogether.

"Also the women of Yan-Ky caress the man who has had an *affair*,\* decree that he is irresistible, and in all public places and upon all occasions bestow their sweetest smiles upon him.

"Also the women of Yan-Ky, imitating the words of their elders, say—"it is very bad, perhaps, but the duello keeps bullies in awe, and teaches men whom the law cannot touch, that there is something to restrain them." As if the duello were not the especial institution of the bully, always flourishing in most vigor in a community of such.

"Also the women of Yan-Ky say, 'We know it may be bad, but what are you going to do about the nose?'"

Whang paused, and I remained lost in amazement and perplexity. I feared to move lest I should fall into some danger, and unwittingly touch somebody's nose. Visions of my native country arose in my remembrance; a land where men are instantly held to account for their insults by the hot-headed, and where insults are destroyed in the force of character by the high-hearted,—a land of peace and willow-pattern plates—of tranquil cares and endless gardens of tea—a land of Nankeen trousers and small feet—of Shanghais and rice-paper—of bird's-nests and Confucius. May I safely pass your wall, O China, my country! I mentally ejaculated, and never will I seek Barbarian lands again. "O Whang!" cried I, aloud, "I will travel no more; my heart aches for China. I remember the words of Tom-mo the Mandarin and Philosopher, in his chapter upon Yan-ky, "All is not nose; also there is another country.' Tell me, Whang, before we leave this absurd land, can nothing be done to show the Yan-Kyse the true character of their theory of the nose?"

Whang smoked scornfully.

"Tay-Kin," replied he, "neither piety, decency, law, wit, nor sense will prevent suffocation in bad air,—nor will that air be purified so long as they who die in breathing it believe that very badness to be the secret of health, and regard the healthy and the sound as invalids."

\* Yan-Ky idiom.

"Order the fleetest pack-horses for the morning," cried I, "and let us try to be on the side of Confucius."

"To hear is to obey," said Whang, as the last whiff of smoke curled away.

To enlightened readers who dwell in Christendom and obey the ten commandments, the chapter which we have translated from this singular work will naturally seem an impossible tale. Yet even to those, who do not, perhaps, think with the good philosopher Tay-Kin that to live within the great wall of China is the extreme of human felicity, but who so sedulously aim to throw down all walls that separate man from man, and to build an honorable and manly State worthy of man and of his present development,—to us whose standard of public character is so lofty, and who so sternly reprobate mean-

ness and deceit in private intercourse; whose public men by the dignity and simplicity and purity of their lives worthily represent the humanity of the national idea, and always propose the measure which is surest to secure the happiness and freedom of man,—even to us for whom the whole world was made, and who are the greatest, best, truest, most polished, most heroic, and most pious of people, that any Tay-Kin ever saw outside the Great Wall of China,—to us who call ourselves Christians and gentlemen, and who are constantly proving it by Christian and honorable conduct, always obeying the best opinion of the best men, and never following the worst whim of the worst, it may serve to give us even a greater admiration of ourselves to laugh, for a moment, at the solemn follies of Yan-Ky.

#### NEW ENGLAND SPRING FLOWERS.

DOWN in the lowlands which border the long stretches of forest and on the banks of every brook in New England, may be found, before March has done blustering and roaring, one of the most curious flowers in the northern States. It is the first child of spring, and is commonly known by the unlovely name of SKUNK CABBAGE. (*Symplocarpus fatidus*, *Salis*.)—You may smile, gentle reader!—but I can assure you that even this despised plant can exhibit a blossom, far more beautiful than many of your choice greenhouse pets. The skunk-cabbage sends up with the first disappearance of frost its singular, large, purple hoods. Clustering close at the top of the soaking ground, they would scarcely be taken for blossoms. But let us cut one off deep down at the root and examine it. The stem is short, and entirely hidden in the sheaths of the young and old leaves. At the top is the half closed hood with ear-shaped margins, curving obliquely at the apex. It varies from a dark, blackish purple, to a light green with purple spots; and these colors with their intermediate shades are very beautiful. On dividing the hood horizontally, the real flowers are exposed, and we must acknowledge that it emits a compounded odor of garlic and the effusia of the animal whose name it, very appropriately, bears. It will, certainly, never be plucked for its fragrance.

But you hang up at your windows, and stand in your parlors the "toad cactus" (*Stapelia punctata*), which gives forth an odor far more intolerable. So let us endure its flavor for a while to examine its pretty blossoms.

This little yellow ball, studded with still yellower points, is a compact mass of perfect flowers, which touch each other on all sides, forming a natural, mosaic globe. Each little flower has four concave sepals flattened on the top, in front of which stand the stamens, lighting their yellow anthers above the level surface of the flowers in a regular series of bristling points. The style is perfectly square, tipped with a minute stigma. The ball of flowers we call a *spadix*, and the hood, a *spathe*. By and by, the spathe will wither and decay, leaving exposed the *spadix*, which ripens its seeds underneath the persistent flowers, immersed in the green, pulpy receptacle upon which they stand. The leaves will soon begin to emerge from the ground and grow rapidly to a large size, ornamenting with their shining green the meadows and water-courses.

The plant belongs to an extensive family, best represented in the hottest regions of the globe. The beautiful white calla in our greenhouses is near kindred to the vulgar skunk-cabbage. That is the high-bred, aristocratic lady; and this the

homely country cousin. They belong to the same order, called by botanists ARACEÆ, and wear the same heraldic crest.

If you are curious to see the minute structure of this unsavory herb, and can manage a microscope, you will find the flower stalk to be a fine example of the peculiar characteristics which distinguish the great division of plants to which it belongs;—the inside growers, or in technical terms, the endogens. A cross section will exhibit the open mouths of the very large juicy cells, in the midst of which are grouped, in clusters, the close, firm bundles of woody fibre. A longitudinal division will show these elongated bundles lying continuous for some length, while the soft, spongy mass between them is made up of short, fragile, juicy cells. And you may see in this little, despised stem, the counterpart of the mighty palms which rise to a lofty height in burning climes, and yield the rich fruits that are prized as luxuries in every corner of the globe.

Almost contemporary with this well-known plant, may be found in the bare, brown woods a beautiful little flower whose fragrance is as sweet as the other is nauseous. It is the MAY FLOWER, TRAILING ARBUTUS, GROUND LAUREL, for it is known under all these names. (*Epi-gæa repens*, L.) Amid the death and desolation around, it stands alone in its beauty the herald of the approaching army of blossoms. Its stem creeps along under the rustling leaves which winter has strown in the woods, sending up from time to time a slender branch, bearing on its summit a cluster of fragrant flowers. The leaves, which are about an inch and a half long, oval, and heart-shaped at base, spring alternately from the ends of the branches. They are sparsely clothed with rough hairs on both sides. The stalks are thickly covered with a reddish, bristly down which extends over the whole branch, and even covers the floral leaves that surround the flower cup. The flower is about half an inch long, tubular, divided at the top into five lobes, which diverge in a star-like manner. The throat of the tube is lined with white down concealing the stamens within. The color varies from white to rose pink. It exhales a delightful odor, for the sake of

which it is eagerly sought for in the spring time.

One of the first intimations of vernal life to the city folks, comes in the welcome form of the MAY FLOWER. They are sent as choice presents from country friends, and they are sold in considerable quantities in the stores. Fathers carry home a sprig of the first growth of spring to their children, and the sweetest gift of the season from the lover to his mistress is a nosegay of their delicate, fragrant blossoms.\* Many other flowers of superior beauty and richer fragrance may be found among the countless forms of the ripe season, but none are more prized than this humble little plant; for it comes when there are no others to vie with its sweetness, when we are longing for the bright summer. Who does not welcome the lovely courier that she sends before her!

It belongs to the Natural Order EACACEÆ.

There is a large and strongly marked family of plants, blossoming very early in the year, with whose peculiar mode of inflorescence, few beside botanists are familiar. They who are tempted forth into the woods by the young April sun, may very likely notice the long, worm-like tassels which hang from the bare branches of certain bushes and trees. Some are yellow, some brown and some green, and they hang drooping from the trees, swaying in the wind that sweeps through their leafless boughs. These are the amentaceous plants; thus named because the tassels are termed aments by botanists. They comprise a large portion of the forests over the whole northern country. The alders, birches, bayberries, hornbeams, poplars, willows, hazels and oaks are all members of this extensive race. Some few are low and bushy, but the greater number is composed of fine, large, graceful trees.

Before the leaves are expanded, and, in some instances, before they have even thrown off the shelly covering which has protected them through the winter, these tassels, formed during the preceding summer and remaining through the winter, begin to elongate rapidly. The male or sterile flowers are very similar throughout them all. They are composed of a central stem upon which are arranged,

\* Emerson refers very pleasantly to its name, in his admirable work on the Woody Plants of Massachusetts. He says: "Often from beneath the edge of a snow-bank, are seen rising the fragrant, pearly, white or rose colored, crowded flowers of this earliest harbinger of spring. It abounds in the edges of woods about Plymouth, as elsewhere, and must have been the first flower to salute the storm-beaten crew of the Mayflower, on the conclusion of their first terrible winter. Their descendants have thence piously derived its name, although its bloom is often passed before the coming in of the month of May."



generally in an imbricated manner, a great number of little scales. These are either entirely naked, as in the alder, or covered with long, silken hairs, as in the willow. At first, the aments are rigid and inflexible, but a week of warm weather will cause them to lengthen. Then may be seen, peeping from under each scale, a cluster of stamens springing often from second thinner scales, and protected from the cold by the stout shield of the outer one. When thus expanded, the ament is loose and flexible, obeying the slightest impulse of the wind. At this time the anthers give out their pollen and some species presents a most beautiful appearance.

Although the different genera differ widely in their female or fertile aments, the sterile ones so closely resemble each other as to be easily confounded by an unpractised eye. The alders, birches, hazels and hornbeams are thus closely allied. But the fertile flowers and the fruit are wholly unlike, and as on account of these differences they are placed in distinct orders, we will briefly recount the peculiarities of each. An extended notice of their minute botanical differences will be quite needless here, as these differences are such as will interest the professed botanical student alone. Their varied uses might furnish a subject for volumes. Those who desire a close acquaintance with this vast race of stately plants, will obtain the best of assistance from Emerson's Report, previously mentioned, and the "North American Sylva" of Michaux.

The alders and the birches are put together in one order, called BETULACEÆ. The principal difference between them is that the birches lose their catkins entirely at the end of the season, while the alders continue to bear them through the winter.

The BLACK ALDER (*Alnus serrulata*, Willd.), is one of the most common bushes in the country. It may be found in almost every patch of wet woods, and along the banks of every brook. Very early in the year its long, brown, sterile aments, which we have before mentioned, shed their pollen, and then may be seen a cluster of much smaller, upright catkins, about half an inch long, standing branch-like above the pendent ones. A close examination will detect a great number of red, bristly threads covering their dark brown surface. These are the stigmas which issue from a series of hard, fleshy scales compactly laid one upon the other. Each scale covers two flowers, which

consist simply of the ovaries surmounted by two slender stigmas. After the pollen has fallen upon these delicate organs, the aments gradually increase in size as the season advances, taking an oval shape and becoming green. They remain thus until maturity, when the scales become hard and woody, shrinking apart and allowing the flat nutlets to escape between them. They remain upon the bush, dry and black, all winter long, and rear their unsightly forms amid the golden bloom of the ensuing spring. They are liable to a peculiar growth which frequently takes place in the flowers and fruit of many plants. The scales of the cones have a tendency to become leaves, and the dead catkins are often surrounded with thick, black tufts of leaf-like excrescences which remain as long as the cones themselves. The leaves, which do not appear until after the bloom is over, are green on both sides, rounded and widest at the apex, three or four inches long, with the edges cut into small and irregular teeth.

The other species, the SPECKLED ALDER (*Alnus incana*, Willd.), is much like the first in general characteristics. It may be distinguished, however, by the leaves and aments. The former are more pointed, more strongly toothed, and more downy underneath than the common alder. The female aments are dependent, at the time of flowering, instead of being erect. There is still a variety of this (*Alnus glauca*, Mx.) which has leaves smooth and of a bluish green color beneath.

None are better acquainted with the habits of the alders than the disciples of old Izaak Walton. If they cannot all tell the story of aments and stamens and stigmas, they can often relate most piteously the tale of their mishaps in an alder thicket. Many a village angler has cut an alder pole and crept quietly into the shade of overhanging boughs to lure the wary trout; and many a patience has been sorely tried as the lengthened line, catching in the once friendly branches, has thrown back the speckled prey into its native stream.

The birches of this part of the country are mostly trees. There are two species found west and north of us and on the tops of mountains, one of which (*Betula pumila*, L.) is a low shrub, and the other (*Betula nana*, L.) is a mountain plant, reaching only a foot or two in height. Those which we meet in our northern woods are all graceful, ornamental trees. There are five species more or less common with us. These are the white,

canoe, red, yellow, and black birches. Common as these are around our houses, it will perhaps repay us to briefly enumerate the characters of each.

The WHITE BIRCH (*Betula populifolia*, Ait.) is the slenderest and most graceful of all. The snowy whiteness of its bark, the numerous slender branches and tremulous leaves distinguish it from all its brethren of the forest. Early in May, the sterile tassels which, closely wrapped up in their firm scales, have been awaiting all winter long the vernal warmth, elongate and set free the well guarded stamens. They are three or four inches long and hanging, like streamers in the wind, from the ends of the slender branchlets. The fertile aments come forth with the leaves. They are short and somewhat rigid, resembling the young alder aments in proportions, though larger. They are slim and cylindrical when young, covered with the minute stigmas, which are barely perceptible as they peep out from the closely set scales. As they ripen, they increase in rotundity as befits a hearty parent, until they become an inch or more long and a quarter of an inch thick. The scales, which are cut into three distinct lobes like all the birches, are not thick and bony when ripe; but are thin and shelly, falling away from the central stem which supports them, with the nutlets. These are flat, compressed and surrounded with a membranous border. The leaves are extremely beautiful. They are triangular in outline, tapering to a long, attenuated point. The margins are strongly toothed and serrated, the larger teeth alternating with smaller ones. They have long, slender leaf stalks, which, obeying the slightest breeze, suffer the graceful foliage to flutter and sparkle in the sun's rays. Their resemblance to the leaves of the common poplar, has given rise to its botanical name of *populifolia*.

The White Birch flourishes in the poorest soil. It is found in extensive patches, giving a light and airy character to the scene. In the spring, before it puts on its summer garb, it possesses a beauty peculiar to itself. The white trunks gradually lose themselves in a thick cluster of slender, upright branches of a mottled brown, which have a remarkably soft and plumose appearance when viewed from afar. The bark is of a peculiar structure; but as the next species possesses this peculiarity in a greater degree, we will describe them together.

The PAPER OR CANOE BIRCH (*Betula papyracea*, Ait.) is not so common south

of Maine as the White Birch. Clumps are frequently found, however, on the borders of woods. When young, it resembles the other very much, and an unpractised eye might confound them. It is a larger, bolder, more massive tree, with larger, thicker, and less attenuated leaves, which are dark green above and paler beneath. Another difference is seen in the bark, which is thin and of a dead, chalky white in the white birch, while that of the canoe birch is thick, glossy and pliant. The sterile catkins are larger and thicker than those of its ally, with a rougher, coarse appearance. The fertile catkins are also longer and larger.

This is the kind of birch which furnishes the northern Indians with the bark for their baskets, boxes, and trinkets of all kinds, which they ornament with beads and colored straws. It is this bark also which served their progenitors for the much more important structure of canoes. This tree grew here in great abundance years ago, and shaded the streams over which the aborigines of this country skimmed in the light fabrics made of its bark; but it is mostly destroyed hereabouts, although it still grows in vast quantities farther north, and is sent to Boston in the shape of "eastern wood."

The bark, which has been so useful to the race of men before us, and which is still used to a great extent in the north and west, is peculiarly constructed. The inner and thicker portion is composed of straight vertical fibres, running in the direction of the trunk and similar to the inner bark of deciduous trees in general. The outer layer, is made up of tough, flexible, horizontal fibres running at right angles with the inner bark, and encircling it. Its pliancy and strength are such as to allow of its being bent, shaped and sewed together like a thick cloth. Taken whole from the tree, it can be spread open, fashioned into a graceful shape, and lined with wooden ribs. In this way the slight canoes are made which float lightly on the water, and can be impelled, by experienced paddles, with astonishing rapidity. Modern improvement has superseded the use of these frail barks, and the race which employed them, and them only, on our waters, is disappearing before the tread of Saxon energy. But for the use of the red man in the chase or in war, for lightness and convenience in his long journeys on the still waters of the wilderness, no modern invention has surpassed them. They are still used wherever the Indian yet finds an abiding-place.

The RED BIRCH (*Betula nigra*, Ait.) is by no means so common as the other species. Emerson states that it is found "growing abundantly on Spicket River and the neighboring swamps in Methuen." Farther south it may be found in abundance. The common name expresses the characteristics of the tree better than the botanical one. The outer bark is formed like that of the canoe birch, but the color distinguishes it, and it lacks toughness and cohesion. It cracks away from the trunk in shelly pieces, which curve sufficiently to expose the inner surface. This is of a reddish tint, which gives a marked distinction to the tree when viewed from below. The female aments differ from those of the white and canoe birch, in being erect, upon short footstalks. The bracts are cut into three narrow, woolly lobes, which give a soft downy appearance to the catkin. The leaves are somewhat triangular, smooth above and pale beneath, with downy ribs and footstalks. Their margins have large, regular teeth, which are finely serrated. This species is not found in woods like the others, but grows along the banks of streams.

The YELLOW BIRCH (*Betula excelsa*, Ait.) is more frequently met with than the last. It is a large and graceful tree, with a stately trunk, which subdivides into an ample spread of dark, bronzed branches. The outer bark is of a dingy, silvery hue, without the toughness and cohesion of the canoe birch. It breaks away in patches, and curls up around the trunk in soft, loose, ragged fringes. The inner bark has a spicy flavor, like that of the black birch, though not so strong. The sterile catkins are large and shorter in proportion to their size than any others. The scales are of a rich chestnut color, contrasting finely with the golden yellow of the stamens. The fertile catkins are erect upon very short stalks, and thick in proportion to the length, attaining an oval form at maturity. The bracts are three toothed and somewhat downy. The leaves are from two to three inches long, oval, with an abrupt point, and sharply and irregularly serrate. They are smooth above and pale beneath, issuing in pairs from the sides of the reddish brown branchlets. The wood is extensively used as fuel as well as for many different fabrics.

The last of the birches which we are to describe is perhaps the most beautiful and the most useful of all; the BLACK BIRCH (*Betula lenta*, L.). It is also called the sweet and the cherry birch. In its leaves, fructification and habit, it re-

sembles the yellow birch, but the sterile catkins are longer and browner, and the dark colored bark is destitute of the soft and curling fringes of the latter. When it first opens its sterile catkins in the spring, they resemble those of the alder so much as to be easily confounded. The fertile aments, when mature, are small, round, oval, and thicker in proportion to their length than any others, and smaller. Like those of the red and yellow, they are erect upon short stalks. The leaves spring in pairs from the scaly buds of the last year. They are two or three inches long, acuminate, downy when young, becoming smooth when old, with prominent, parallel veins, and sharp, double serratures. But what distinguishes this birch from any other is the character of its bark. The outer cuticle has the same horizontal arrangement of the fibres, but it is very thin and fragile, of a dark brown color, and dotted with white spots like the wild cherry bark, which gives it the name of cherry birch. It never flakes off like the others, except when quite old, and then in hard, woody pieces. In addition to this difference, the inner bark has a rich, aromatic flavor and odor, resembling very strongly the flavor of the Partridge Berry (*Gaultheria repens*). When used for a perfume, which is quite common, it is difficult to tell them apart. Like the whole genus to which it belongs, the black birch is a most graceful and ornamental tree. It is one of the first to put forth leaves, and is, at every season, one of the noblest of the forest children.

Before we leave the birches, we must mention one thing which has made nearly all of us familiar with some of their uses. They have from time immemorial yielded a pungent oil, which has been freely and extensively used wherever the rising generation has gathered together in the temples of learning. The "Oil of Birch" is an article of a bitter and irritating nature. Many an unlucky urchin has undergone its forced application who could scarcely explain the texture of that cuticle which was both bark and bite to his own. However, his medical knowledge may have undoubtedly increased, for he could have eloquently explained the effect of its application to the human skin.

One of the earliest of the amentaceous plants is the HOP HORNBEEAM (*Ostrya Virginica*, Willd.), which is common everywhere. It is a small tree of slow growth, and from its remarkably tough and hard wood is sometimes called "lever wood," and "iron wood." The bark of

the trunk is broken into close ridges like that of the white ash, while the branches resemble, in color and markings, those of the black birch. The sterile aments stand in diverging clusters on the ends of the last year's shoots, appearing, before they expand, quite rigid and hard. They are an inch or more long, of a light chestnut color, straight and smooth. When the increasing warmth has brought forth the pistillate flowers, the very closely-set scales separate, the aments become flaccid and the stamens emit their pollen. The fertile ament appears with the leaves on the end of the young shoot. It might easily be taken for the yet unexpanded leaves, as it is small and hidden in the leaf-like bracts. The flowers are arranged loosely in a short ament half an inch long, with two kinds of bracts or scales. The outer ones, which are long and hairy, fall off early, leaving the inner smaller ones to protect the peculiar bladderly covering of the nutlet. This covering is at first a simple tube, open at the top, from which project two stigmas. They grow in twos from the same point and gradually elongate and inflate with age. At the time of maturity the ament is an inch or two long, composed of an imbricated cluster of these bladderly sacs, bristly at the base, resembling somewhat the fruit of the hop vine, whence the common name of the tree. The nutlet is small, light brown in color, of an ovate, compressed form, and situated at the bottom of the sac. The leaves are ovate with a tapering point, resembling those of the yellow birch, but the serratures are larger, more elongated and spreading. The tree is common all over the country, but is not of great utility or beauty.

There is another small tree very common at the South and extending some hundreds of miles north of us, which is closely related to the last, and bears the same common name of HORNBEAM (*Carpinus Americana*, Mr.). It has the same compact toughness of fibre, the same slow growth, and it frequents the same situations. The sterile catkins are small, appearing before the leaves. The fertile ones are unlike those of the Hop Hornbeam in appearance. They spring from the ends of the young leafy shoots, at first insignificant, but finally hanging in numerous drooping clusters all over the tree. The flowers, which are very small, consisting merely of the ovary with its stigmas, appear in the axils of the terminal leaves. These leaves, which in most amentaceous plants take the form of scales or cones, in this plant retain their leafy

character, although they differ in shape from the true leaves. They are of a triangular form with two large hastate lobes at the base, and an elongated terminal point which is cut into several large teeth at the sides. The ripe nutlets grow in pairs from the same point. They are naked at the base of the leaves, not truly in their axils, but seated at the juncture of the leaf-stalk and the leaf. They are an eighth of an inch long, compressed, with several prominent ribs on each side, and of a dark brown color. The true leaves of the tree resemble those of the other Hornbeam, though somewhat thinner. They are two inches or more long, half as wide, doubly and very sharply serrate.

This tree may be recognized at any season of the year, by the trunk alone. The bark is of a gray, ashen color, smooth and obscurely spotted. The mode of growth is what distinguishes it, however, from any other tree. Instead of being round, or equally distributed around a common centre, it grows in strong and salient ridges, looking sometimes as if a powerful hand had twisted it into an angular form. The ridges commence at the juncture of a branch with the main stem. There is a doubt existing among those who have sought to discover the origin of its name whether "hornbeam" arose from the resemblance of these ridges to those on the horns of some animals, or whether it merely implied a hard, horny wood.

The tree is not productive of much benefit to man, but is at all seasons an ornament to our woods with its profuse bloom and rich autumn coloring. Both of the Hornbeams belong to the order CUPULIFERE.

We have many other amentaceous trees to describe, which flower at the same time; but perhaps it will be interesting to turn for awhile from this extensive race and examine some of the humbler but more beautiful flowers that bloom at their feet. The hazels, poplars, willows, pines, oaks and bayberries shall come in their turn.

Underneath the nodding tassels of the alders by the brook-side, and thickly spread over the wet meadows, grows, early in the year, one of the most brilliant of our wild flowers, the MARSH MARI GOLD, or, as it is commonly called, COWSLIP (*Caltha palustris*, L.). It spreads extensively in the low grounds, covering large patches with its bright golden blossoms. At a little distance a hasty glance might think it was a large buttercup. The radical leaves, which in

the low overflowed woods are among the first evidences of green life, are rounded in outline with a serrated edge of small, blunt teeth. They are on footstalks sometimes more than a foot long. The stems are of about the same length, grooved on the outside and hollow in the middle. They fork at the top two or three times, giving forth a leaf with each branch, and finally presenting a rounded top of large, showy flowers. The stem leaves are sometimes quite sessile, and sometimes with stalks an inch long. They are round, heart-shaped, with such ample blades that they lie in folds, the margins sometimes clasping the stem. The flowers are of a fine bright yellow, an inch broad, composed of from four to ten ovate or obovate sepals, numerous stamens, and an irregular number of pistils.

When we say that these gay blossoms have no corolla, perhaps some will inquire what those yellow leaves can be that so much resemble one. They are the colored sepals, which are the separate parts of the calyx, as the petals are the divisions of the corolla. Many plants have this change in the coloration and texture of their parts. It is peculiar to whole families, and sometimes to whole orders. The corolla in such cases is generally absent, though sometimes it is present, but so like the calyx as to be only distinguished by its position on the stem. In the lily, for example, there are three sepals and three petals, both colored alike and of the same shape, but it will be seen that one set slightly overlaps the other at the base. The outer set is the calyx, the inner one the corolla. Their position in respect to the stamens also distinguishes them. The cowslip therefore has no petals, the yellow veiny parts being termed petaloid from their resemblance to petals. Colored sepals are generally destitute of fragrance, not possessing that peculiar organization which in the true corolla so often secretes a volatile oil. The fruit consists of a cluster of flat, pointed carpels, which diverge as they ripen and open upon the inner side, exposing numerous winged seeds.

It is used very commonly in the country as a pot herb, being among the earliest "spring greens" of the season. It is a very respectable substitute for spinach, though rarely met with in our city markets. The name of COWSLIP, commonly given to this plant here, is wrongly applied; as that name belongs to a kind of primrose, common in Europe, and so christened centuries ago. MARSH MARI-GOLD is a more appropriate title. The

different names given to the same plants in different places cause much confusion in identifying them. Scientific men themselves, are often vexed with the quadruple baptism which the same natural object has received, and is acknowledged by, in different localities. Very frequently the same name is given to plants of a widely dissimilar character, as in this case. "Dogwood" is a name given to the early Cornel tree (*Cornus florida*, L.) and also to the poisonous sumach (*Rhus venenata*, D. C.), two entirely distinct plants with no resemblance whatever.

Belonging to the same natural order, RANUNCULACEÆ, and flowering earlier than the last, is one of the most delicate flowers of the whole season, the HEPATICA, LIVERLEAF, LIVERWORT, EARLY ANEMONE, under which name it is in different places known (*Hepatica triloba*, Chair). In warm situations, where the snow first melts away from the woods in the spring sun, this elegant little flower may be found sending up its blue blossoms in abundance, above the dead leaves around it. The young leaves, before expanding, are clothed with a dense, white, silky down, which gives to them a plumose appearance. As they gradually unfold, they lose this covering and become nearly smooth. They are all radical, about two inches or more wide, one and a half inches long, and cut into three rounded lobes. They are on footstalks four or five inches long, and remain after the flowers have perished, growing thick and coriaceous, enduring the winter's snow unchanged, and only perishing when the next year's growth pushes them aside. The flowers are solitary, on the top of downy scapes four or five inches long, several of which spring from the same root. Like the caltha they have no petals, but the six or eight ovate sepals are of delicate texture, and tinted with a beautiful blue, which varies in the deepness of its color. Beneath them, at so short a distance as to appear like a calyx, is an involucre of three ovate, hairy leaves, somewhat shorter than the sepals. The stamens are numerous, as are also the pistils, which are small and downy in a close cluster. When ripe, they become short, hairy, pointed carpels, inclosing each a single seed.

There is a variety of this plant which De Candolle has raised into a species (*Hepatica acutiloba*, De. C.) in which the lobes of the radical leaves as well as those of the involucre are pointed. This seems to be the only real difference be-

tween the species, and intermediate forms occur.

The HEPATICA derives both its botanical and its common names from a remote resemblance which it bears to the liver, and, from some strange fancy in olden times, it was thought for that reason to be a specific remedy for the diseases of the organ. It is even now extensively used as a popular medicine, though possessed of no very active properties. The plant is easily cultivated, and forms one of the most beautiful of the garden blooms in early spring.

Vying in beauty with this last, and of yet greater purity, is the BLOOD ROOT (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*, L.), which is common over the whole country. It is often found growing with the Hepatica, contrasting its snowy blossoms with the cerulean blue of its neighbor. The root of this plant deserves our first attention, as both its common and scientific names are derived from its peculiarity. We should say, however, more properly, the rootstock, as this plant furnishes an example of the difference between the true roots and the subterranean stem (*rhizoma*). Just beneath the surface of the ground this stem grows onward, never rising to the light itself, but sending up from its sides and apex, the leaves and flowers of each succeeding spring. The true roots are the irregular fibres which, springing mostly from the under side, serve to keep this stem firm in its bed, and also to supply it with nutriment. This rootstock is rough, with irregular ridges, of a dull red color, ending abruptly at one point and bearing the growing bud at the other. It is tough, fleshy, and gorged with a copious orange-red juice, which gives it the name of Blood Root. This rootstock literally travels through the ground. Growing from one end only, it moves onward in that direction and dies at the other. The side buds which it gives out, grow in a similar manner until they have become separate plants, perishing at their birth-place. In the young bud at the apex, lie folded together the leaf and flower soon to burst forth. They throw off the embraces of several long, sheathing scales, and grow up rapidly together. The bud is protected from the lingering frost by the tender embraces of the enfolding leaf, which rises with its ample lobes wrapped closely around the unexpanded blossom. They grow thus together until the genial warmth bids the leaf relax its care, and the bud, taking a more rapid growth, shoots beyond its protective bed and expands its snow-

white, starry beauty to the light of day. The two obtuse concave sepals open, and almost immediately drop away. The petals are from eight to twelve in number, ovate, with a lengthened base, measuring an inch or more across when expanded. They are very fugacious, falling with the lightest touch, soon after they have opened. The stamens are numerous, surrounding the two-celled ovary, with its bilobed stigma. The leaves are heart-shaped, and cut into from five to nine lobes. Into these lobes the strongly marked ribs diverge from the apex of the leaf-stalk, which, at the time of flowering, is three or four inches long. The leaves continue to grow during the summer until they become three or four inches long and wide. Like those of the hepatica, they are highly ornamental after the bloom which they at first protected has passed away. They fabricate in their thick green blades the copious sanguinary juice which is stored in the underground stem, and which furnishes food for the rapid growth of the young leaf and flower of the following spring.

The BLOOD ROOT belongs to an order of plants—*Papaveraceæ*—which furnishes one of the most useful and most pernicious substances used by man,—opium. The colored or milky juice is common to them all. That which is found in the stems of the common Celandine, introduced into this country from Europe (*Chelidonium majus*, L.) has long enjoyed an extensive reputation among boys as a specific cure for warts. The juice of the blood root has been used as a dye. Taken internally it is a powerful emetic.

One of the earliest and prettiest of the vernal flowers is the MAY WEED or EARLY SAXIFRAGE (*Saxifrage Virginiana*, Mx.). As soon as the snow melts from the low hill-tops, and the frost has set free the thin soil beneath, it begins to show signs of activity. Close to the ground, in the midst of the starved grass, its little rosettes of downy leaves are found in great abundance. They are an inch long, of an oval form, cut into rounded teeth above, and tapering at the base into broad stalks half as long as the blade. In the centre of this little circle lie the clustering flower buds, insignificant at first, but soon rising from their leafy bed. They are borne upon the summit of a naked pubescent stalk, which grows with great rapidity to a height of from six to twelve inches. This stalk gives forth branches as it rises, each one accompanied by a narrow, threadlike, downy leaf, until the plant takes a panicu-

late form, sometimes thin and loose, and oftener close and crowded. The flowers are small but pretty, arranged in clusters on the ends of the branches. The calyx is cut into five oval lobes, which are sometimes tinged with purple, and stand somewhat erect. The white, oblong, spreading petals are twice the length of the calyx lobes, and alternate with them. The stamens are ten in number, and the two styles ripen into a pair of diverging pods, united at the base, inclosing numerous seeds.

This species with one other later (*Pennsylvanica*) are our only eastern representatives of a vast genus, many species of which belong to the north and north-western part of this continent, and which is extensively diffused over Europe. The delicate blossoms of many small species adorn the mountain-tops with their simple elegance as high up as vegetation is found. Mr. Oakes found one small species, the *S. rivularis*, on the top of Mt. Washington; but it is very rare. Others are cultivated in our gardens for their beauty. They belong to and typify the order SAXIFRAGACEÆ.

The summer rambles of our city children begin with the flowering of the MAY WEED, and groups of sturdy little fellows, to whom the riches of greenhouses and gardens are denied, may be seen returning from their holiday strolls with handfuls of its drooping blossoms.

Another of the equally common and beautiful flowers is the WIND FLOWER or WOOD ANEMONE (*Anemone nemorosa*, L.). It grows in profusion by the roadsides and in the open woods, spangling the ground with its pure starry blossoms in early spring. No one is better known or better beloved by the young botanists who go "a Maying;" and should "winter, lingering, chill the lap of May," it is not sure to be found at that season.

The underground stem is long and wormlike, giving forth scattered rootlets, and sending upwards from its apex a smooth, slender stem, four or five inches long. From its summit spring forth, in a circle, three or five compound leaves which diverge horizontally and equally around the stem. They are on stalks nearly half an inch long, and are composed of three smooth, wedge-shaped leaflets, which are cut into large teeth, and are sometimes three-lobed at the apex. From the centre of these leaves rises a single flower on a naked downy peduncle, more than an inch long. The bud droops gracefully before opening, but gradually rises in bloom, expanding its snow-white leaves, from four

to eight in number, in a starlike form. These leaves or sepals, for the flower is only a petaloid calyx, are of an ovate form, delicately veined and frequently of a purple color on the exterior, which makes the young bud extremely pretty. The stamens are numerous, surrounding a cluster of fifteen or twenty pistils. The seed-vessels are of an oblong form, tipped with a hooked beak.

There is a delicacy and a purity in this little flower, which commends it to the affections of every body. Its common occurrence has never purchased for it that contempt which is often given to natural beauties that have become familiar. Its simplicity and unobtrusiveness make friends of every one. It derives its name, both scientific and popular, from an ancient and idle notion that it only blossoms while the wind is blowing. It belongs to the order RANUNCULACEÆ, and to a large genus of plants which has given to florists some of the choicest ornaments of their gardens. Many of the foreign species are richly colored. Later in the year, three other native species flower with us: the *Cylindrica*, *Virginiana*, and *Pennsylvanica*. The last is found only towards the West. These are all less beautiful than the one we have described, and much larger.

The first tree which unfolds a perfect blossom is the RED MAPLE, or as it is sometimes called in different localities the SWAMP, WHITE, AND SCARLET MAPLE (*Acer rubrum*, L.). It is one of the most common trees in the country, ornamenting the swamps and low woods at all seasons of the year. The scaly buds, which stud the branches in profusion, swell with the first warmth of spring. A few days of uninterrupted mildness in April will cause them to expand. Each bud discloses four or five small red flowers which spring on short pedicels from the same point. The calyx and corolla are similarly colored, though the petals are of a more delicate texture. The number of divisions is not always the same, ranging from four to six. The stamens are equal in number to the calyx lobes, and stand before them. They are two or three times as long as the flower, giving a bristly appearance to the clusters. The flowers are not all perfect, in fact not commonly so. Some have stamens only, some pistils only, and seldom both. Some trees bear only the staminate, some the pistillate flowers, and others both of them. They are termed polygamous in botanical language. The fertile flowers have two long downy styles which curve outwards.

When the stamens are present also, they are shorter than in sterile flowers.

Both kinds of flowers are of a beautiful scarlet hue, and as they spring in great numbers around the bare branches, they give to the whole tree a brilliant coloring. None of the forest trees present so fine a view as the red maple at this period. It blooms long before any verdure has appeared, and rears its flaming head over the sleeping life around, so bright and beautiful as to distinguish it at a great distance. But not in bloom only is it remarkable for its elegance. When the flowers have fallen away, the peduncles begin to elongate rapidly, bearing on their apex the swelling germs, crowned with the outcurving stigmas. At first they are of an inverted triangular form; but as they grow larger two wings are developed at the outer angles which grow very rapidly, diverging as they increase, until they attain a curved, spatulate form, thickened at the outer edge, which gives rise to forking veins that curve inwards. They bear considerable resemblance to the wings of some insects. At this time the tree presents again a most beautiful appearance. The keys or samaras, as they are termed, hang pendent on peduncles which grow from an inch and a half to two inches long, clothing the tree with a rich crimson tasseling, even more ornamental than its early bloom. The seed vessels themselves are small and compressed, growing in pairs, and bearing the wings on their outer edge. They contain one seed each.

The leaves, which appear subsequently, are on long petioles, rounded or heart-shaped at base, and cut into three or five toothed lobes, which are separated by a sharply indented sinus. They vary much in outline, though always preserving their general character. Early in the autumn, before the warm weather has quite departed, they begin to assume the gay coloring which has given a name to the tree. This rich scarlet is first seen in a few leaves, then in a few branches, and finally whole trees are clothed in its gorgeous magnificence, when the foliage of other trees still retain the fresh green of midsummer.

The cause of this change in the color of foliage at autumn, has given rise to much speculation. It has been generally ascribed to the action of frost, inasmuch as the change takes place at the time when frost generally appears. But modern research and observation have proved this to be a fallacy. This tree, in particular, is adduced as a proof that frost or

even cold is not necessary to produce the change, as it is often found clothed with its autumn dress before the first sign of frost. Leaves may be found at all seasons of the year, which have changed color from premature decay. The best explanation yet given, is, that the cellular structure of the leaf becomes gorged with an internal deposit, in the same manner as the stony portion of fruits is formed, and that a subsequent chemical action upon the green chlorophyll produces the alteration. The leaf is, in fact, ripe. The skins of many fruits retain their green hue until ripe, and then assume a bright color, which does not depend on cold, but on maturity. The texture of this fruit skin does not materially differ from the skin of a leaf blade. The maturity of a fruit is its incipient decay. It no longer grows, but decomposes. Those fruits which, like apples, may be kept for a long while, only resist longest the action of decomposing agents: they are not living, but slowly decaying, to make food for the seeds they contain. The chemical action which the vitality of the leaf opposed, begins to take place at once on its death. Therefore we believe that the forest leaves ripen and perish in their season, and that their bright beauty is the result of their death. The cold breath of winter may kill them, but it is not that cold itself which paints them with purple and gold.

One other early species of maple which is found in the western part of the State, is the WHITE or SILVER-LEAVED MAPLE (*Acer dasycarpum*, Ehrhart). It grows more loosely than the red maple, and is easily distinguished from many peculiarities. The flowers appear before the leaves, and are of a greenish yellow. The samaras are always green, downy when young, but smoother when mature, with two large, thick, diverging wings, on pedicels an inch long. The leaves are more deeply cut, and whitened beneath with a silvery down, which glistens in the sunlight when the wind agitates its branches. Like the red maple, it has been extensively used as an ornamental shade-tree; and though destitute of the gay colors of the former, its foliage and mode of growth are more graceful.

The maples typify the order ACERACEÆ, and are its only representatives in the North. At the South is found the ASH-LEAVED MAPLE, or BOX ELDER (*Negundo Aceroides*, Mench.), which was classed with the acers, by Linnæus, and differs in its pinnate leaves, and constantly dioecious flowers. No single genus of trees is of more varied importance to man. They



furnish one of the most useful woods for a great variety of purposes; one species (*A. saccharinum*) yields a delicious sugar, and all are highly ornamental in cultivation.

To go from the lofty to the lowly, let us notice a charming little flower which appears very early upon the dry hills—the FIVE FINGER, or CINQUE-FOIL (*Potentilla Canadensis*, L.). From each root spring several creeping stems, which run over the ground, giving forth leaves and flowers at intervals, which become longer as the plant gains strength. The leaves are on long petioles, and are cut into five obovate, wedge-shaped, distinct leaflets, which are sharply toothed at the top, and covered on both sides with a silky down. They are accompanied by two downy stipules, which are both cut into three sharp, lanceolate lobes. The flower is on a long slender peduncle, springing from the axils of the leaves. The calyx is cut into five lobes, alternating with five bracts, which are so much like the calyx as to make it seem ten-lobed. The five petals are rounded and obovate, longer than the calyx, and of a bright golden yellow. They are lightly attached at the base, and soon fall away. A second bloom appears at the end of the summer. The numerous short stamens surround a cluster of pistils, which become, on ripening, a close, flattened head of small pointed seed-vessels. The whole plant is covered with a soft, silken pubescence.

We have described only one variety of this species of *Potentilla*. Modern botanists have placed under the name of *Canadensis*, given by Linnaeus, two distinct varieties. The one under consideration is the *sarmentosa* of Muhlenberg. It is early, never erect, always in dry soils, and of a slender, starved growth. The other, *P. simplex* of Michaux, appears later, is twice as large in every part, greener and ranker, standing erect, or leaning upon the tall grass, and growing in damp soils. The difference between them is such as might be caused by the difference of situation; yet intermediate forms do not so often occur as might be expected. When plants of any extended region are examined together, many nominal species are found to run gradually into each other, which would be considered certainly distinct in an isolated locality.

We will close this chapter of our desultory descriptions, with an account of a flower, universally known and esteemed as one of our sweetest spring beauties—the WILD COLUMBINE or HONEYSUCKLE

(*Aquilegia Canadensis*, L.). It grows in dry places from the crevices of rocks, sometimes covering a loose, crumbling declivity, for a considerable distance, with its brilliant blossoms. The stem is smooth, a foot or more high, branching widely at the top, and bearing on its ultimate divisions the large solitary flowers. The lower leaves are twice triply divided, the first divisions being long, and the second ones short stalked. The leaflets are variously cut and lobed at the apex. The stem leaves are gradually reduced to three simple lobes, or even a plain ovate form. They are all smooth, except where the petiole embraces the accompanying branch; the sheathing, stipular portion is there pubescent. The flowers are of a brilliant scarlet on the outside, and a rich yellow within. The five ovate sepals are petaloid in texture and color; they curve outward at the base, and become nearly erect, overlapping and exceeding in length the yellow petals. These are peculiarly formed. The rim of each would give the outline of any common form of leaf, with an apex, two sides, and a base; but the blade is drawn downwards into a long, hollow, tubular spur, which gradually diminishes in diameter, and is thickened at the point. These were termed nectaries by the older botanists. Under this name they classed every honey-producing apparatus of the flower, and even the strange or uncommon appendages which produced no honey. Modern writers do not now classify these parts under a general name. They no longer recognize the nectary as a separate and integral portion of the flower. The parts so named are considered to be merely peculiar developments of the organs on which they occur. The stamens of the columbine are numerous, gathered together in a conical bundle in the centre of the flower. From the centre of these spring five long, thread-like styles. The flower hangs drooping from the apex of the nodding stalk, so that the spurs are upright, and the stigmas pendent. But when the flower falls away, the stem resumes its upright position, bearing five separable carpels, erect, and tipped with the persistent styles. They open inwards like a dry pod, exposing numerous seeds.

All the May-day ramblers eagerly seek for wild columbines, as they are only found in warm, sunny situations, so early in the year. It flowers profusely a week or two later. Its brilliant colors and elegant foliage, make it highly prized by the young herborists of the season. Nor is it less welcome to those of older growth, to whom, more than to children, it is signifi-

cant of the coming season of beauty; to whom its grace and loveliness are an epitome of that perfect harmony which reigns in the whole natural world.

The columbine is another representative of the order *RANUNCULACEÆ*, which furnishes so many of our early flowering plants. The European species, *A. vulgaris*, is very common in our gardens, and is an instance of that tendency to procure foreign plants, with an idea that they must be more beautiful than our own. Our species is more elegant in every re-

spect than the European one, and better deserves cultivation.

We have by no means described all the early spring blossoms. There are others, less familiar, but equally worthy of our examination. There is something greatly attractive in the first signs of summer life, and we feel peculiar gratification at the discovery of the first specimens of favorite flowers. If our readers are willing to again look over our shoulder to notice the plants we cull, we will at once proceed to collect another bouquet.

### THE CRUISE OF THE STEAM YACHT NORTH STAR.

*The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star; a Narrative of the Excursion of Mr. Vanderbilt's Party to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, &c.* By the REV. JOHN OVERTON CHOULES, D. D., Author of the "History of Missions," "Young Americans Abroad," &c. Boston, Gould & Lincoln, 1854.

NEVER, since the day when Noah took his sons and his sons' wives on board the Ark, has there been so large a family party afloat as that which embarked with the patriarch Vanderbilt, on his pleasure trip to Europe. It was altogether a most memorable and remarkable excursion, and better worth being commemorated than many voyages of greater pretensions. When the North Star appeared in the British waters, the London journals while chronicling the event and expressing their admiration of the yacht, and the splendid liberality of its patriarchal owner, consoled themselves with the reflection that there were plenty of self-made millionaires on the London Exchange, who were rich enough in pocket, but too poor in spirit, to indulge in such ostentatious pleasures.

The London News said, "Those who ought to be the Vanderbilts of England, would shrink from employing their wealth in the magnificent manner adopted by their American friend. They would dread the effect of making any unusual display which would surely subject them to the reproach of being millionaires and parvenues." Poor creatures! Our Cosmo Vanderbilts are rather proud of being parvenues and the creators of their own fortunes, and would rather than not be accounted millionaires. "Here is the great difference between the two countries," continues the News. "In England a man is too apt to be ashamed of having

made his own fortune, unless he has done so in one of the few roads which the aristocracy condescend to travel by—the bar, the church, or the army."

Think of getting rich by the church! That which should disgrace a Christian is, it appears, one of the three paths to honor in England. God be praised that we were born on this side of the Atlantic! "And if he is vulgar enough not to feel ashamed of himself," continues the candid News, "his wife and children make amends by sedulously avoiding every thing which can put other people in mind of their origin. It was thought something superhumanly heroic in Sir Robert Peel to confess he was the son of a cotton spinner, though every body knew it." Well then might John Bull open wide his eyes at the apparition of the North Star steaming into Southampton water!

The North Star was a steamship of the first class, which was built expressly for her owner to make a pleasure voyage to Europe in, and, of course, combined all the requisites to insure comfort and safety which money could procure. She left New-York last May, having on board Commodore Vanderbilt, his wife and eighteen of his sons and sons-in-law and daughters and daughters-in-law; in addition there were Doctor Linsly, the family physician, and his wife, and the Rev. John Overton Choules, D. D. and his wife.

A happier party, or one better satisfied with their prospects, according to Dr. Choules, never crossed the Atlantic.

Hiss went the steam, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad.

Doctor Choules was to officiate as chaplain and historiographer of the excursion

and, if ever we go a yachting to Europe, most fortunate shall we esteem ourselves if we can engage so jovial and sunnyminded a D. D. to act in a similar capacity. We fear there are but few such chaplains, and we know that there have never been many such good-natured chroniclers of voyages. If there were any disagreeables attending the excursion, our author, for one, did not see them. He saw nothing but a nimbus of lambent glory surrounding the ship in which he sailed, and encircling every object that he encountered. His glasses were tinged with rose-color, all odors were agreeable that saluted his wide nostrils, and none but the sweetest and gentlest sounds ever reached his ears. His presence must have been perpetual sunshine in the saloons, and on the deck of the North Star. He heard, we have not a doubt,

"— a mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song."

For he naively remarks at the close of his volume that, although one of the passengers "reckoned up sixteen days of bad weather," "he did not remember one he should call a regular storm." So uniform is the chaplain's amiable temper, and so resolutely was he bent on looking only upon the silver linings of black clouds, that he has even a good word for the Emperor Nicholas, an unhappy man, whom all the rest of the world unites in execrating. Dr. Choules says, he has "heard anecdotes in plenty respecting the Czar, and all of them reflect great honor upon the qualities of his head and heart," and he left Russia "with exalted opinions of the wisdom and patriotism of the Emperor."

The incipient state of great events is always a subject of interest to the world, and Dr. Choules records the time and the place when Mr. Vanderbilt first revealed to him the project of his pleasure voyage, and made its future historian acquainted with the happiness which was in store for him.

"Early in the spring of the present year," says our author, "the attention of the country was directed to an item in the daily papers of New York, containing information that Mr. Vanderbilt was constructing a steam-ship of large dimensions, which he intended as a yacht for the accommodation of his family and some invited friends in a voyage to the principal sea-ports in Europe. The announcement of this project excited a deep interest in the public mind, and the excursion became a prominent subject of conversation.

"Mr. Vanderbilt was known to his countrymen as a thoroughly practical man, whose energy and perseverance, combined with strong intellect and high com-

mercial integrity, had given him immense wealth; all his undertakings had been crowned with signal success, and his great enterprise in opening a communication with the Pacific by the Nicaragua route had made him a reputation in Europe; and a general expectation existed that he would carry out his plan in a manner that would redound to the honor of the country. Various opinions were entertained as to his ultimate designs. Many imagined that Mr. Vanderbilt proposed to effect some great mercantile operation,—he was to sell his ship to this monarch, or that government,—or, he was to take contracts for the supply of war steamers; all sorts of speculations were entertained by that generally misinformed character,—the public. In February I was sitting with Mr. Vanderbilt in his library, when he gave me the first information I had received of his intentions, and he kindly invited me and my wife to accompany him to Europe in the month of May. The ship was then on the stocks, but he named the very day on which he should sail, and gave me the details of his proposed route, and from which few deviations were afterwards made. Mr. V. expressly informed me that his sole object was to gratify his family and afford himself an opportunity to see the coast of Europe, which he could do in no other way; and he observed that, after more than thirty years' devotion to business, in all which period he had known no rest from labor, he felt that he had a right to a complete holiday."

The style of Doctor Choules is equal to his subject, being free, flowing, and easy, and though here and there a sentence occurs to which a severe or pedantic critic might object, it is very readable, amiable and pleasant. It would be impossible for the most ill-natured of the whole tribe of critics not to relent and grow tenderly good-humored while accompanying the pleasant author on his rose-tinted excursion. There is one sentence in the preface of the Doctor's book which, we must confess, rather startled us before we got entirely through with it. "This world is full of beauty," says Doctor Choules, "and it teems with wonders; and I never see a fresh portion of God's earth, but I feel some respect for the old gentleman's opinion,"—the remainder of the sentence leaves us room to imagine what the good Doctor means, but as the oddness of its phrasing did not at the first glance permit us to discover it, we were rather startled until we did—"who, on going from Maine to Albany for the first time that he had left his native State, declared, on his return, that the world was more extensive than he had supposed."

It will be perceived that the two D.'s which the reverend historian wears at the end of his name are no hindrance to his enjoyment of a small joke. There are several like it in the volume.

It was a remarkably fine moonlight night as the North Star steamed past "one of the sweetest islands of the world," where the venerable mother of Mr. Vanderbilt resided, in whose honor "rockets

were let off and a gun fired;" and when the pilot left the yacht outside Sandy Hook, he was presented with a "purse of gold, which was intended to show that no blame was attached to him by Mr. Vanderbilt," for an accident which had delayed the steamer the day before. "Soon after leaving Sandy Hook," says Dr. Choules, "Mr. Vanderbilt requested me to conduct family worship on board the ship throughout the voyage, and to appoint such an hour as I thought most suitable. It was accordingly agreed that prayers should be attended every evening at nine o'clock, and that grace should be said at all the meals on board ship." The voyage commenced most auspiciously, and Dr. Choules remarks, on the very first day out, "it seemed a happiness to exist," and, as he immediately after says, "our table was equal to that of any hotel in America, and the desserts rivalled in richness any thing that I have witnessed in the Astor, Metropolitan and St. Nicholas;" we have no doubt that the seeming was a reality. Not only were the desserts rich, but the music was delightful. "One gentleman of the party possessed a fine taste in Italian music—the ladies were always in voice—the sailors, too, were decidedly fond of negro melody. One of them who answered to the euphonious name of Poage, was thought to be quite equal to the Christy Minstrels." The first sermon preached by the Doctor, he informs us, was on the 22d of May, "the text selected for the occasion, Proverbs xvi. 32; 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' The singing was fine, and the accompaniment of the piano very acceptable." Doctor Choules had a very natural admiration for his generous patron. "Often," says he, "did I wish that more than the members of our privileged company could have seen him day by day kind and attentive to his officers, polite and liberal to his guests. Mr. Vanderbilt I had long known to be possessed of great qualities, a mighty grasp of intellect, and capabilities of the highest order. Yet till I entered upon this voyage I did not adequately appreciate his knowledge of men, his fine tact, his intuitive perception of the fitting, and his dignified self-control; and I felt glad that such a man, self-made as he is, should be seen by the accidental sons of nobility and fortune in the Old World."

The amenities and splendors of the voyage across the Atlantic came to an end on the 1st of June, and, quite as a matter

of course, "it was one of England's most joyous, brilliant mornings," when the doctor and his companions woke up in Southampton water, "and gazed out upon as richly cultivated a landscape as the southern coast of England can present." Here the party "found several fine hotels;" but we are sorry to learn that one, called the New York Hotel, which had the star-spangled banner displayed, did not favorably impress "some of our gentlemen who repaired to it for a lunch." This was about the only unfavorable impression which seems to have been made upon the party during this brilliant excursion, but the Doctor adds that "Radley's Hotel near the railroad, and, I think, the Dolphin, are well-kept houses." The unfavorable impression caused by the unfortunate lunch which had a star-spangled banner to recommend it, probably soon wore off, for the Doctor immediately grows amiable again. But a poor lunch was not a thing to be passed over by so exemplary a chaplain, and so voracious a historian. It was one of the few dark spots in the bright picture he has given us of this memorable excursion. Every thing is beautiful, fine, glorious and charming, excepting that unfortunate lunch. They see some soldiers, and the Doctor remarks "they looked like fine fellows." He calls upon the Rev. Thomas Adkins in Southampton, whom he had known many years ago. "I told the ladies," says the Doctor, "that Mr. Adkins used to be regarded as one of the noblest looking men in England—and our ladies thought him one of the most splendid men they had ever seen." The next day they were off for London, and in Winchester "partook of the hospitalities of Mr. Alderman Andrews, whose name is so endeared to Americans." The Doctor was anxious to "get in" at his "old favorite house, the Golden-Cross, nearly opposite to Northumberland House, but Mr. Gardiner was unable to take even half our number." How natural that he should desire to get in at the Golden-Cross, so fitting an emblem of that cross which he bore about. The Doctor informs us with much satisfaction that the house where they at last "found good accommodations" was the St. James' Hotel, in Gernyn-street. "Two or three noblemen reside in this hotel, and one, Lord Blayney, has made it his city residence for many years." The day of their arrival in London happened to be a "drawing-room." "Every street was thronged with carriages (*we imagine this is not to be taken literally*) waiting for their

turn to take up the company at the palace. The coachmen and footmen all had immense bouquets in their bosoms, and the splendid liveries, and powdered heads, and white wigs of the drivers were novelties to most of the North Star party." The Doctor was anxious to know "what would be the first object of curiosity to the ladies, and was not a little surprised to find that the Thames Tunnel was voted for as the primary visit." Doctor Choules is a great lover of rural scenery, and, while the other members of the party were seeing the lions in London he took a run down to his native Bristol to refresh himself with views of the scenery of the Avon. In the ecstasy of again beholding the scenes of his boyhood he exclaims, "I really believe that either from the impressions which I received in childhood in this glorious region, or from some peculiar organization (*we rather imagine it is the organization*), I have felt so much delight in rambling abroad among scenes of beauty, sublimity, and historical interest. O, the happy hours of my boyhood that I have passed in this village, on the Avon's banks! And, what tea-drinkings have I had in these cottages, and in the arbors which surround them!" The child is father to the man beyond a cavil. Returned to London, the excursionists went to hear "the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, brother to the Earl of Gainsborough," preach. The Rev. gentleman "has a fine figure," and, "we were much gratified with the prayer offered." The next day "Mr. Peabody proffered Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt and ladies the use of his boxes that evening at the Opera, and as long as they remained in town." Whether Doctor Choules visited the opera or not we are not informed, but we are sorry to learn from "a notice of the opera furnished by one of the gentlemen of the party who was present," that the splendor of the scene was not quite up to their expectations. Like the lunch at Southampton the opera was a failure. "It was the height of the season; a large and fashionable assemblage filled the house; England's favorite Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were there; and many of the fairest and noblest of the land, *yet we were disappointed*. The spectacle was not so gorgeous and brilliant as we had expected on a court night,—neither in the first *coup d'œil*, the beauty of the ladies, nor the elegance of the toilet." This is not Dr. Choules; he would not have been disappointed, neither in the first, nor the second *coup d'œil*. "The Queen" we are informed, by this disap-

pointed gentleman, "wore a rich white dress, exceedingly *decolleté*, covered with point lace, and an ornament of great value,—a magnificent pearl—on the stomacher. Prince Albert is a tall, stout-looking man, light-haired, and partially bald. His appearance was any thing but aristocratic, *notwithstanding he exhibited a large star on his left breast, and a wide crimson silk ribbon over a white waist-coat. We searched scrutinizingly among the noble circles to discover something in form or feature marking the stamp of hereditary nobility; but in vain*." "Four of the party dined with Mr. Peabody at Richmond to meet Senator Douglas. The dinner was an elegant repast." In the evening they went to a levee at Mr. Ingersoll's, our Minister, where "the display of diamonds was very brilliant." On the 8th of June they attended a soiree at the Lord Mayor's; "the Lord Mayor was the Right Honorable Thomas Challis, a wealthy merchant in Hides." Diamonds and dinners did not absorb all the attention of our chronicler, he "was especially delighted with the glorious collection of old books at Mr. Toovey's, 42 Picadilly. On one occasion he met with three distinguished biblioplists at this shop—Lord Hastings, Sir David Dundas, and Mr. Henry Foss."

The party were greatly favored atmospherically during their stay in London. The Doctor sagaciously remarks, that "the state of the weather is in England a never failing subject of conversation among her population. This arises from its frequent changes. During our visit in London of ten or twelve days, we had no reason to complain, it was charming." We are informed that "the ladies experienced much enjoyment in a visit to Madame Tussaud's great museum of notables in wax." On their return to Southampton the party had the gratification of hearing a sermon from the Rev. Alexander McLaren, a Scotch Baptist, and "we all felt the force of the preacher's subject;—*The Dignity of Man*. But when he described man's apostacy and ruin, no one could fail to experience the emotions of Isaiah, who exclaimed, 'I abhor myself in dust and ashes.'

But the Doctor soon recovered from his state of self-abhorrence, for, on the next page he is again on the best of terms with himself, and goes off in a most glowing and appetizing account of the great banquet given by the Mayor and merchants of Southampton to the owner of the North Star.

"On our arrival at Southampton, we found the

streets placarded with notices of a public entertainment at the Victoria Rooms; and a very superbly-engraved card, in gilt letters, with a fine likeness of the North Star in the centre, surrounded by gilt flags and the arms of Southampton, was addressed to each member of the party. As a memorial of the voyage, I annex the card of invitation which I received on the occasion:

THE MAYOR,  
MERCHANTS AND TRADERS AT SOUTHAMPTON,  
Request the pleasure of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs.  
CHOULES' company at a DINEUR, on MONDAY,  
18 June, 1858, at the Royal Victoria  
Assembly Rooms, in honor  
of the visit of  
COMMODORE VANDERBILT,  
In his splendid Steam Yacht North Star.  
At 8 o'clock.

"Monday, the 18th of June, was a most delightful day; and when we came on deck we found the flags of the shipping in dock all gayly waving to the breeze, and noticed banners from the hotels and public buildings, while the church-bells were ringing merry peals of cheer and gladness. Every thing denoted mirth and holiday, and our feelings were somewhat peculiar when we felt that all this was a matter in which we were personally concerned, and was intended for the honor of our ship, her owner, and our country."

The account of the festivities at this place occupies some forty pages of the Doctor's book. From Southampton they go to Copenhagen, Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, and even in the cold Baltic Sea there is sunshiny splendor to greet the North Star. At Southampton, at Bristol, at London, and at Rome, it was the loveliest spot, but in Peterhoff, says good Dr. Choules, the trees, the flowers, the greensward, &c. "transcend all that I have known of the beauty of country life in any part of the world." At the hotel, "the provisions were excellent, and, as we found every where in Russia, entirely in the style of the French cuisine." Going to St. Petersburg they went to the Hotel des Princes, but it was too full to receive so large a company, and they were treated to a splendid lunch,—“the waiters spread a table and placed on it bread, butter, anchovies, caviare, claret, sherry, brandy, ice and cakes in variety. This excellent lunch was very seasonable, as it was now twelve o'clock, and the day intensely hot.” On calling for the bill the host refused to accept of any pay! The Doctor was ravished, charmed, enchanted, by the splendors of the imperial residences, and particularly by the wonders of the hermitage of Catharine the Second. “The room containing the diamonds and regalia excited the interest of all in our party; and on no consideration would we have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing this unrivalled collec-

tion of treasures. Rubies, diamonds, emeralds and pearls—why, the room was full of them. The imperial crown pleased us better than any diadem I have seen in the regalia of other kingdoms.”—O! prophet Isaiah! The Doctor is refreshed by the recollection that this was the palace of “the Great Catharine,” who certainly was great in a way immortalized by Lord Byron—and in presence of its three thousand pictures, says, “I confess that the Dutch school is my passion!” Pictures of game, and fruits and flowers are more to the taste of the chaplain of the North Star, than saints, Magdalens and Ecce Homos; the picture which seems to have interested him most was “the Interior of a Stable,” by Wouvermans. His rapid enumeration of the riches of the Imperial palaces, the gold, silver and diamonds in the churches is really dazzling, and they seem to have made an indelible impression upon his imagination. In describing the Isaac Church, he says: “No man can fail to be impressed with this wonderful pile. The exquisite proportions of this church seem to diminish its apparent size. I have only to say that here are monoliths, of Finland marble, sixty feet high, forming *peristyles of unsurpassed beauty*; and, in the interior are columns of malachite fifty feet high, which adorn the altars. Malachite, lapis-lazuli, porphyry and gold, all seem to vie with each other for pre-eminence in this glorious pile.”

Dr. Choules is not one of those ascetics who refuse to do in Rome what the Romans do. “On the Sabbath which we spent in St. Petersburg, we found a wedding feast celebrated at our hotel; and, in going to our dining-room at supper time, the waiters took us through the room where the festivities were going on. Excellent music and spirited dancing seemed to have put the party into high spirits.” Lunches appear to make an indelible impression upon his mind. “At Mr. Wilkins' hospitable abode Captain Eldridge, his lady, and a few of us, partook of an elegant lunch which we shall often think of with pleasure. Such sweetmeats I never tasted,” &c. But, what were the lunches, the churches, the diamonds, the pictures, the sweetmeats, the caviare, the brandy, the claret and the cakes of St. Petersburg, without the good genius who presides over all—the Czar? Not seeing him was omitting the Prince of Denmark from the tragedy of Hamlet. “Our great regret at leaving Russia,” says Dr. Choules, “is not having seen the great, and, I believe, good man,

the emperor, who has done so much to elevate the condition of the masses in his extensive dominions, and to improve the entire country. I leave Russia with exalted opinions of the wisdom and patriotism of the emperor, and doubt not that, if his life be spared, Russia will continue to advance in all that makes a country great and powerful and happy. I have heard anecdotes in plenty respecting the Czar, and all of them reflect great honor upon the qualities of his head and heart; but I do not feel that I am at liberty to state them in this public manner, as they were related to me in the social circle, by men who are favorably situated to know their truth. Some of our party saw the emperor at the church of the palace, at Peterhoff; but I spent that Sabbath in the city. Had we remained a day or two longer, we should have seen the emperor on board; but his time and thoughts had all been engrossed with the pressing affairs of the great vexed question between Russia and Turkey."

The good chaplain cannot write long at a time without introducing something good to eat or drink, and occasionally creature comforts come in very whimsical juxtaposition with passages of sentiment or piety. The yacht had reached Copenhagen when they were called upon to part with one of their members. The event is thus touchingly mentioned: "Here we parted from our young friend Allen, who was to proceed from this city, by way of Kiel and Hamburg, to Leipzig, and resume his studies. We found a fine supply of strawberries," &c. &c. From Copenhagen the yacht went to Havre, and the excursionists spent three delightful weeks in Paris; from Havre to the Mediterranean, and they entered the "charming bay of Malaga on Sunday, July 31st." They were put in quarantine; but what of that? "with such a sky, such a temperature, and such a prospect," says the Doctor, "I never could be better off. And there came a boat full of good things, vegetables of all sorts, but, best of all, of grapes; the grapes of Frontenac, Muscat, and Sweetwater." The good things were none the less welcome for being brought off on Sunday.

We should be most happy to transfer to our pages some of the purple tints of Malaga with which the chronicler of the cruise of the North Star has illuminated his narrative; but we have already dipped more freely into his volume than we intended doing. From Malaga they pursue their course to Leghorn, passing Gorgona, "so famous for its anchories;" at Leghorn

they find "an excellent table," and go to the Opera. "The Sabbath-day, Aug. 7, was a delightful day. At our breakfast we had a fine supply of figs and peaches." In Leghorn the Doctor had the pleasure of preaching the gospel.

"It is pleasant to know that pure evangelical truth is here proclaimed, even amid the black darkness of Popery; and I was glad of an opportunity to preach the gospel in Italy, and there to join in prayer with God's people, that He would soon overturn the Man of Sin, who, impiously placing himself in the seat of the Almighty, lays claim to infallibility. But God declares that he will not give his glory to another; and Popery, by this fatal assumption of a divine attribute, has tied around her neck the apocalyptic millstone, which is at last to sink her to the bottomless abyss. Mr. Henderson is a Scotch gentleman, who has long resided here; he is an eminent merchant and banker, and has a mercantile house in Liverpool and Canada. He sent the first export of marble to New York, and a small quantity overstocked the market."

From Leghorn the party visited Florence, where the Patriarch of the excursion sat to Powers for his bust, and Mrs. Vanderbilt to our countryman Hart. Naples, Valetta and Constantinople were next visited, but the excursionists were denied a sight of Rome, much to the regret of Dr. Choules and the ladies' maids. On their return to Gibraltar they had delightful picnics in the cork woods, and rambles and scrambles about the rock; and, says our chaplain—

"On Thursday evening, Mr. Clark, Major Laban and I, accepted an invitation to dine with the officers of the 44th at their quarters upon the Rock. At six o'clock we repaired to the Club-house, where we were to meet our kind friends, who would take charge of us. At sundown we had the pleasure to listen to the noble band which plays every evening in the square, and never did music sound more sweetly than that calm night. Having ordered our boatmen to meet us at the Ragged Staff, as the town gates would be closed on our return, we at a little past seven got into the carriage and ascended the rock, which is a slow process, but every winding turn showing us new beauties, and at eight we reached the comfortable quarters of the regimental mess. A more superb look-out was never seen than this building affords.

"The accommodations are very fine, and all that gentlemen can desire. At a little past eight we were summoned to the dining-room, and a more magnificent one is not easily found. It was a company night, of which there are two every week. There were twenty-two or twenty-four officers at table, all in uniform. The table was loaded with massive plate, belonging to the regiment, which is distinguished for the elegance of its equipage.

"Our dinner was one of the best I ever met out of Paris; indeed, it was thoroughly Parisian, as the arrangements of the mess are under the supervision of an artist from the French capital. The *epergnes* were very large, and bear the name of the regiment; and the immense candelabra and other adornments rendered it a brilliant scene.

"I am quite sure that the kind speeches of the generous, high-minded officers of the 44th, and their friends of other regiments, will long be remembered by each of their American guests. I shall never hear the Rock of Gibraltar spoken of without thinking of the 44th regiment, and our friends Brown, Higgins, Deering, Thornhill, and others whose faces I can recall much easier than their names."

From Gibraltar the yacht proceeded to Funchal, Madeira, and here they encountered a most remarkable man in the person of a publican.

"We all dined on shore, at Mr. Yates' hotel, and found an admirable table, with the best of attention.

"Mr. Yates was formerly a sergeant in the British army, and resides here on account of his health, which is much improved by the climate. On conversing with our host, I was surprised to find him possessed of so much intelligence; and, in reply to my inquiries on many subjects, I at once discovered that he was a man of considerable reading. Mr. Yates invited me into his study, and I was conducted into a very charming retreat, where I met with a far finer library of the best books than can usually be met

with in a clergyman's study in New England. The cast of the proprietor's mind was evidently in favor of theology and metaphysics, and not often do I fall in with a better collection of the best authors. Mr. Yates is a hard student, a close thinker; and, although at least fifty, he is diligently employed in the acquisition of the Latin language. I was delighted with my visit to this charming study, which commands a view of the ocean and the unrivalled beauty of the island mountain range."

On Friday, the 23d of September, the yacht re-entered the bay of New York, and we fully coincide in the opinion expressed by the reverend chronicler of this remarkable and happy excursion, that "such a cruise was never attempted before;" but, if Dr. Choules' good-natured and lively volume should be extensively read, we have no doubt that some other of our generous millionaires will be tempted to emulate the splendid liberality of the fortunate owner of the *North Star*; but we can hardly hope ever again to read such a volume as his chaplain has presented us.

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## SHAKESPEARE v. PERKINS.

[In the *North American Review*.]

### THE CONCLUDING ARGUMENT.

LET every reader who, when he takes up *Hamlet*, or *Much Ado about Nothing*, or *Romeo and Juliet*, does not care whether he reads Perkins or Shakespeare, pass by this brief paper; it concerns him not,—is not addressed to him. But let him who does prefer Shakespeare to Perkins, once more, "hear us for our cause," and once for all.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that our efforts, made in an humble but earnest spirit, to preserve the text of Shakespeare from ruthless mutilation, have done much to accomplish their object, both at home and abroad. This evidence of the success of our labors is not confined to direct assurances from Shakespearean scholars in both England and America, but to the efforts which are made to do away the influence of our argument against the authority of the emendations in the Perkins folio. It would be strange indeed if Mr. Collier had no adherents, and the publishers of his Shakespeare no partisans. We were not surprised, therefore, at the appearance of two elaborate papers, one in the *North British Review*, the other in the *North American*

*Review* for April, 1854, devoted to the defence of Mr. Collier's position. The former of these is of little consequence; it does more to injure Mr. Collier, than to help him. The latter, however, being often sound, generally ingenious, and, with one exception, always fair and courteous, and being chiefly devoted to the consideration of our argument, merits respectful attention; especially as it is the ablest support which Mr. Collier's folio has received, far abler than that given by the veteran Shakespearean scholar himself. Our brief supplementary notice of the folio in the number of March last, which had evidently not been seen by the writer of the article in the *North American Review*, before the preparation of his paper, renders it unnecessary to meet all the positions which he takes.

We must first point out the single instance of unfairness and discourtesy on the part of the *North American Review*. The writer betrays by it a consciousness of the feebleness of his cause, and a feverish desire to make out a case. He charges, that those who have opposed the adoption of the majority of the changes in the



Perkins folio—nobody has opposed them all—have done so, because they are editors of Shakespeare, and if these changes be received, “their editions will become valueless.” What is the truth? Only one of the opponents of Mr. Collier is in a position to have this impeachment of motives applied to him—Mr. Knight. Mr. Singer’s edition of 1826 has for many years been out of print; and he, as well as Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Dyce, were, at the time of the publication of Mr. Collier’s *Notes and Emendations*, and are still, editors of editions to be published, and therefore in a position to derive all possible benefit from Mr. Collier’s discovery.\* The pretence, that “Mr. Collier possesses the copyright in England of his newly discovered emendations,” is preposterous. There has not an edition of Shakespeare appeared in England for the last century and a half, the editor of which has not availed himself at pleasure of all the original labors of his predecessors, giving credit for them; and the excellent little Lansdowne edition recently published, is, by the publisher’s advertisement, “based on that of Mr. Collier.” Mr. Knight’s editorial labors and Mr. Dyce’s comments being also used. The objection is equally futile in itself, and degrading to the cause in which it is made. It impotently attacks motives, for the sake of disparaging arguments, and seems to justify the suspicion, that it is made rather to bolster up an edition, than to arrive at the truth in one of the gravest and most interesting literary questions ever broached. Especially does this appear, when the critic seeks to throw discredit upon the articles which have appeared in this Magazine, by the same impeachment of the motives of the writer. He insinuates that our opposition is that of one who is “also an editor of Shakespeare.” This is not the case; but suppose it to be so, and suppose, what is impossible, that Mr. Collier has the copyright of the Perkins Emendations in England; does that copyright extend to America? How foolish and how pitiful this objection is! And now, once for all, be it understood, that, as we remarked in our first paper upon this subject, we consider that “the discovery of this corrected folio will be of material service to the text of Shakespeare,” and that, should we prepare an edition of his works for the use of the readers of Putnam’s Mag-

azine, we should esteem the prior discovery of this Perkins folio a very fortunate circumstance of our position, and should be indebted to it for more emendations of the text than to any editor, except Nicholas Rowe; and also, that were all of the changes which Mr. Collier has introduced into that abomination which he calls “The Plays of Shakespeare,” in spite of his own confession that many of them are indefensible, and that the corrector sometimes seems “to have been directed by his own, *often erroneous*, sense of fitness and expediency,”†—were all these changes as plausible as the large majority of them are tasteless and wanton, the previous field for editorial labor would not be materially diminished; because it is remarkable, that the *acceptable emendations peculiar to this folio are all comparatively insignificant, and that it leaves all the more important of the obscure passages either untouched, or changed in such a way as to transfer the obscurity from one line to another, or to diffuse it through many.* Let us hear no more of this ungenerous and unfounded objection. The case is simply this:—Mr. Collier himself admits that there are many readings in his recent edition which are entirely indefensible: no one denies, that there are some which unquestionably restore the genuine text: finally and conclusively, there is no let or hindrance to the adoption of them all by any editor in America, with the added advantage, if he possess it, of being able to correct the more important passages which the corrector or correctors of the Perkins folio left in utter confusion. It is in no captious mood that we have treated this important subject. The reviewer, in stating that Mr. Collier’s discovery was not welcomed by the editors and critics of Shakespeare, misrepresents the fact—unconsciously, we believe. We, with all lovers of Shakespeare, hailed Mr. Collier’s announcement with delight—a delight which was changed to chagrin, when we found out what it was that he had so announced. Mr. Collier is not censured by any one, as he seems to think, on account of his “accidental discovery of the corrected folio, 1632,”‡ but because he indorses changes in it which conflict with Shakespeare’s own design and language, to say nothing of common sense; and above all, because

\* Mr. Halliwell’s edition, it should be remembered, consists of only one hundred and fifty copies, which were all taken up before the appearance of Mr. Collier’s *Notes and Emendations*. Mr. H. has nothing to gain or lose with regard to his edition, for after one hundred and fifty copies are struck off, his plates are broken up.

† *Notes and Emendations, &c., Second edition, p. vii.*

‡ *Notes and Emendations, &c., Second edition, p. ix.*

he boldly incorporated these into the text of a popular edition in one volume, when he acknowledges that a part of them, at least, have no business there. Of his opponents, Mr. Singer alone has been ungracious and ungenerous enough to impeach his motives; and our disapprobation of such a course was decidedly expressed in our first paper.\*

The *North American Review* makes a specious but unfair comparison of the condition of the text of the New Testament with that of Shakespeare, in order to show how much the latter is in need of emendation. In the first place, there are at least five times as many words in the latter as in the former; next, the former is received as the word of God; and the most obscure part of it, the Apocalypse, closes with a curse upon the man who adds to or takes from that book, which must have stayed the hand of many an ambitious manuscript corrector; and last, the number of passages in Shakespeare about which there is any reasonable dispute, is not one tithe of that which the Reviewer states—one hundred in each play. Commentators have proposed changes in as many: and there is neither human law nor divine curse to prevent them from saying that light is darkness; but because they do so, we are not obliged to admit a doubt upon the subject. So any man, if he choose, may declare that Shakespeare made *Prospero* say that his brother was a sinner "to untruth," by telling *a lie*, and *Hamlet*, that he lacked "gall to make *transgression* bitter;" but we are not therefore constrained to take such nonsense into serious consideration.

The Reviewer concludes from the ascertained history of the Perkins folio, the appearance of the chirography, the nature of the erased passages, and the [assumed] fact that the emendations were made by a player, the London theatres being closed from 1642 to 1658,—that these emendations were completed before 1664.

But, first, the ascertained history of the volume is merely that, in Mr. Collier's own words, "it is probable" that it came from Upton Court, the seat of a distinguished Roman Catholic family named Perkins, towards the end of the last century; that the volume has "Thomas Per-

kins, his Booke," written upon its cover, (which cover, be it remarked, is not that in which it was first bound in 1632; and that there was an actor of some distinction, named Richard Perkins, in the reign of Charles I. This only proves, as any one can see, merely that it is possible, but not even that it is probable, that there is some connection between the actor and the Thomas Perkins, who was possibly of Upton Court, whence "it is probable" that the volume came, about 1780 or 1790. Thus far, then, the volume is as much without a "story" as Canning's *Knife Grinder*.

Second, the appearance of the chirography, we must set down at once as of little worth in determining the date of the emendations, for all valuable purposes. The form of the long *s*, the turn of the bow of the *e* to the left, and the prolongation of the second stroke of the *h* below the line, cannot be relied on as determining the date within fifty years. The present writer has in his own possession a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, with the fourth title-page, 1669, in which there is a manuscript annotation which bears all these marks. He also once owned an old and very dilapidated copy of the first folio of Ben Jonson's Plays, which had evidently belonged to a farmer, or the steward of some great household; for there were on all the blank spaces, memorandums of the purchase or sale of beeves and muttuns, and tuns of ale, &c., none of which were dated earlier than 1662; and in all of them the *e*, *s*, and *h* were formed in this peculiar way. More: the same gentleman has in his possession a fac-simile of a MS. by Thos. Dekker, signed by him, and dated Sept. 12, 1616, in which the *h* is never brought brought below the line, and the long *s* is made in the modern form. The handwriting of the emendations in this Perkins folio, if upon a volume without date, would therefore fix its date with certainty only at some time between 1600 and 1675; and in this case it is worth nothing against internal evidence, which fixes the date after 1662.†

Third, the nature of the erased passages. The Reviewer's statement of this point assumes so much, that we must

\* P. 401.

† The unanswerable argument against the date of the MS. corrector's stage direction in *Love's Labor's Lost*, (where he writes that *Biron* "gets him in a tree," and speaks "in the tree,") that there was no practicable scenery in English theatres until after 1662, the Reviewer attempts to set aside in this most astounding style: "Why not argue also," he says, "that the whole first Scene of the *Tempest* is spurious, because it is supposed to take place on board a ship? or that many scenes in *As You Like It* ought to be rejected, because they take place amid a whole forest of trees? It is evident that *Biron* is directed to speak 'in a tree,' just as *Juliet* makes love 'in a balcony.'" But the Reviewer does not see the difference between the *Scene*, (i. e., the place of action,) and *scenery*. It is one thing to suppose an action to take place on board a ship, and another to direct one of the actors to run up the shrouds of a ship; any dramatist may make a forest the locality of his play,

quote it in full. "All passages of an indecent, or needlessly licentious character, are carefully struck out, evincing, says Mr. Collier, 'the advance of a better or purer taste about the time when the emendator went over the volume.'" [Rev. p. 397.] But Mr. Collier does not say so. He says: "Some expressions and lines of an irreligious or indelicate character are also struck out, evincing, perhaps, the advance of a better or purer taste," &c.\* This is very far short of the Reviewer's statement; and well may Mr. Collier shelter his supposition behind a contingency; for his own *Notes and Emendations* shows that the corrector left untouched very many more profane and indecorous expressions than he struck out; and also that he did strike out perfectly unexceptionable passages, too brief to add appreciably to the length of the performance; plainly proving that he was governed only by his own caprice in this regard. The Reviewer most strangely concludes, that these erasures of a few indelicate passages, forbid the conclusion that these marginalia were written after the Restoration, and shows that they were made rather "in Charles the First's time, when \* \* \* the diffusion of Puritanism compelled the editors of the first folio to strike out the profane ejaculations of Falstaff, and some minor indecencies which had been tolerated in the publication of the earlier quartos." But surely, a writer who undertook to handle this subject, should have known, that those omissions in the first folio were only made in compliance with an express statute which was passed in the first of James I., 1604!—eight years before Shakespeare ceased to write!—twelve years before he died!—nineteen years before the publication of the first folio, and twenty-eight years before the publication of the volume upon which these emendations are made! The "diffusion of Puritanism" enforced no other erasures upon the editors of the folios of either 1623 or 1632; neither did it forbid the publication of equally indelicate passages by Davenant, in twelve plays issued between 1634 and 1660, nor the issue of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher in folio 1637, containing, or

rather consisting entirely, of plays so indelicate in their very structure as well as language, that Shakespeare's compared to them seem "whiter than new snow on a raven's back." The Reviewer has undertaken to prove too much, and has thus succeeded in proving nothing at all.

Fourth, the assumed fact, that the emendations were made by a player, does not help to give them any authority, or even any consequence, except as auxiliaries to the text of the original folio:—that is, to make them valuable as early reminiscences or conjectures, aided, perhaps, by copies of actors' parts, and to be received when the text of the original is incomprehensible or inconsistent, and when they, by probable corrections, make it clear and congruous. And here, for the sake of the argument, let us grant that these changes were made by Richard Perkins, an actor in the time of Charles I., between the years 1642 and 1658, and that he had copies of actors' parts and prompt books of his time to assist him. What "authority" do his labors derive from those facts, which can give them a feather's weight against the text of Shakespeare's fellow actors and business partners, who had "scarce received from him a blot in his papers,"—when that text is comprehensible? It contains many defects, the results of carelessness; and those, Mr. Richard Perkins, or Mr. John Jenkins, may correct if he can; and the probabilities are in favor of the former, perhaps because he came nearer to Shakespeare. But when, in a passage not obscure, we have to decide between Richard or Thomas Perkins, his Booke, and John Heminge and Henrie Condell, their Booke, is there a question which must go to the wall? The judgment, the memory, the very copied part of an actor, even as to a play in which he performed, is not to be trusted thirty years after its production, against such testimony as we have in favor of the copy from which the first folio was printed. It would not be trusted even in this century; much less two hundred years ago, when, as we know, the lines of the dramatist were wantonly and mercilessly mutilated, both by managers and actors.

but to make one of his actors climb a tree, he must have the tree for him to climb. Should a copy of the *Tempest* appear, with MS. directions for a sailor to run up the shrouds, it would prove positively that those directions were written after 1662. But the Reviewer constructed this argument with a want of knowledge singular in an author of such an able paper; for in the original edition of the *Tempest* (the first folio), there is not the slightest indication, by way of stage direction, that the first scene passes on shipboard; in the first edition of *As You Like It* (first folio), there is no mention of a forest or a single sapling in the stage directions; and in neither the first folio nor the early quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, is there the slightest hint that Juliet makes love in a balcony. All these stage directions are deductions from the text, added in modern days. Did the Reviewer never read, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defense of Poesy*, the well-known passage alluding to the appointments of the stage for which Shakespeare wrote: "What childe is there, that, coming to a play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is *Thebes*!"

\* Notes and Emendations, Second Edition, p. xviii.

It is important, too, as affecting the value of emendations derived from actors' parts, to notice that Shakespeare's plays were acted by other companies than that which owned the right in them, and possessed the old stage copies. For, by an entry in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, who was Master of the Revels in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and which will be found in Mr. Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. II. p. 7, we know that he was paid £5 by Heminge, on the 11th of April, 1627, "to forbid the playing of Shakespeare's plays to the Red Bull Company." Now this Red Bull Company, or any other which would pirate Shakespeare's plays, would not scruple to mutilate his works, after the fashion of literary pirates, and adapt them to the capacities of their histrionic force and the taste of their audiences, just as, we know, the corrector of this Perkins folio did. The parts of such mutilated plays would be copied out for the actors and what would such actors' parts or prompt books be worth against the authority of the first folio? Indeed, it is more than probable that this Perkins folio was submitted to the treatment which it has experienced, for the double purpose of a new edition for readers and to supply the wants of the companies which were sure to be formed after Davenant's re-establishment of theatrical entertainments,—the rights of Shakespeare's company having determined during the Protectorate.

But the Reviewer seeks to elevate the authority of these emendations, by dragging down that of the first folio. He says, that "all the twenty plays which were first printed in the folio, had existed in manuscript, without being seen by their author, for at least eleven years;" that *Two Gentlemen of Verona* had "existed only in written copies for thirty-two years;" that "the Globe Theatre was burnt down in 1613, and it is more than probable that all of Shakespeare's original manuscripts, which had survived to that period, were then destroyed." [this, in spite of Heminge and Condell's direct testimony, that they had his papers,] and that "the written copies were multiplied by careless transcribers." Let us again, for the sake of the argument, grant all this;—how does it build up the authority of the

Perkins folio? The Reviewer goes on very reasonably to say, "*alterations and omissions were made from time to time, to adapt the performance to the varying exigencies of the theatre, or the altered taste of the times.*" This is very likely to be true; but if it invalidate the authority of the manuscript copy from which the first folio was printed, with what doubled and trebled force does it crush the pretensions of those used by a player in 1642, which had been subject to *nineteen years more of alteration and omission, to suit the exigencies of the theatre, and the taste of the times!*

Again, the Reviewer, attempting to grapple with the overpowering argument, against both the authority and the intelligence of the MS. corrector, that so many of his readings are inadmissible, and could not possibly have formed a part of the text, thinks that he has conquered it by fastening the same defect upon the first folio. He says: "We admit it, [the inadmissibility of the readings,] but we must remind the objectors, that precisely the same thing is true of the first folio." To a superficial glance, this seems to be 'a crusher;' but, in truth, it is too weak to stand alone. For we know that the first folio was authorized; and its errors are corruptions, the results of accident and carelessness, of which they are themselves the best evidence; while the absurd, inconsistent, prosaic and ridiculous readings of the MS. corrector are deliberately formed.—the fruits of painful effort to correct those accidental errors in some cases, and to better the text in others. The errors of the first folio are casualties; the stupidities of the Perkins folio are perpetrated with malice aforethought. The former prove only the absence of care; the latter exist only in consequence of care, and therefore prove the absence of authority.

The number of cases in which we are assumed to have admitted the success of the MS. corrector, are brought up as evidence in favor of his "authority." There are 173 of his acceptable corrections which have been made by others, and 117 which are peculiar to him, and which, in our own words, "seem to be admissible corrections of passages which need correction,"\*—making 290 in all, [including,

\* The Reviewer says that this is "grudging language, showing rather the unwillingness of the concession, than any doubt as to its justice and propriety." Not so. We conceded only, that these changes were probably [i. e. they seemed to be] admissible, and that the passages in which they occurred seemed to need correction; or, as we remarked again of them in the same paper, they are changes "from which future editors may carefully select emendations." To change the text of Shakespeare, is, in our estimation, no light matter; and it is not to be attempted upon the first seeming acceptability of a proposed alteration. That Mr. Collier has acted on other grounds, is the gravamen of the charge against him. Further investigation has discovered to us, that many of these 117 seemingly acceptable changes are not peculiar to the MS. corrector, and also convinced us, that only about seventy-five of them have claims to a place in the text.

however, the numerous restorations from the first folio, and the early quartos.] What one editor, critic, or commentator, exclaims the Reviewer, can claim the original suggestion of an equal number of conjectural emendations, which are admitted to be sound or plausible? We answer, without hesitation.—Nicholas Rowe; and he only forestalled the others in making them, because he came first. The most of these corrections are of typographical errors, such as no intelligent proof-reader would fail to detect and rectify. Rowe and Theobald made nearly all of them; and Rowe would have almost certainly made them all, had he worked with half the plodding care of the corrector of the Perkins folio. As it was, he made many which his predecessor should have made. We turn to the *Notes and Emendations*, and notice the first of the coincidences, in the *Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2:

"A brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature [*creatures*]  
in her."

Next in the same Scene,

"Where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a butt [*boat*], not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had [*have*] quit it."

What boy in his 'teens, having these passages given him to copy, would not make such corrections instinctively? These are fair specimens of a majority of his [assumed] two hundred and ninety admissible corrections; so does the first folio swarm with typographical errors. But there are other corrections which seem to show that he sometimes conjectured successfully, or remembered correctly, or had a book or MS. which helped him to the right word. We think that it is more than probable that he was indebted to all these means. Certainly he was indebted both to conjecture and the early quartos,—his restoration of the readings in the latter being nothing in his favor, as they existed in his time in far greater numbers than when the editors of the last century used them, just as he did.

Assuming that the MS. corrector was a player, "who had lived in an age (the first half of the seventeenth century) when conjectural emendation of an English author was an art as yet unheard of, and when the writings of our great dramatist were so little known or prized, that four rude and uncritical editions of them sufficed for a century;" and concluding that it is impossible "that the

whole eight [entire lines] should have been invented, or made up by mere conjecture, by a poor player in the earlier part of the seventeenth century," the Reviewer considers it established, that the corrector could not have conjectured, but must have had authority. But even granting that these emendations were made "between 1642 and 1664," it is a well-known fact, that at least a dozen corrected folios of the second, third, and fourth editions exist at present, one of them, Mr. Dent's, being not only, like the others, corrected "in an ancient hand," but its numerous emendations being "curious and important, consisting of stage directions, alterations in the punctuation, &c." Did conjectural emendation spring up at once, armed at all points, immediately after the publication of the third folio? But whether it did or not, the man who made some of the corrections in the Perkins folio did conjecture; and has left irrefragable evidence that he did. Fac-similes, now before us, of a passage near the end of the last Scene of *Hamlet*, and of another in *Othello*, Act. IV. Sc. 1, as they appear in this Perkins folio, show this undeniably. In the first, two lines are printed thus:

"Good night, sweet Prience,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

The corrector at first rectified the misprint by striking out the *e* in "Prience;" but, afterwards, concluding to make the line rhyme with the next, he struck out "sweet Prience" and substituted *be blest*. In the passage in *Othello*, when the Moor, just before he falls in a trance, says "Nature herself would not invest herself in such a shadowing passion, without some instruction," the corrector first changes "shadowing" to *shuddering*, and strikes out the comma after "passion;" but, concluding to do without the sentence, draws his pen remorselessly through it. And in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Sc. 1, the folio of 1632 has,

"Therefore the poet did feign  
That Orpheus drew tears, stones, floods," &c.

Here "tears" is a misprint for *trees*, which appears in the first folio, and in the two early quartos; but the MS. corrector deceived by the likeness of *tears* to *beasts* substituted the latter word at first; after referring to the other editions, however, he restores the right word, *tears*. If this be not conjecture, Nahum Tate wrote *King Lear*. Conjecture helped or hindered this corrector as it did those of the dozen or more copies of the other "rude and un-

critical editions" which "sufficed for a century." But neither the number—four—of these editions, nor their careless printing, shows that Shakespeare's works were "little known or prized;" for half that number of editions sufficed for every other dramatist of that century; and all, except those of careful Ben Jonson, were vilely printed.

Thus it will be seen that we do not, as the Reviewer asserts, by a gross *petitio principii* "take for granted the two chief points at issue, namely, that the first folio, \* \* \* does contain the text of Shakespeare, and that the corrections of the MS. Annotator are mere guesswork." We have the direct and explicit testimony of Shakespeare's friends, fellow actors and principal partners in the theatre, that the first folio was printed from the text of Shakespeare, and, errors excepted, does contain that text: we have proved that the corrector *did* indulge in "mere guesswork," and therefore, as against the authorized edition, we must consider all his labors as merely conjectural, and only to be received when they consistently correct the palpable, accidental errors of that edition. But were this not so, we should reject nine tenths of those peculiar to him upon their own merits. They seem to be modelled upon the conjectural effort of the man who, not being able to understand the strong figure, "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," amended his New Testament to read, "strain at a *gate* and swallow a *saw-mill*."

But after all, it is not improbable that Richard Perkins did make some of these corrections. We admitted, for the argument's sake, that he did make them; but now having shown that his making them gives them no semblance of authority, we acknowledge that it is even more than probable that he had a hand in them. It seems that this Richard Perkins was not only an actor but "also in some measure a poet, as he wrote a copy of verses prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors*." The murder's out! He was "something of a poet!" This accounts for his turning speech after speech of blank verse into rhyme, for his making *Hamlet* bring up

with a jingle after first correcting the line to which he tacked his rhyme, for his submitting other plays to similar treatment, and for the insertion of entire lines in several cases, which, although two or three of them are not unlike what Shakespeare might have written in those particular passages, are not at all beyond the reach of any man who is "something of a poet" and has read the context.

It seems as if Master Perkins was about to bring out an edition of Shakespeare's works as he thought they should have been written and should be acted. He modernized the language, struck out whatever he thought uninteresting, added rhymes where he thought they were needed, added stage directions to conform to the custom of the day, which was to be very particular in that respect,\* attended minutely to the punctuation, corrected even the turned letters, as Mr. Collier assures us, (not at all necessary for a stage copy), changed the old prefix of *Beggar* in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, to *Sly* (equally unnecessary for the stage), underscored the old rhymes and quotations (also entirely needless in a stage copy), and thought that he would have a very fine edition; and it would have been quite as good and of the same kind as Pope's and Warburton's. But the publishers of the next edition, in 1664, did not believe in 'Shakespeare according to Perkins,' and reprinted the old folios, adding even all the plays that had borne Shakespeare's name in his lifetime.

Now Perkins may have acted in Shakespeare's plays while the dramatist was living, he was doubtless "something of a poet," and he may have had some actors' parts which were "copies of copies of a part of a mutilated copy;" but in spite of all this, when there is any question between what Heminge and Condell and our own souls tell us is Master Shakespeare's, and that which probability and our own souls tell us is Master Perkins's, we shall decide in favor of Master Shakespeare. For though the one was something of a poet, we believe that the other was a good deal more of a poet. And all the people say Amen!

\* It is only necessary to look at the first editions of Shirley's, Shadwell's, and Southerne's plays, the dates of which are from 1630 to 1690, to see how the custom of adding minute stage directions to the printed copies arose toward the middle of the century. Those printed about that time and thereafter have every movement indicated with the greatest particularity. The fact that the first folio has few stage directions sustains the evidence that most of it was printed from the author's manuscript and not from the stage copy or actors' parts, in which those directions would necessarily be numerous; and this is again confirmed by the fact that the quartos, evidently printed from actors' parts, have many more stage directions than the folio.

## WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

NO. II.

## THE RESTAURANT.

THAT seedy chap upon the grating,  
 Who sniffs the odors from the kitchen,  
 Seems in his hungry thoughts debating  
 Of all he sees what's most bewitching.

His eyes devour the window's treasure,  
 The game, the cutlet, and the salmon,—  
 But not the flowers, which give *me* pleasure,—  
 Japonicas to him are gammon.

I hope to smashing he's not given,—  
 He looks so like a hungry terrier,  
 For, 'twixt him and his seeming heaven,  
 There's but a thin and brittle barrier.

He smacks his lips—in fancy tasting,  
 And has half brought his mind to nab it—  
 My game he thinks the cook is basting,  
 While 'tis, in fact, a poor Welsh rabbit.

The longing wretch leans o'er the railing,  
 And thinks—"Is't I that am a sinner?  
 Or is it for my father's failing  
 That I must go without a dinner?"

"Look at that scamp" (he means me), "sitting  
 Cramming enough to feed a dozen,  
 While I my useless teeth am gritting,  
 And yet his wife's my second cousin.

"Now he pours down his Medoc claret,  
 Now what to order next he ponders;  
 Prudhon is right; we ought to share it—  
 The gold he so insanelly squanders!"

I think.—"O! Fortune, why presentest  
 To all mankind gifts so irrelevant?  
 My teeth demand a constant dentist,  
 While *he* is ivoryed like an elephant.

"Why probe us with these sharp reminders,  
 Why still *in cornu habes foenum*?  
 Send roasts and nuts to carious grinders,  
 While millstone jaws get naught between 'em?"

"By all the wealth I've been the winner,  
 I would without a moment's question,  
 Give him my Medoc and my dinner,  
 To have his molars and digestion.

"He fancies me a careless feeder,  
 While the Lord knows, he's not so weary;  
 I'm worried for to-morrow's leader.  
 And dished by that last fall in Erie."

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

## LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—Uncle Tom's Cabin will have more to answer for, than the unjust pictures of which our Southern friends complain. It has suggested a number of replies and defences, which are really a greater injury to the cause they espouse, than the original assailant. They are written in such transparent ignorance of the questions at issue, give such false views of life both at the South and North, and advance such unsound arguments, that, in spite of their amiable intentions, they must do good to few only, and injury to many. A novel is not an appropriate vehicle for the exposition of doctrine, at the best; and when it happens to be badly written, is an exceedingly inappropriate one. The object of it should be to represent life and manners as they are, and not to advance the cause of a party or sect, by caricatures of its opponents, or flattering likenesses of its friends; for it then loses its character as a work of art, and sinks to the level of a polemical pamphlet.

These remarks are suggested to us by Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ's recent novel, called "*The Planter's Northern Bride*," not because they are applicable to it, in their whole extent, but because it is a type of a large class of works which have lately overwhelmed the press. It is a story of an accomplished and wealthy Southerner, who marries the daughter of a New England abolitionist, and who, by means of his own excellence, and the agreeable light in which his relations to his slaves are placed, by actual experience, converts the entire family into good pro-slavery people. The intention is, to do away with the Northern prejudices, which are supposed to exist, and to exhibit society at the South in its true aspects. But we object to the book, apart from our general objection to all novels having a set moral purpose, that it proves too much, and, consequently proves nothing. It paints the South so entirely *couleur de rose*, that the reader, knowing that there are some and great evils in all societies, suspects it to be untrue. The relation of master and slave is made so agreeable, that the only legitimate inference from it is, that it would be better for the working classes all over the world to be reduced to the same condition. Now, we know that many gross misrepresentations have been given in respect to slavery, and we can easily pardon a little reaction

towards a favorable view of it; but a writer, who endeavors to persuade us to such an extreme inference as this, cannot be a reliable teacher. The mind rejects the conclusion, and is inclined to imagine that the whole story is an attempt to deceive. Thus, the very purpose of the book is defeated, and the cause it was meant to serve, unintentionally injured. Mrs. Hentz is a skilful narrator, of excellent sentiments and a fine poetic vein; but we would counsel her, patriotic as her purposes are, to leave the discussion of slavery to other persons, or to undertake it in some other form. As she is a Northern woman, who has lived many years at the South, her personal experiences on the subject would be more authentic and valuable, than the same views essentially presented as fiction.

—Since the publication of the Marquis de Custine's book on Russia, no more entertaining or valuable work on that subject has appeared, than "*Russia As It Is*," by COUNT ADAM DE GUROWSKI. It is, indeed, in many respects superior to the celebrated French book, because, as it seems to us, it is more reliable in its details, and more philosophical in its spirit. Custine, like other Frenchmen, loved to tell a vivacious story, without being over-particular about the truth of it; and thus, while he made a most entertaining narrative, he did not always impress the reader with the perfect reliability of his statements. The famous "*Revelations of Russia*," on the other hand, written, as they are, with marked ability, betray too evident a bias against the Czar and all his people, to be accepted with the most entire confidence. But Gurowski, a Pole by birth, an exile, with no special reasons for liking Nicholas or his policy, possessed of large experience, and accustomed to view the political questions of the day, in the light of a comprehensive theory of the destinies of races and nations, is peculiarly fitted to give us a thorough, impartial, and sound judgment of the country which is just now making so much noise in the world. His book, therefore, is not only a timely, but a most important contribution to our knowledge. It is no rehash of the French and English publications on the East, no echo of the opinions of interested parties, but an independent and original expression of the views of one who has long been familiar with his theme, and who speaks entirely from his own standpoint.



We do not mean to say, that the prejudices of the Pole and the exile are not apparent in this work, or that we are ready to accede to all its principles; but what we do mean, is, that the book is written in the most intelligent and earnest spirit, by a strong-minded thinker, profoundly acquainted with the past, observant of the present, and hopeful of the future.

The leading thought of Count Gurowski, in his development of the history and condition of Russia, is, what will be found elsewhere expressed, in this number, that Czarism, or autocracy, has been only a transitional necessity, while the nation at large is in the process of working out its own emancipation, as well as a higher destiny for Western Europe. Russia, at present, by her compactness and force, powerfully sustains the conservative or retrograde interests of the continent, but she contains within herself an abundance of fermenting elements, whose ebullition is becoming daily more intense and menacing. A social commotion is imminent for her, and for all the Slavic races; and when it shall have once broken out, and accomplished its ends, as it surely will, the hour has sounded for the liberties of all the rest of Europe. It is a peculiarity in the structure of Russian society, that the whole controversy there is between the Despotism and the People, trained by their communal organization to some degree of self-government; and when the latter shall begin the revolutionary movement, they will not be obliged, as in the rest of Europe, to meet the opposing combinations of royalty, nobility, and burghership, but will simply apply themselves at once to the only enemy, Czarism. When that is toppled down, the People are all in all, for the aristocracy is only nominally existent, while the peasants and the middle class are not separated.

We wish we had space to extract from this book the interesting details given of the army and navy, and the general organization of the government; but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the original.

—An English translation of Guizot's "*History of Oliver Cromwell*," has been reprinted by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia. It forms the second part of the history of the English Revolution, which the distinguished author has projected. The first embraced the reign of Charles I. and his conflict with the Parliament; the second relates to the Commonwealth, summed up in Cromwell; the third will comprise the Restoration, and the fourth

the Reign of Charles II. and James II., and the final fall of the royal race of Stuart.

Guizot has so long occupied a position among the first historians of the day, that it is needless now to remark upon his general qualities as a writer. We may observe, however, that they are not of a kind to fit him, in any eminent respect, to be the biographer of the greatest of the English monarchs. He is too much of a *doctrinaire*, too much controlled by traditions and authorities, to enter completely into the character of that remarkable man, or of the unprecedented times in which he acted. Cromwell was too wholly *sui generis*, and the controversies amid which he rose to power, so unlike any that had before prevailed, both in their religious and political elements, that they cannot be judged by the usual formulas of philosophy or politics. Any interpretation of either, which confounds the one with common tyrants and usurpers, or the other with common revolutions, must soon be involved in hopeless perplexity and trouble. On the other hand, any interpretation which requires an enthusiastic admiration of all that Cromwell did, or an approval of all the movements of the Puritans, is likely to lead into similar difficulties. Guizot is aware of this, and by a cautious balancing of authorities and statements, endeavors to steer a middle course; yet we cannot add, with complete success. In his very effort to be impartial and just, he gets too cool, and, arrived at the end of his volumes, the reader finds, after all, that he has no clearer views of the Protector and his times. A satisfactory life of Cromwell has yet to be written. Carlyle's collection of documents, with the commentaries, is the best *memoir pour servir* that we have, but can hardly be called a biography.

The execution of Guizot's book is for the most part admirable: the narrative is perspicuous and vigorous, the style simple, without inflation or forced writing, and the groupings generally dramatic and impressive. His picture of the great scene of the Dissolution of the Long Parliament, is, perhaps, too much encumbered by details, to be effective; but the several views of the obstructions raised to his government by the squads of impracticables and fanatics, by whom he was surrounded, are full of animation. His sketch of the foreign policy of the Protector, is strikingly just, too, and the various minor incidents of his career are artistically introduced. Here is an anecdote, which the reader may have seen before, but which seems to us well told:

"Being informed that Harrington was about to publish his republican Utopia, the *Oceana*, Cromwell ordered the manuscript to be seized at the printer's, and brought to Whitehall. After vain endeavors to obtain its restoration, Harrington, in despair, resolved to apply to the Protector's favorite daughter, Lady Claypole, who was known to be a friend to literary men, and always ready to intercede for the unfortunate. While he was waiting for her in an ante-room, some of Lady Claypole's women passed through the room, followed by her daughter, a little girl three years of age. Harrington stopped the child, and entertained her so amusingly, that she remained listening to him until her mother entered. 'Madam,' said the philosopher, setting down the child, whom he had taken in his arms, 'tis well you are come at this nick of time, or I had certainly stolen this pretty little lady.' 'Stolen her!' replied the mother; 'pray, what to do with her?' 'Madam,' said he, 'though her charms assure her a more considerable conquest, yet I must confess it is not love, but revenge, that prompted me to commit this theft.' 'Lord!' answered the lady again, 'what injury have I done you, that you should steal my child?' 'None at all,' replied he, 'but that you might be induced to prevail with your father to do me justice, by restoring my child that he has stolen;' and he explained to Lady Claypole the cause of his complaint. She immediately promised to procure his book for him, if it contained nothing prejudicial to her father's government. He assured her it was only a kind of political romance, and so far from any treason against her father, that he hoped to be permitted to dedicate it to him; and he promised to present her ladyship with one of the earliest copies. Lady Claypole kept her word, and obtained the restitution of the manuscript, and Harrington dedicated his work to the Protector. 'The gentleman,' said Cromwell, after having read it, 'would like to trepan me out of my power; but what I got by the sword, I will quit for a little paper shot. I approve the government of a single person as little as any, but I was forced to take upon me the office of a high-constable, to preserve the peace among the several parties in the nation, since I saw that, being left to themselves, they would never agree to any certain form of government, and would only spend their whole power in defeating the designs or destroying the persons of one another.'"

In the appendix to the volumes are several highly interesting documents, taken from the Spanish archives of Simancas, and from the archives of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and various public libraries in Paris, relating mainly to the foreign relations of the Protectorate, which now appear for the first time. Among the rest, are two letters from Louis XIV. to Cromwell and Fairfax, interceding for the life of Charles, and also many State papers relating to the intrigues of Spain and France to secure the alliance and favor of the new king, as he was called.

—A work destined to produce a sensation in the religious as well as scientific world, is the one on "*Types of Mankind*," just published by Dr. J. C. NOTT and GEORGE R. GLIDDON. It is altogether the most elaborate treatise of Ethnology

that has yet been printed, not excepting the voluminous essays of Prichard; and, as the conclusions at which it arrives are not at all in accordance with the orthodox standards, we may look forward to considerable controversy in regard to it. The principal contents may be described as follows: 1. A memoir of Dr. Samuel G. Morton, the distinguished naturalist, written by Dr. Henry S. Patterson, and giving an extended account of the original and important researches of Morton in the various provinces of ethnology and natural history. 2. A paper by Agassiz, on the natural provinces of the animal world, and their relation to the different types of man, in which the eminent writer develops at great length, and with masterly ability, his views as to the coincident distribution of certain *fauna*, or groups of animals, with certain permanent human species. 3. Essays by Dr. Nott, combatting the commonly received ideas of the unity of the human races, and going to show, by a vast variety of illustrations, that men were created in groups or nations, in different parts of the globe, and have not been propagated from a single pair, placed in a single centre of creation. 4. Excerpta from the unpublished manuscript of Morton, setting forth the same views. 5. A contribution from Dr. William Usher on palæontology and geology, in connection with the origin of man. And 6. A variety of dissertations by Gliddon, on archæology, Biblical ethnography, and chronology. Thus, it will be seen that the work covers a vast and prolific field of scientific investigation.

The general results at which the authors arrive, may be summed up, for the sake of brevity and clearness, under the following heads:

1. That the surface of our globe is naturally divided into several zoological provinces, each of which is a distinct centre of creation, possessing a peculiar fauna and flora; and that every species of animal and plant was originally assigned to its appropriate place.

2. That the human family offers no exception to this general law, but fully conforms to it; mankind being divided into several groups of races, each of which constitutes a primitive element in the fauna of its peculiar province.

3. That history affords no evidence of the transformation of one type into another, nor of the origination of a new and permanent type.

4. That certain types have been permanent through all recorded time, and

despite the most opposite moral and physical influences.

5. That *permanence* of type is accepted by science as the surest test of *specific* character.

6. That certain types have existed (the same as now) in and around the valley of the Nile, from ages anterior to 3500 B. C., and consequently long prior to any alphabetic chronicles, sacred or profane.

7. That the ancient Egyptians had already classified mankind, as known to them, into four races, previously to any date assignable to Moses.

8. That high antiquity for distinct races is amply sustained by linguistic researches, by psychological history, and by anatomical characteristics.

9. That the primeval existence of man, in widely separate portions of the globe, is proven by the discovery of his osseous and industrial remains in alluvial deposits, and in diluvial drifts; and more especially of his fossil bones, embedded in various rocky strata, along with the vestiges of extinct species of animals.

10. That prolificacy of distinct species, *inter se*, is now proved to be no test of a common origin.

11. That those races of men most separated in physical organization, such as the blacks and the whites, do not amalgamate perfectly, but obey the laws of hybridity; and hence,

12. There exists a genus homo, embracing many primordial types or species.

These positions, it is obvious at a glance, if they can be sustained, overturn many popular theories and theological dogmas, and give an entirely new phase to the science of the natural history of man. The Mosaic account of the derivation of all men from a single pair—Adam and Eve; of the deluge and destruction of all animals and men, save Noah, and those he took into the ark; of the building of Babel, and the dispersion of nations, are brought into dispute, as well as the chronology of the Hebrew and Septuagint Scriptures. These positions have also a vital connection with the prevailing interpretations of the Bible, and scarcely less with many accepted ancient histories. They bear with peculiar emphasis on the questions which are agitated in regard to African slavery, and the general progress of civilization. They will be canvassed, therefore, with the keenest scrutiny, and not a little polemic bitterness and prejudice. The Church is openly dared to the issue, and scientific men will find much to disturb their traditional faiths.

Whether the positions *are* sustained,

we shall not venture to say, in this place, because the subject is one which requires an elaborate and extended notice, and which some of our contributors, we hope, fully qualified for the task, will undertake. In the mean time, however, we will remark as critics, that the volume, as a whole, does great credit to the literary and scientific attainments of the country. It is marked by unusual learning, by profound research, and by an independent spirit. But there are two defects in it at least, which ought to have been avoided. In the first place, coming from different contributors, there is a great deal of needless repetition, which a more careful editorship would have pruned; and, in the second place, the tone of Mr. Gliddon's Biblical criticisms is repulsively flippant and inflated. They sound more like the pert paragraphs of a country newspaper, than the wise elucidations of science, and aim at a wit which is entirely out of place in discussions of such a nature. As the matter of the volume is calculated to arouse many animosities, it was extremely injudicious to add to the offence, by the manner of it. No one doubts, that theological writers have fallen into many absurd mistakes and grave errors, and that they are sometimes arrogant and bigoted; but a scientific man, in exposing their errors, or in controverting their opinions, is not called upon to imitate their example. His duty is simply to declare the truth, as he has learned it, leaving the task of ridicule and banter to the smaller wits. Both editors have also mingled with their more strictly scientific researches, a variety of opinions and conjectures, not directly connected with the main subject, which it would have been better to suppress. It is a universal remark, that men are apt to speak more dogmatically on the abstrusest subjects, while they are satisfied with the plainest terms, and the most unpretending assertions, when they declare what they really know. We are sorry to see the scientific value of the volume depreciated by impertinences.

#### MUSIC.

THE destruction of Metropolitan Hall seems to have paralyzed music. There has been no recent season in which there was so little to hear as during the past winter. With the exception of the Philharmonic Concerts and the Quartette Soirees of Eisefeld, and an oratorio by the Harmonic Society, and the two complimentary concerts for the prima donnas of

two fashionable churches, there is really nothing to record. Meanwhile the Opera House advances rapidly to completion, and the passages of Grisi and Mario are already reported taken. But as we remember to have heard the same delightful rumor a year since, and as these artists are now engaged at Covent Garden, we postpone faith and wait for sight. The daily papers have given full and, doubtless, accurate details of the Opera House. The great experiment of its success is yet to be tried. In ourselves we confess our scepticism as to the result. In New York the Opera cannot be profitably maintained as a luxury, and it remains to be proved that it can be made attractive enough to the popular taste to secure its success. Among civilized nations there is, probably, none so little musical as the American. In any company of a score of men the chance is that not one sings. It may be assumed that a glee is impossible among them. In Italy, Germany, France, Spain, in all the northern nations, and, perhaps, England, the chances are precisely the reverse. We do not regard the Ethiopian opera and the popularity of *Old Folks at Home* as proof of a general musical taste. At the concerts of the Philharmonic Society at least half of the audience is German, and at the Opera, if the number of those who go in obedience to fashion and from other unmusical notions, is deducted, there is not a large audience left. But we do not wish to decide too soon. The experiment of the best artists with low prices is yet to be tried. We are sure of one thing, as we have been from the beginning, that it will be a sad failure if it be attempted to base the success of the undertaking upon any sympathy or support other than musical. The structure of society in this country is really so different from that of other countries, that any such effort must fail, as it deserves to fail.

If, however, we have not heard much music during the winter, there has been a musical correspondence as bitter and fierce as the doings of musicians are so sure to be. It commenced by a notice, by Mr. Willis, Editor of the *Musical World and Times*, of Mr. Fry's music. That gentleman responded in defence of his music, and, in the course of the correspondence claimed a position as a composer, which Mr. Willis would by no means allow. Assertions were made to the effect that the Philharmonic Society gave no countenance to American productions, which drew Mr. Bristow and the Society into the correspondence. The Editor of *Dwight's*

*Journal of Music*, published in Boston, had a word to say, in the most good-humored manner; but Messrs. Fry and Bristow, who pursued the subject with great ardor, took every thing in sad seriousness, and the latter gentleman, as we understand, resigned his connection with the Philharmonic Society. Whether Mr. Fry succeeded in establishing the point that his music is as good as any body's music, we are unable to say. It seems to us, however, that he mistook the means of doing so. If a man can compose as well as Mozart and Beethoven, let him do it. If a man can paint as Titian painted,—let him paint and not talk about his painting. If he has composed and painted, and insists that the result is as good as Titian's and Mozart's, but that, of course, we are so prejudiced in favor of the old and foreign that we will not recognize the excellence,—then, equally, it is foolish to argue the matter, for the very objection proposed, proves the want of that critical candor which can alone justly decide the question. If we like music because it is old and foreign, it is clear that we do not like it for its essential excellence. But Mr. Fry claims to compose fine music,—why, then, should he heed the opinion of those who do not determine according to the intrinsic value, but by some accidents of place and time? Why does he not go on composing, and leave his works to appeal to the discriminating and thoughtful both of this and of all ages? Burke advised Barry to prove that he was a great painter by his pencil and not by his pen. It was good advice, we think, because it was common sense.

We are glad to state that the Philharmonic was never more flourishing than it is now. It is unfortunate that their concerts were given in the Tabernacle, that most dingy and dreary of public halls. But the music performed was of the best. It was German music, most of it, it is true,—but then, German music comprises so much of the best of all instrumental compositions, that it was almost unavoidable. Has Mr. Fry, and those who complain of over-much German in the selections of this Society, yet to learn that art is not, in any limited sense, national?" Raphael's *Transfiguration* is as much American as Italian. A devout Catholic of the western hemisphere feels its meaning and enjoys its beauty as much as the Pope. Homer celebrates events occurring before America was discovered, but he is much dearer to a thoughtful American than Joel Barlow. In the realm of art it is not possi-

ble to introduce distinctions so invidious. The best of every great performance in art is human and universal. It is not what is local and temporary which makes the fame of a great artist, but it is that which the world recognizes and loves, and there is nothing more pernicious to the cause of real culture than this effort to institute a mean nationality in art. Mr. Fry may be very sure that we shall prefer Shakespeare, and Mozart, and Michel Angelo, whether they were born in Greenland or Guinea, to any American who does not do as well as they.

This reminds us of a note we meant to have made long since upon the success achieved by Mr. Joseph Duggan (brother of Professor Duggan, of our Free Academy) at the St. James' Theatre, in London, last November. His name had become known to us by the report of his successful setting of Tennyson's *Oriana*—a dangerous attempt—but of which a London critic says: "the grandly dramatic spirit of the words is represented by music as suggestive in purport as it is felicitous in effect." Mr. Duggan has recently attempted a theme of greater scope, and his operatic sketch of *Pierre*, was produced with a success "perfectly well deserved." We have seen long and careful criticisms of this performance, and the sincerity of the commendation bestowed is unquestionable. We quote: "He, however, apparently labors to be the imitator of no one. There is a rich dramatic vein in all he writes, especially in his recitations which are full of truth and meaning. \* \* \* There is abundance to show that he has both fame and ability, and that he is likely to win fame in the portrayal of the melo-dramatic and the romantic—to which we fancy we perceive his yearnings chiefly tend." Another says: "Throughout the whole piece Mr. Duggan's music is full of melody: even in the highest portions it is elegant and graceful, while his orchestral writing is masterly, rich, varied, and free from the noisy exaggerations of the ultra-modern school."

The other musical news from Europe, during the last four months, is not of great importance. The chief event is the production of Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, a comic opera, in Paris. It was a triumph in every respect. But we are curious to hear how his large and solemn phrasing will adapt itself to the buffa style. It may be interesting to our readers to know that Meyerbeer was born in Berlin, on the 5th September, 1794, and is consequently sixty years old. His family was rich and of good social posi-

tion. His musical taste was early developed, and he became, while yet young, the pupil of the Abbé Vogler, one of the most eminent teachers of Germany. Weber was his inseparable companion. Meyerbeer went to Venice in 1813, while Rossini's *Tancredi* was making the fame of that composer. It appears, according to M. Scudo, that the young German was enchanted by the brilliancy of the Italian composer, and after devoting himself to the closest study, produced at Padua, in 1818, an Italian opera, *Romilda e Costanza*, written confessedly in the style of Rossini. After many other attempts he brought out at *La Scala*, in Milan, in the year 1812, *Marguerite d'Anjou*, which increased his fame; and in 1826, at Venice, *Il Crociato* confirmed his position as an eminent composer. Apparently not yet satisfied with his success and the extent of his fame, Meyerbeer worked privately, for five years, and although *Robert le Diable* was ready in 1828, it was not represented until the evening of the 21st September, 1831, and instantly elevated the composer to the highest rank among contemporary composers. It was played two hundred and fifty times with undiminished enthusiasm. On the 29th February, 1836, it was followed in popularity and success by *Les Huguenots* and *Le Prophete*, in May, 1849. In 1844 the *Camp de Silesce*, an opera de circonstance, was produced at Berlin,—and now we have *l'Etoile du Nord*.

Of this opera Scudo apostrophising the composer, says: "As to the *Etoile du Nord*, posterity, believe it, will not rank it with your most beautiful *chef d'œuvres*, because in the hierarchy of the creations of human genius, the *Last Judgment* is below the *Transfiguration*." The other noticeable item is the death of Rubini. He was sixty years old, and a very rich man. Tradition is so enthusiastic about his singing, that those who have never heard him will always hear that nothing can properly compare with the effort he produced. Certainly the description of his voice and its effect give an idea of something that is not equalled by Mario, who is usually considered to be his successor. By 1820 he had made a great impression at Rome in *La Gazza Ladra*, and in October, 1825, appeared for the first time in Paris, the most illustrious theatre of his career, in *La Cenerentola*. He was immediately triumphant. Then came Bellini, who was the friend of Rubini, and in *Il Pirata* and *La Sonnambula* he achieved his

most enthusiastic success. In 1831 he came and conquered London, and for the next ten years was engaged every year six months in Paris and six months in England. Then he went to St. Petersburg. But he sang in Bellini's last opera *I Puritani* upon the scene of his Parisian triumphs with even more success, and in 1842, when at the height of his power and fame, he withdrew from London and Paris. It was a few years afterward that he left St. Petersburg, and retired to his native place, Bergamo, where he died.

Those of our readers who wish to inform themselves of current musical news in detail, to become familiar with musical history, or to enjoy intelligent and admirable criticisms of contemporary musical composition and performance, cannot do better than to consult *Dwight's Journal of Music*, or *Willis's Musical World & Times*, the former published in Boston and the latter in New York. They are weekly Journals, full of desirable information conveyed in an agreeable way. They address themselves to somewhat different audiences. The Boston paper aims at high æsthetic criticism; and the New York at a popularization of the art to which both are devoted. It is pleasant to record their continued and merited success.

#### FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.—"Halciades sat to Praxiteles, and Pericles to Phridjas," says Mr. Gandish, grandly, as an apology for his abandonment of "high art," and following the low business of portraiture; and, to our artists, who do the same, it should be a consolation that Washington sat to Stuart, and all the surviving heroes of the Revolution to Trumbull. Pope Julius sat to Raphael, and Francis First to Titian; all the wits and great men of Reynolds's day sat to him, and our great grandmothers sat to Copley. These thoughts should be enough to reconcile our painters to portraiture, and save their annual exhibitions of heads from the sneers of ignorant critics, who imagine that it is the subject which dignifies art, and not art the subject. But artists, themselves, will talk absurdly about high art, and forget Halciades and Phridjas. A "portrait of a gentleman" may or not be a work of high art: that depends not upon the subject but the artist. An indifferent picture is an indifferent thing to look upon, whether it be the portrait of a gentleman or the representation of an episode of his-

tory. The portrait will, at least, have some likeness to nature, and the costume will possess a certain archaeological value, but the historical composition may have no merit whatever. Portraiture is, in truth, the highest order of art, and the most beneficent, as it is the only legitimate kind of historical painting. The finest of our so-called historical pictures are historical absurdities and falsehoods; for, the first requisite of history is truth, either general or particular, and we have not many of the kind that, possess enough of either to entitle them to preservation. The historical paintings in the present exhibition would be worth very little, a century hence, compared with some of the portraits which it contains. Two among them all are likely to be preserved; and, hundreds of years hence, when we, and the subjects, and the artists will all be forgotten, the beaming faces of Mayor Kingsland and friend Trimble will be looking out of the canvas upon our great-grandchildren, who will be quizzing the Mayor's bright blue cravat and friend Trimble's straight brown coat. The portrait of Mayor Kingsland is to be placed in the City Hall, among the civic and gubernatorial worthies, whose semblances adorn the walls of the Governor's Room. It is one of the best of Elliott's portraits; and we hope that the Mayors of a hundred years hence will fall into the hands of so capable an artist: few of our civic magistrates have hitherto been so fortunate. The portrait of Mr. Trimble has been painted for the New York Public School Society, by Mr. Hicks, and it will, of course, be preserved. It is a full length of a very tall and severe-looking old gentleman, in a brown suit and a white cravat. He stands stark and stiff, with a book in his hand, in which he is not looking. As he is neither a pedagogue, an author, nor a lecturer, but a merchant, the book may possibly mislead future generations as to its meaning. The artist, doubtless, gave it to him to hold because he was at a loss what other use to put his hand to. Most awkward things hands are, in a full length. The feet are naturally enough used to support the body; but painters and sculptors are put to their trumps in disposing of two dangling arms, which always seem *de trop* when they are not doing something. Is it not possible for these pendulums of the human body to hang naturally in absolute repose, to correspond with the other members? In a portrait, there should be neither an arrested motion of the limbs, nor a suspended emotion in

the face. Absolute and intentional repose will alone give an absolute likeness. When a man sits for his portrait, he should not pretend to be doing any thing else. There is a notable instance of the impropriety of departing from this rule in Elliott's portrait of Bryant in this exhibition. The poet is represented with his eyes upturned and a grim smile on his face, as though he were listening to the promptings of the Muse. But that is not the way in which poets receive the divine afflatus; the eye in a fine frenzy rolling, although a bold and beautiful image of one who had the right, above all others, to describe the manner of the poet in his ecstatic moments, is not to be taken as a literal fact; the glancing from heaven to earth is an operation of the mind's visual organ, and not an ocular demonstration. There are no new comers in portraiture this year, nor any thing new from our old exhibitors. The old exhibitors are doing about as well, and the new ones not much better than they did a year ago; and all their pictures are twice-told tales. But we have no right to look for a new man every year; genius is a perennial but not an annual. We hoped to see, among the works of our artists who are abroad, something from Page, who, according to verbal reports, and letters from Rome, is doing wonders in Italy. But, our artists abroad, of whom there are more now than ever before, have sent us hardly any thing this year, and nothing worthy of notice, excepting the Cardinal Mazarin, by E. H. May, who, we learn, is in Paris. This picture shows a very great improvement over any of his productions which we have hitherto seen. It is evidently the result of his French studies, and has nothing in it of American feeling. The color is superficial and chalky, and the subject is a bad one, because the meaning of the artist cannot, or is not, explained without the help of a legend. But it is well drawn, and the figure of the Cardinal is well posed, and his face expressive, when we know what it should express. It has been objected to this picture, that the paintings on the wall, which the Cardinal should be gazing at, are too indistinct; but it was the aim of the artist to make the figure of Mazarin the sole object of attention, and it is not just criticism to object to his having done it. The eye rests, unavoidably, upon his figure, because there is nothing else to divert it. Among the heads exhibited this year, are two, not portraits, by a young artist, named Greene—Nos. 129,

153—which promise better than any thing from the younger brood of our artists; but we do not know what may be imitation in these lovely heads and what originality; but, being the work of a new hand, they are at least very promising, and indicate a pure taste in color and a firm hand for execution. Our exhibitions are always rich in landscape, but there is nothing new even in this department of art, which the Earl of Ellsmere good-naturedly says, in his Crystal Palace report, we ought to excel in, because our scenery is so fine—as though there were not fine scenery wherever there is sun and sky: even on the ocean. We say there is nothing new, although there is one landscape which will always be new, fresh, and enchanting while there are eyes capable of receiving delight from the glorious aspects of external nature. No. 64, in the catalogue, by Church, called a "Country Home"—too homely a name for such a splendid view, which contains glimpses of many homes—is the landscape we allude to. It is the great work of the year, and fully justifies the utmost that has been anticipated from this true artist. Mr. Church is not content to paint "bits of nature," he does not give us portraits of blasted trees, with indefinite perspectives of affairs in general, but broad expanses of out-door nature: woods, hills, streams, rocks, all bathed in glowing light, and with a sky which looks deeper and clearer, and more real, the longer you look into its bright depths. There are two things which afford especial satisfaction in Church's landscapes; in the first place, we see that the artist understands perfectly well what he is about—that he aims at certain effects and succeeds in producing them; we neither wish he had taken more pains, nor remain in doubt of his meaning; and then we feel that he has sufficient respect for us, who are to look at his pictures, to do the best he can to please us. He respects us, and we respect him for it. He has not carelessly dashed off his picture, with the remark that "it will do for a pot-boiler." "The Forest Spring," No. 501, by W. J. Stillman, who is neither an N. A., an A., nor an H., is a marvellous piece of greenery, in which every object is represented with a degree of accuracy and beauty which we hardly imagined to be compatible with such a breadth of effect and apparent freedom of touch. It is a little clear spring of pure water, whose unruffled surface reflects objects like a mirror; and the mosses, leaves, flowers, and

grasses are painted with wonderful delicacy and accuracy. We have heard it called a pre-Raphaelite picture; but we should like to learn what pre-Raphaelite artist ever attempted any thing in this style. There is a small sea piece, by Dr. Ruggles, representing the wreck of the San Francisco, after she had been deserted by her passengers and crew, which has much merit, particularly as the work of an amateur. The motion of the waves, and the details of the wreck, are represented with remarkable accuracy; for there are very few of our painters who give any proofs in their pictures of ever having looked upon the ocean. We have seen a picture of this same scene, with the Three Bells lying by, and the yards placed on the after-parts of the mast. R. W. Hubbard has a sober little landscape, called "New England Hill Scenery," which, without any brilliant pretensions, is a very excellent picture, evidently the production of an intelligent student of nature.

As compared with last years' exhibition there is very little change in the general look of the galleries, but there are fewer pictures, by some fifty, the number now is but 398; it has been usually above 400; there are no architectural drawings nor designs, and but few water-colors. There is one encouraging fact connected with the Academy, it is the last exhibition that will ever be held in the present building, which has been sold, leaving the Academy some fifty thousand dollars profit; and we hope that when they erect a new building they will make some changes in their constitution and adapt their institution to the existing state of art in this country. What they most need is a perpetual exhibition, for these annual shows are very absurd in an artistic view, and can only be allowed on the score of profit. They create a temporary excitement which subsides before the exhibition is half over, and

the so-called patrons of art imagine that nothing more is to be heard of art and artists until the next opening. There is such a higgledy-piggledy collection of all sorts of pictures in every conceivable style and every possible size, of all sorts of subjects; high, low, serious, grim, comic, historical, animals, fruits, landscapes, portraits, miniatures, and full lengths, high toned, and low toned, that it is a sheer impossibility for one pair of eyes to see them all and form any just idea of their merits. Such an exhibition is like a concert where all sorts of music, in all sorts of keys, are played on all sorts of instruments, without the slightest connection with each other. To look at a picture properly so as to be able to appreciate the design of the artist, provided he have any, it is necessary to look at it by itself, from the point of view which the artist intended; to imbue the mind with its sentiment, and adapt the eye to its tone. But how can this be done in a gallery of four hundred new paintings all differing from each other? How is it possible to pass from a Shogogean group of infants in pink frocks to a Huntingtonian scripture piece full of dark purple tints, and enjoy the beauties of both? or, after filling the eye with light from one of Church's sunsets, to pass on to Cropsey's cold and rigid Bay of Genoa; or from Mrs. Spencer's laughing infant to Hicks's solemn Bishop? Such rapid and violent contrasts cause people to form rash and unjust opinions of artists whose pictures look entirely different in their studios from what they do in the Academy. If there were a gallery constantly open, artists might send their works whenever they were finished, and the public could then look on one picture at a time, and not be compelled, as they are now, to take in at one rapid glance a view of every thing that has been produced by all the artists of the city during the year.

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#### DEATH OF KIT NORTH.

As we are closing up the last sentences of our Monthly, we learn that the great Hierarch of Magazinists, Christopher North, is dead. As the greatest of our tribe, and as the man who did most to elevate the character and render popular Magazine Literature, he is entitled, from us especially, the youngest adventurer among Monthlies, to one melodious tear, at least. John Wilson, the comparatively unknown baptismal name of the world-renowned Christopher North, the slashing reviewer, the genial essayist, the sturdy moralist, the boon companion, the hearty lover of Nature, the stubborn Tory, the gentle poet, the rollicking satirist, the learned critic, the wise teacher, the author of the Trials of Margaret Lindsay and of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, the companion and friend of Scott, of Hogg, of Wordsworth, and Maginn, has followed his illustrious friends, and, like them, left us the wiser and the happier for having dwelt among us. Trusty Christopher is dead, and it will be long before the world shall see another like him. We have the heart to say more if we had the space, but we must defer to another time the expression of the feelings which the death of one of the most brilliant authors of our time has caused.